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THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

FAMOUS SONGS AND THOSE WHO MADE THEM

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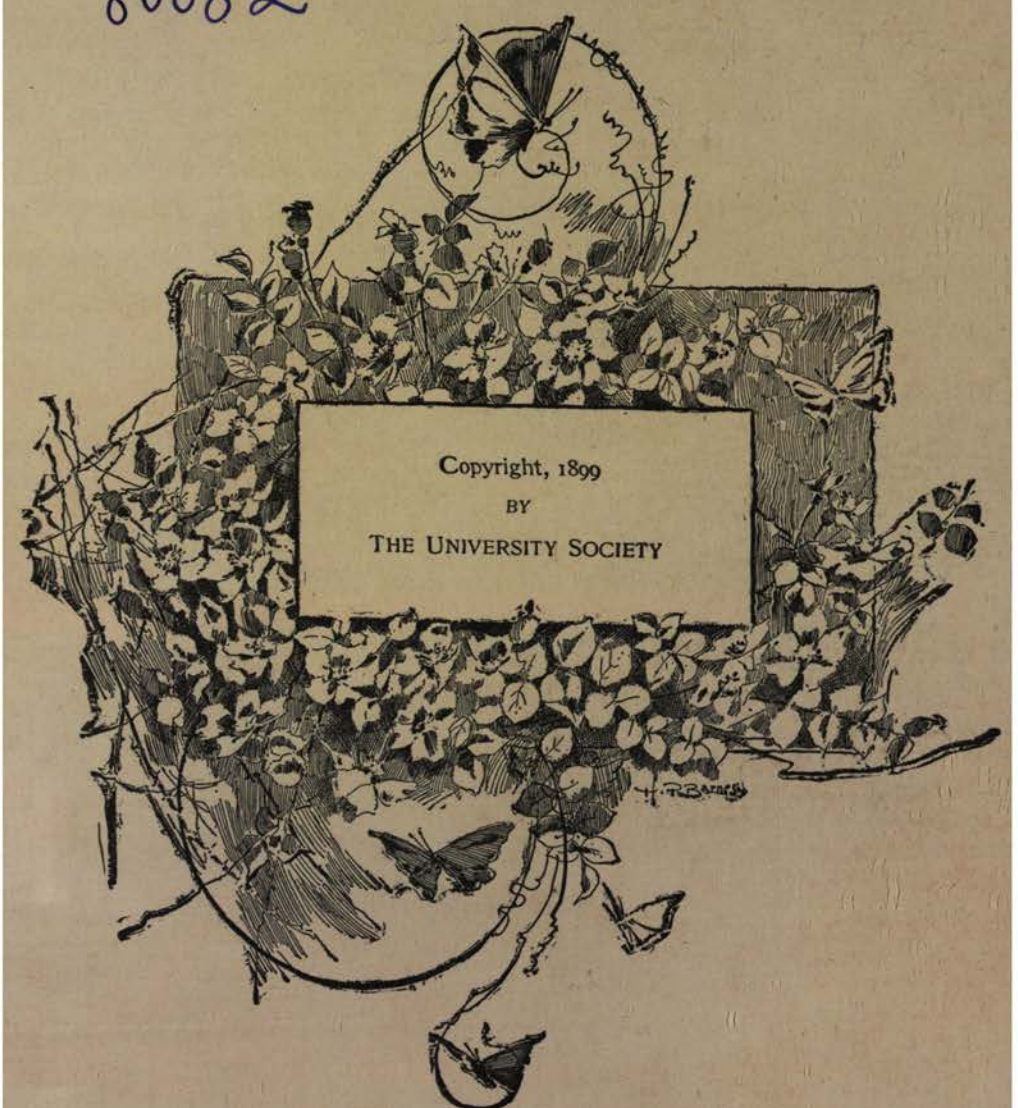

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THE TWO GRENADIERS.

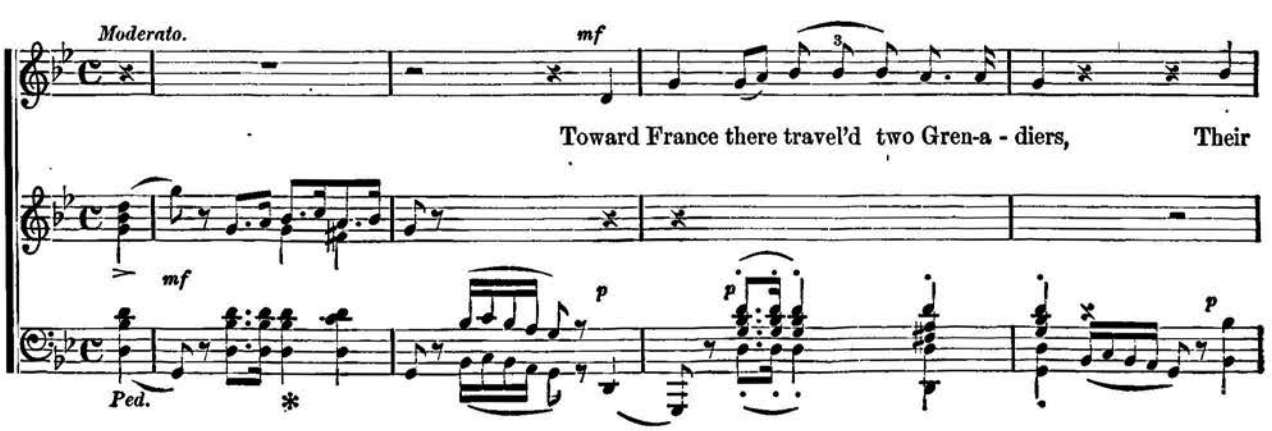
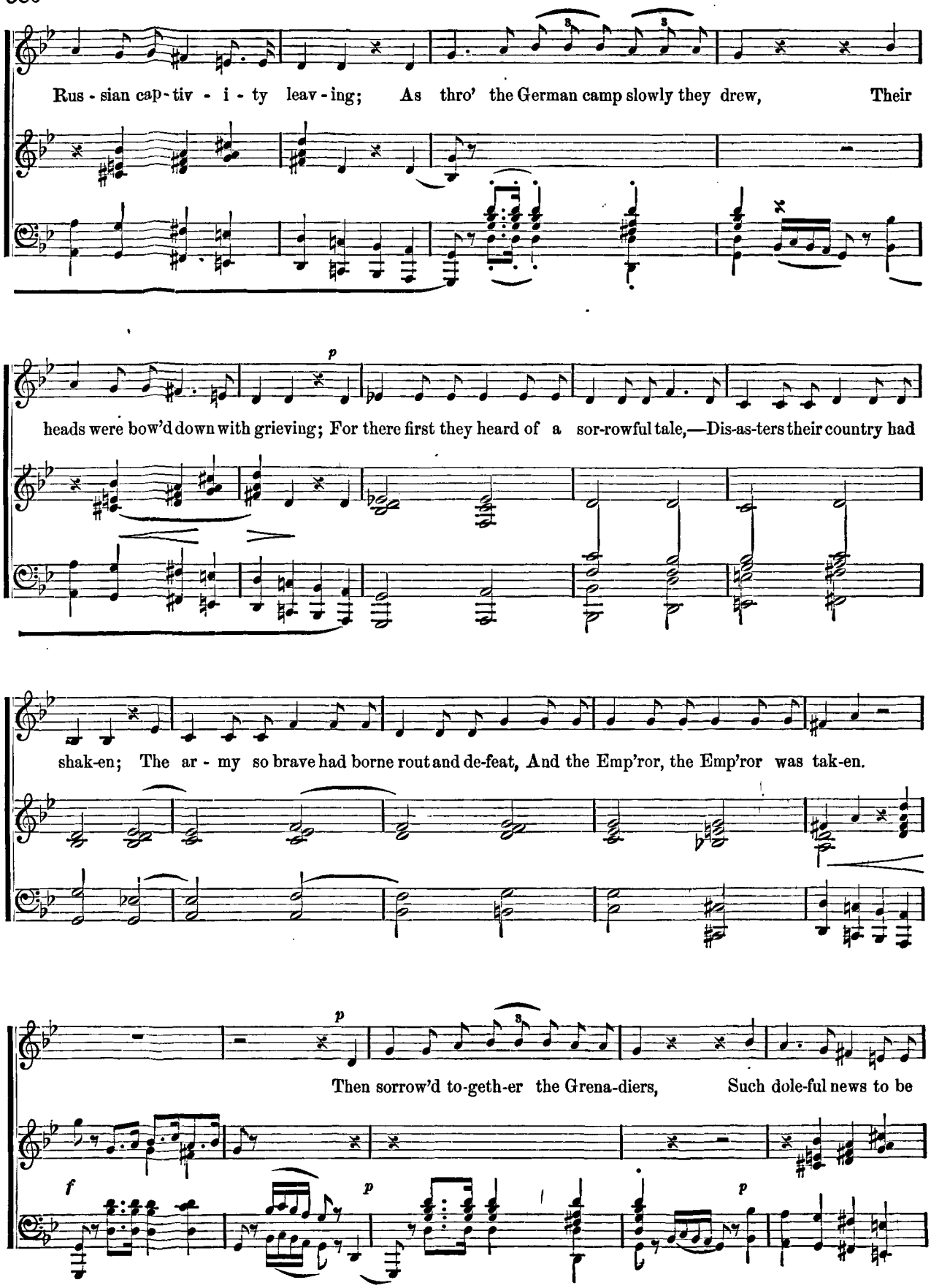
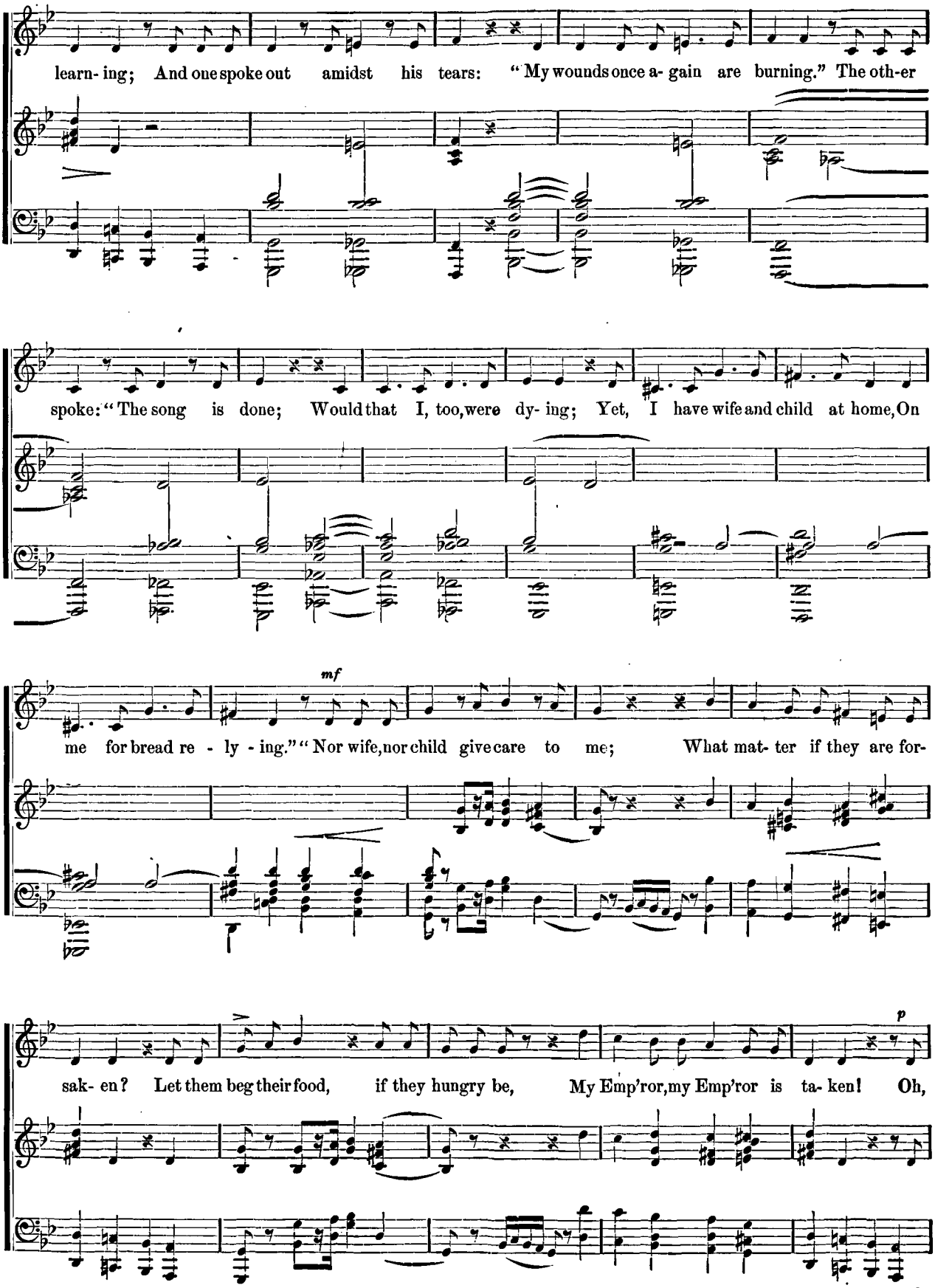
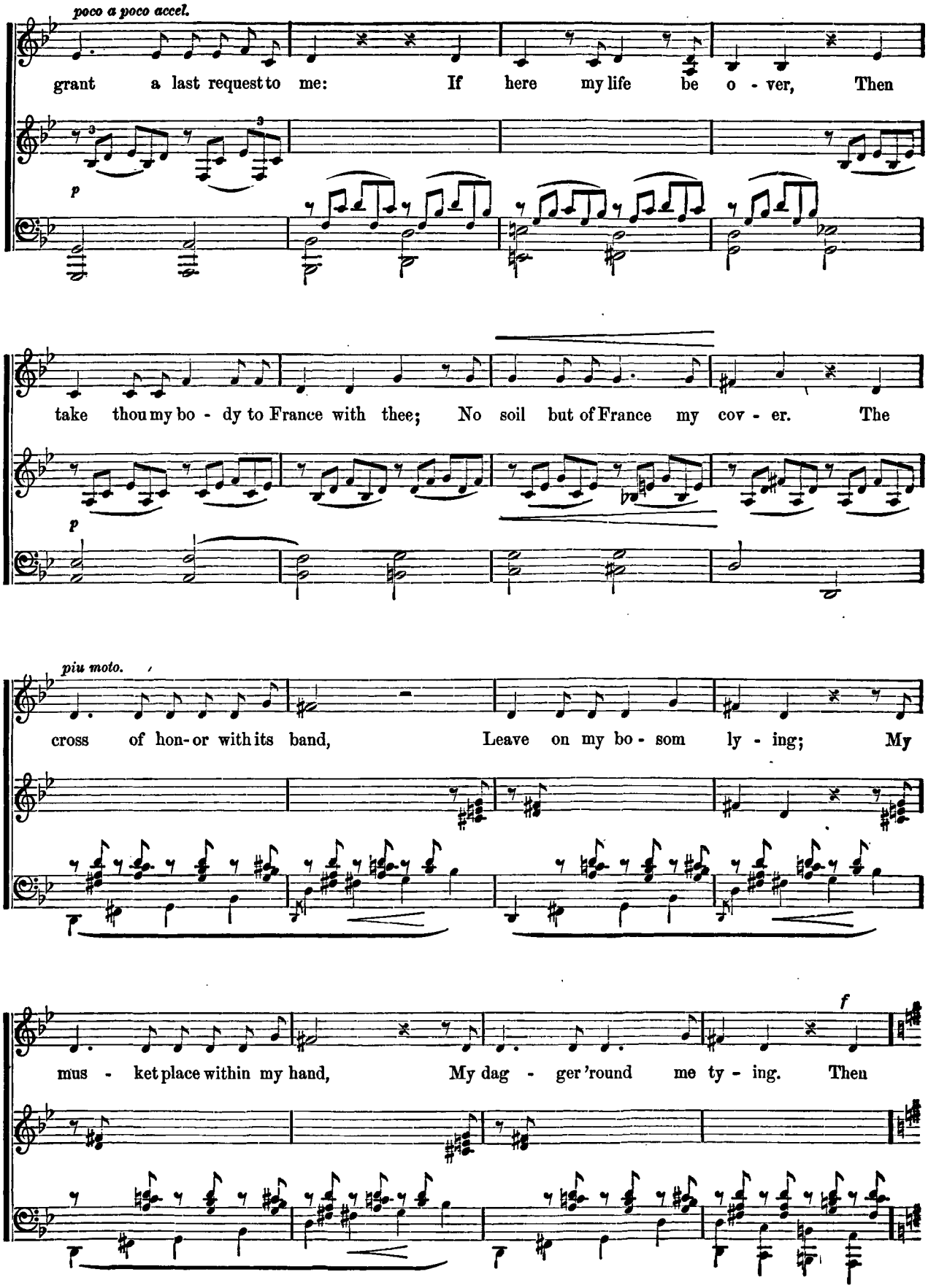
THE words of this patriotic song were translated from the German by L. C. ELSON, an American pianist, composer and poet. He was born in Boston, Mass. 1848, and studied with Kreismann, Gloggner, etc. He is the author of several important works on music, and on the curiosities of music.

ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN.

The music to which these words are arranged is by the immortal ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN, the youngest of the trio of great masters in song-music which includes Schubert and Mendelssohn. He was born in Zwickau, Saxony, June 8, 1810. The young Schumann early developed a refined poetical and musical taste, writing verses and harmonies and at the same time receiving lessons on the piano, before he was seven years old. He met with much opposition in his desire to devote himself to music, and was sent to a German law-school.

So intense was his ambition to achieve a perfect technique, that when going out on a pleasure excursion with his fellow students, he would take a dumb key-board with him in the carriage and practice as he enjoyed his ride. He also invented a plan by which the third finger was drawn back and kept still while the other fingers were exercising. But the result was that the tendons of the third finger were crippled and the whole right hand was injured. He recovered the use of his hand, but the third finger always remained inactive, thus rendering it impossible for him to become a virtuoso.

Ideas seemed to pour into the musician's mind, profoundly original and poetic, so that he was led to abandon himself to the charm of song-writing. "I can hardly tell you," he says, "how delightful it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it. I have brought forth quite new things in this line."

Schumann was above the middle height, full built, had a good constitution but a very nervous temperament. He was at one time in such a melancholy state that he threw himself into the Rhine, and his friends were obliged to consign him to the private insane asylum of De Richarz, near Bonn. Schumann died at Enderich, July 29, 1856.

Rus - sian cap - tiv - i - ty leav - ing; As thro' the German camp slowly they drew, Their
heads were bow'd down with grieving; For there first they heard of a sor-rowful tale,—Dis-as-ters their country had
shak-en; The ar - my so brave had borne rout and de-feat, And the Emp'ror, the Emp'ror was tak-en.
Then sorrow'd to-geth-er the Grena-diers, Such dole-ful news to be

learn- ing; And one spoke out amidst his tears: "My wounds once a- gain are burning." The oth-er
spoke: "The song is done; Would that I, too, were dy- ing; Yet, I have wife and child at home, On
mf
me for bread re - ly - ing." "Nor wife, nor child give care to me; What mat- ter if they are for-
p
sak- en? Let them beg their food, if they hungry be, My Emp'ror, my Emp'ror is ta- ken! Oh,

poco a poco accel.
grant a last request to me: If here my life be o - ver, Then
p
take thou my bo - dy to France with thee; No soil but of France my cov - er. The
p
piu moto.
cross of hon-or with its band, Leave on my bo - som ly - ing; My
mus - ket place within my hand, My dag - ger 'round me ty - ing. Then
f

there shall I lie with - in the tomb, A sen - try still and un-stir-ring, Till the war of can-non re -

sounds thro' its gloom, And tramp of the horsemen spurring. Then rid-eth my Emp'ror swift over my grave, While

swords with clash are de - scending, While swords with clash are de - scending. Then will I a-rise, ful - ly

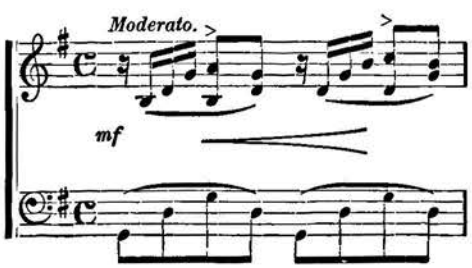
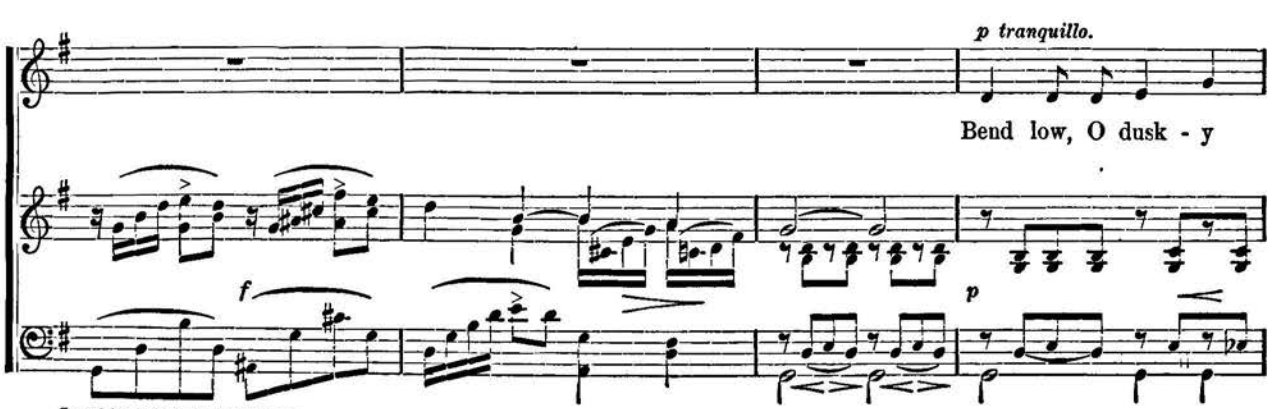
armed from my grave, My Emp-'ror, my Emp-'ror de-fend - ing."

ritard.

adagio.

TO NIGHT.

THE writer of this beautiful song, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, was first known under the nom de plume of "Ellen Louise;" over which signature she wrote as a young girl many good things in prose and in verse. Having received an excellent education, she moved in the best literary society; and at the age of twenty was married to Mr. William Moulton, a Boston publisher, and made Boston her home for a long time. Europe, however, was a never-failing source of delight to her, and thither she made frequent journeys, writing captivating sketches of her travels in France and England, which were eagerly printed by American journals. Her works comprise stories for children, novels, and a number of volumes of verse. Her songs have been set to music by some of the best English and American composers.

JOHN FRANCIS GILDER, to whom we are indebted for the appropriate setting of "To Night," is of a literary family, and is well known as an American musician. He was a pupil of William Mason, and a personal friend of Gottschalk, of whose music he is a representative interpreter. "To Night" is a charming melody, remarkable for the beautiful wedding of music to words.

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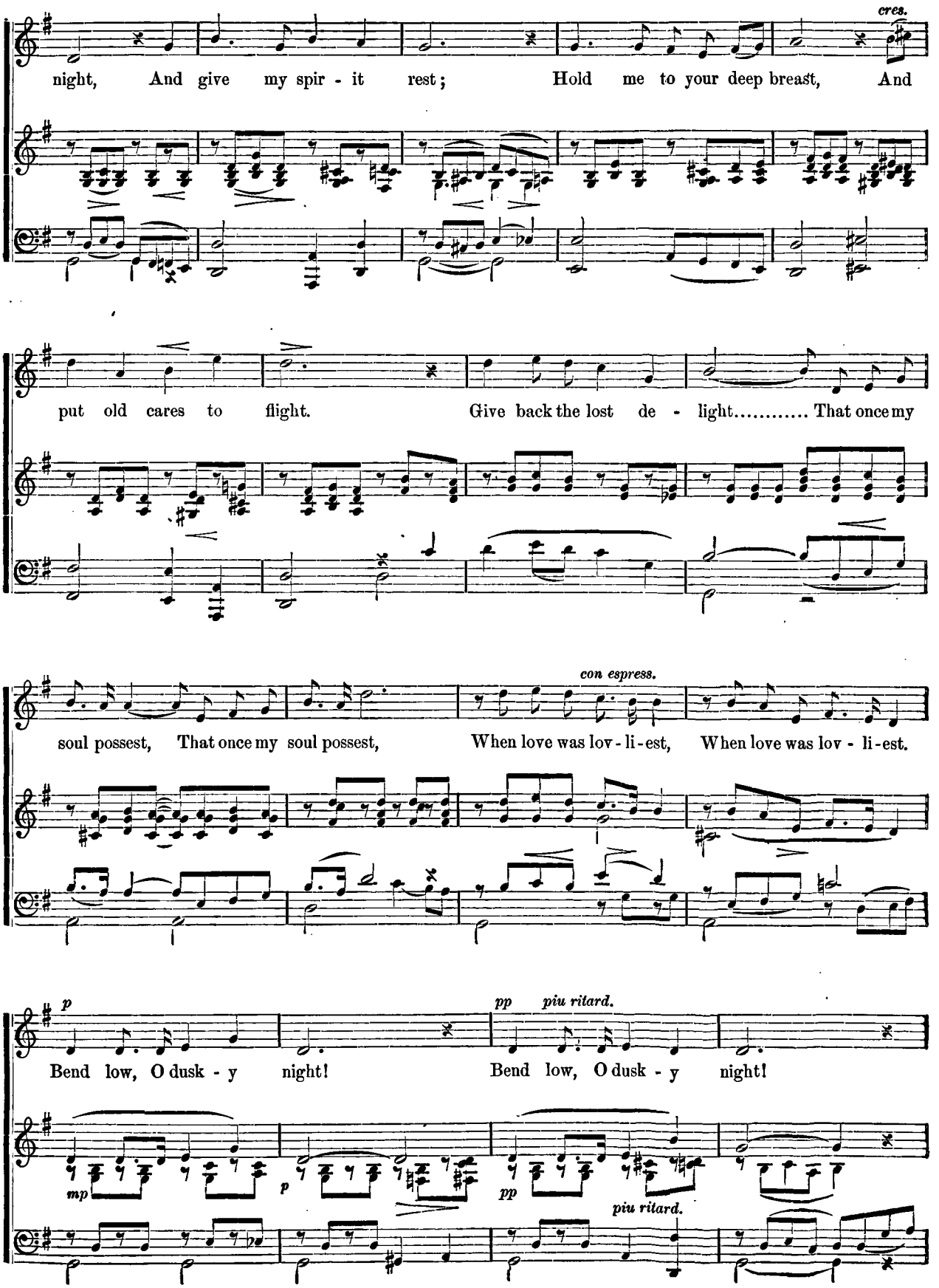
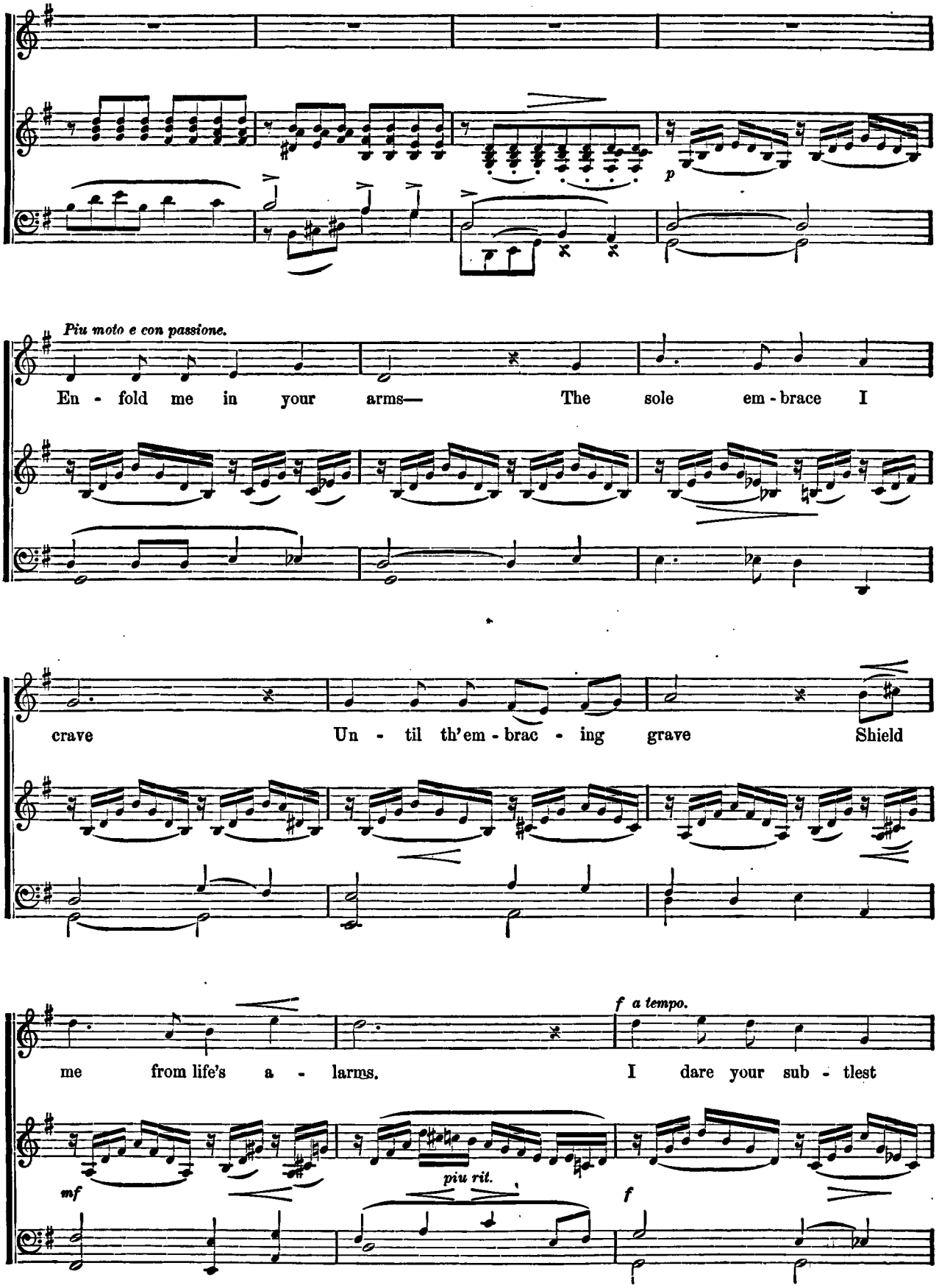

cres.
night, And give my spir - it rest; Hold me to your deep breast, And
put old cares to flight. Give back the lost de - light..... That once my
con espress.
soul possest, That once my soul possest, When love was lov - li - est, When love was lov - li - est.
p
Bend low, O dusk - y night!
pp piu ritard.
Bend low, O dusk - y night!
mp
p
pp
piu ritard.

p
Piu moto e con passione.
En - fold me in your arms— The sole em - brace I
crave Un - til th'em - brac - ing grave Shield
me from life's a - larms. I dare your sub - tlest
f a tempo.
mf
piu rit.
f

charms;..... Your deep-est spell I brave, Your deep-est spell I brave;

f *p*

O, strong to slay or save, En-fold, en - fold me in your

f con passione.

pp *rit.*

arms!..... En-fold me in your arms.

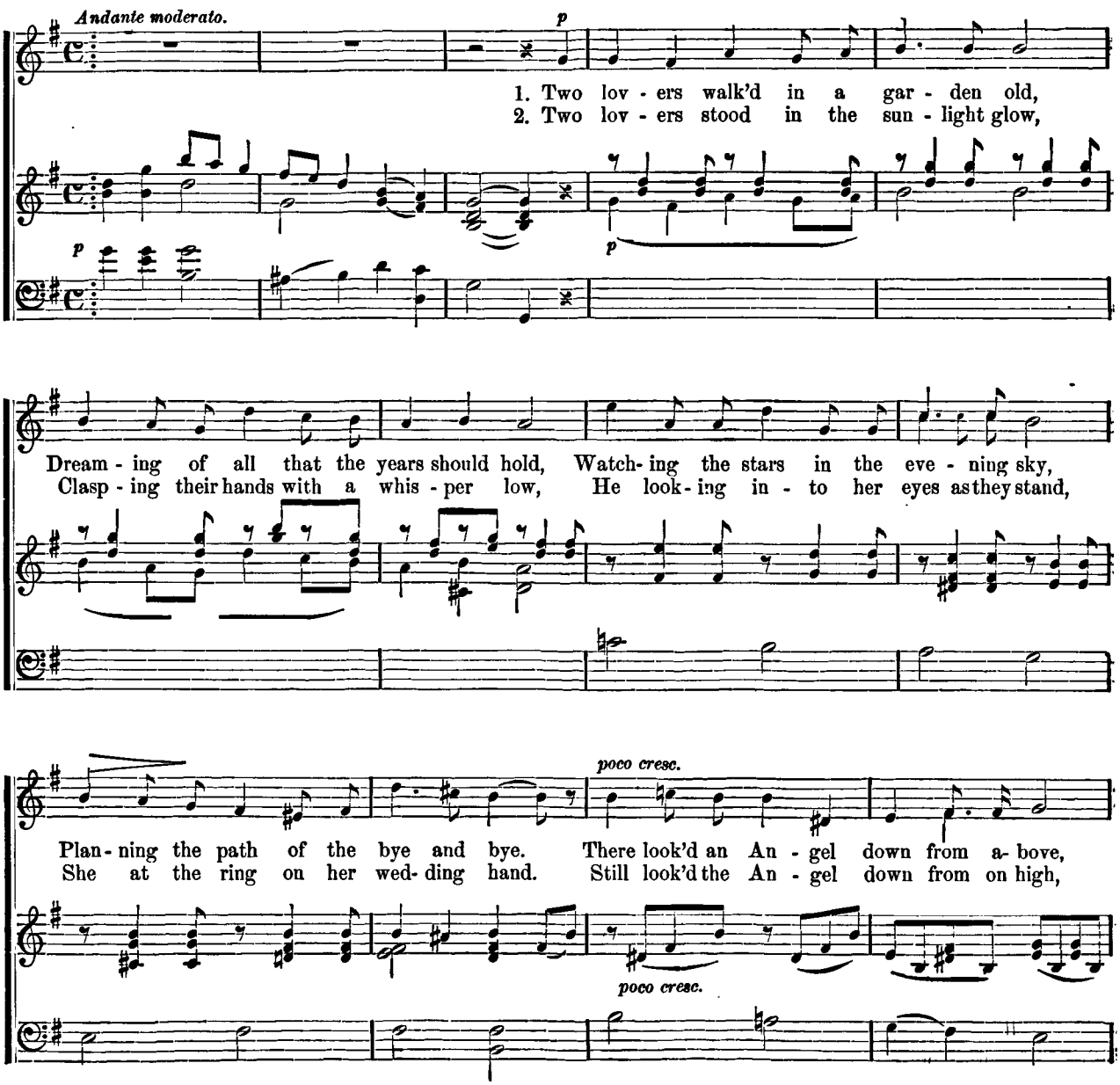
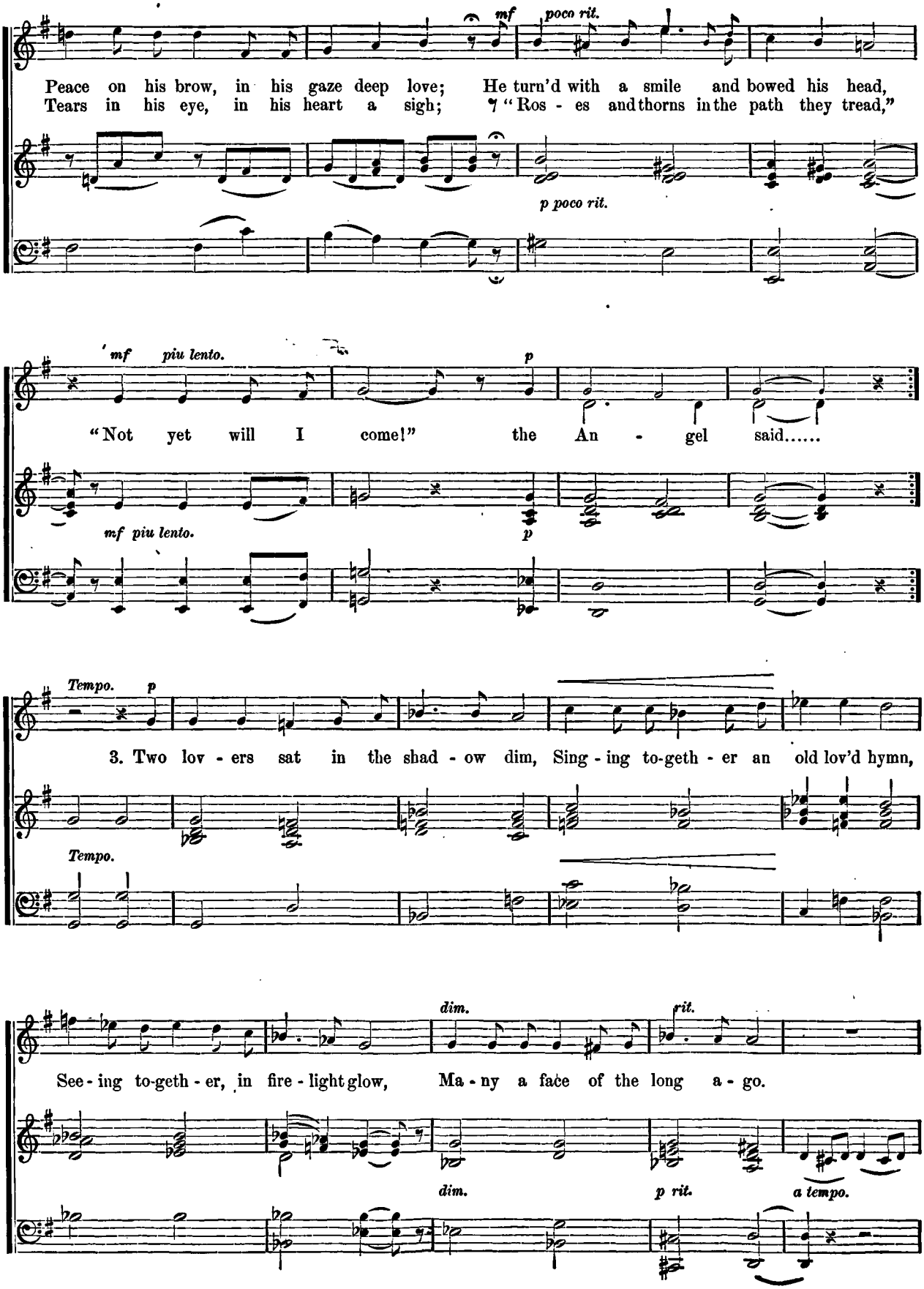
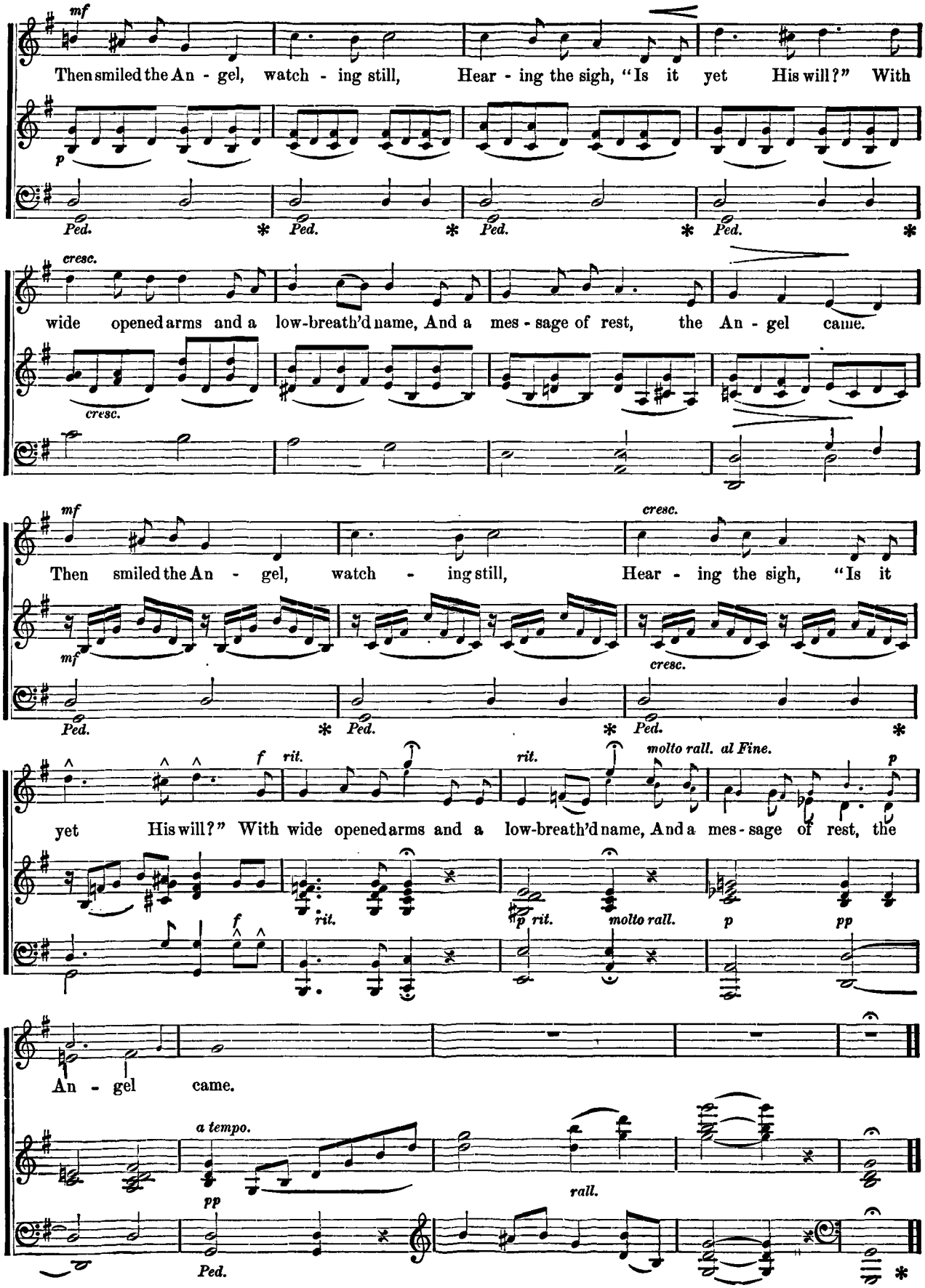
pp *rit.* *Ped.* ✻ *Ped. rall - e - dim.* ✻ *pp* *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

Bend low, O dusky night,
And give my spirit rest;
Hold me to your deep breast,
And put old cares to flight.
Give back the lost delight
That once my soul possest,
When love was loveliest.
Bend low, O dusky night!

Enfold me in your arms—
The sole embrace I crave
Until the embracing grave
Shield me from life's alarms.
I dare your subtlest charms;
Your deepest spell I brave;
O, strong to slay or save,
Enfold me in your arms!

THE ANGEL CAME.

FREDERICK HYMEN COWEN, to whose music are set these words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM, is one of the most popular composers of England at the present time. Of a precocious genius, and taught by the best masters, he has for thirty years continuously added to the available treasures of the best music. He was born in 1852 in Kingston, Jamaica, of English parents. Going to England in 1856, he published, two years later, at the age of six, a waltz which, though remarkable chiefly for the tender age of its author, indicated a musical tendency which led to his beginning serious study under Sir Julius Benedict and Sir John Goss, in 1860, when he was eight years of age. In 1865 he went abroad and at Leipzig and Berlin studied further under Hauptman, Moscheles and Reinecke. He has written several operas, the best known of which is "Pauline" (from Lytton's "Lady of Lyons,") several cantatas, among which are "The Rose Maiden," "The Corsican" and "The Sleeping Beauty;" several symphonies, overtures and other important works for the orchestra; and a great number of songs which have had unbounded popularity. Some of the songs are; "It was a Dream," "The Carrier Dove," "Almost," "The Rainy Day," "The Better Land," "Never Again," "Truant Love," "In Vain," etc.

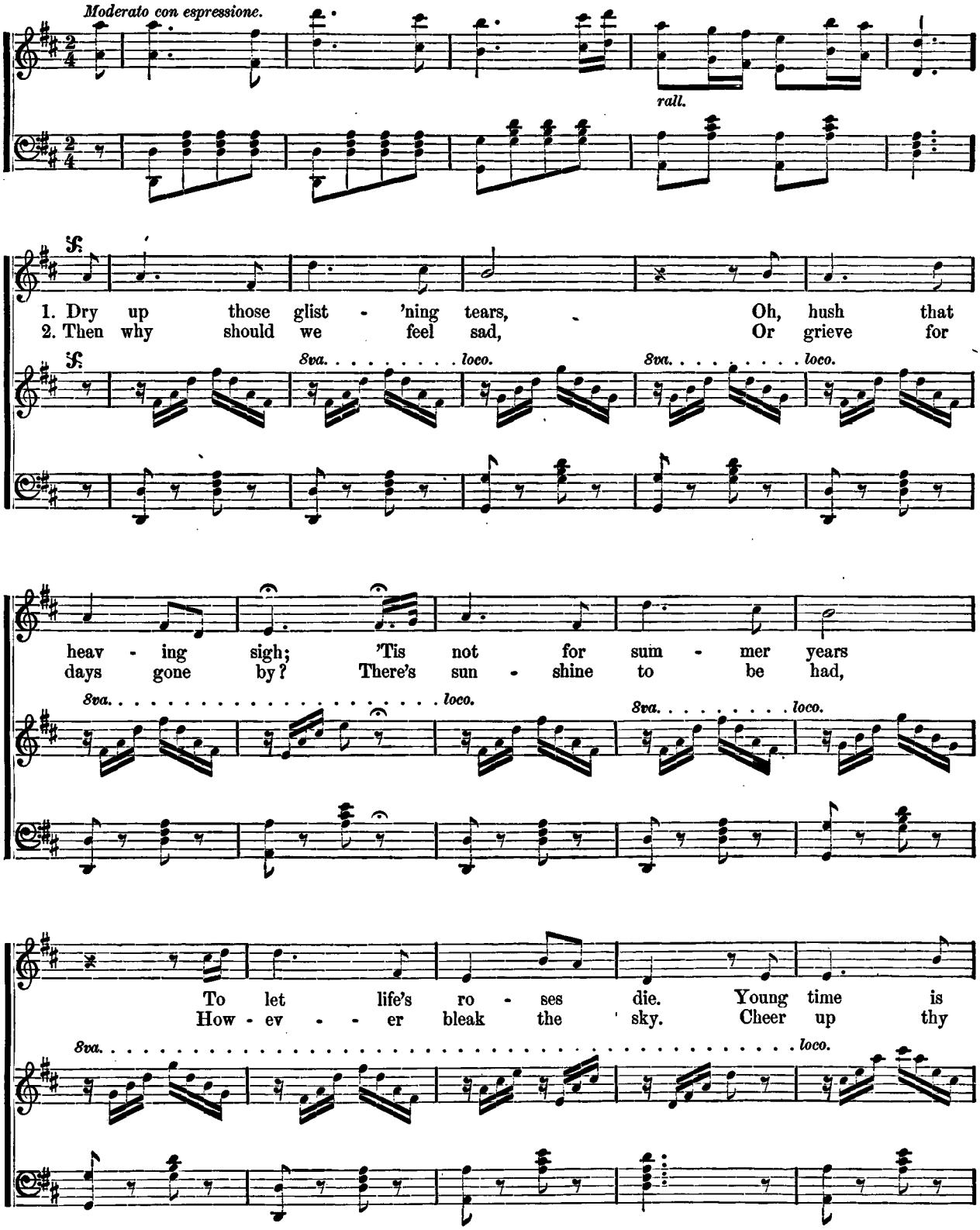
He has given many orchestral works in public, has conducted the London Promenade Concerts, and at the various great musical festivals has led the orchestra during the performance of his own instrumental works, on which his permanent reputation as a musician it is thought will rest.

Andante moderato.
p
1. Two lov - ers walk'd in a gar - den old,
2. Two lov - ers stood in the sun - light glow,
p
p
Dream - ing of all that the years should hold, Watch- ing the stars in the eve - ning sky,
Clasp - ing their hands with a whis - per low, He look - ing in - to her eyes as they stand,
poco cresc.
Plan - ning the path of the bye and bye. There look'd an An - gel down from a- bove,
She at the ring on her wed- ding hand. Still look'd the An - gel down from on high,
poco cresc.

mf
poco rit.
Peace on his brow, in his gaze deep love; He turn'd with a smile and bowed his head,
Tears in his eye, in his heart a sigh; "Ros - es and thorns in the path they tread,"
p poco rit.
mf piu lento.
p
"Not yet will I come!" the An - gel said.....
mf piu lento.
p
Tempo.
p
3. Two lov - ers sat in the shad - ow dim, Sing - ing to-geth - er an old lov'd hymn,
Tempo.
dim.
rit.
See - ing to-geth - er, in fire - light glow, Ma - ny a face of the long a - go.
dim.
p rit.
a tempo.

mf
Then smiled the An - gel, watch - ing still, Hear - ing the sigh, "Is it yet His will?" With
p
Ped.
cresc.
wide opened arms and a low-breath'd name, And a mes - sage of rest, the An - gel came.
mf
Then smiled the An - gel, watch - ing still, Hear - ing the sigh, "Is it
f
rit.
molto rall. al Fine.
yet His will?" With wide opened arms and a low-breath'd name, And a mes - sage of rest, the
pp
An - gel came.
a tempo.
rall.

Dry up those glist'ning tears,
Oh, hush that heaving sigh;
'Tis not for summer years
To let life's roses die.
Young time is still our own,
Though hours have slipped away;
And pleasures yet unknown
May come to-morrow day.

Then why should we feel sad,
Or grieve for days gone by?
There's sunshine to be had,
However bleak the sky.
Cheer up thy heart with hope,
Let bygone griefs be past,
Till heaven its vista ope
To welcome us at last.

"DRY UP THOSE GLIST'NING TEARS."

DRY UP THOSE GLIST'NING TEARS.

THIS pretty song of love and hope was composed by H. H. BEADLE, and is inscribed to Mrs. A. T. Whittemore.

Moderato con espressione.
rall.
1. Dry up those glist - 'ning tears, Oh, hush that
2. Then why should we feel sad, Or grieve for
8va. loco.
heav - ing sigh; 'Tis not for sum - mer years
days gone by? There's sun - shine to be had,
To let life's ro - ses die. Young time is
How - ev - - er bleak the sky. Cheer up thy

still our own, Though hours have slipp'd a - way; And pleas - ures
heart with hope, Let by-gone griefs be past, Till heaven its

yet un - known May come to - mor - row
vis - ta ope To wel - come us..... at

8va. loco. 8va.

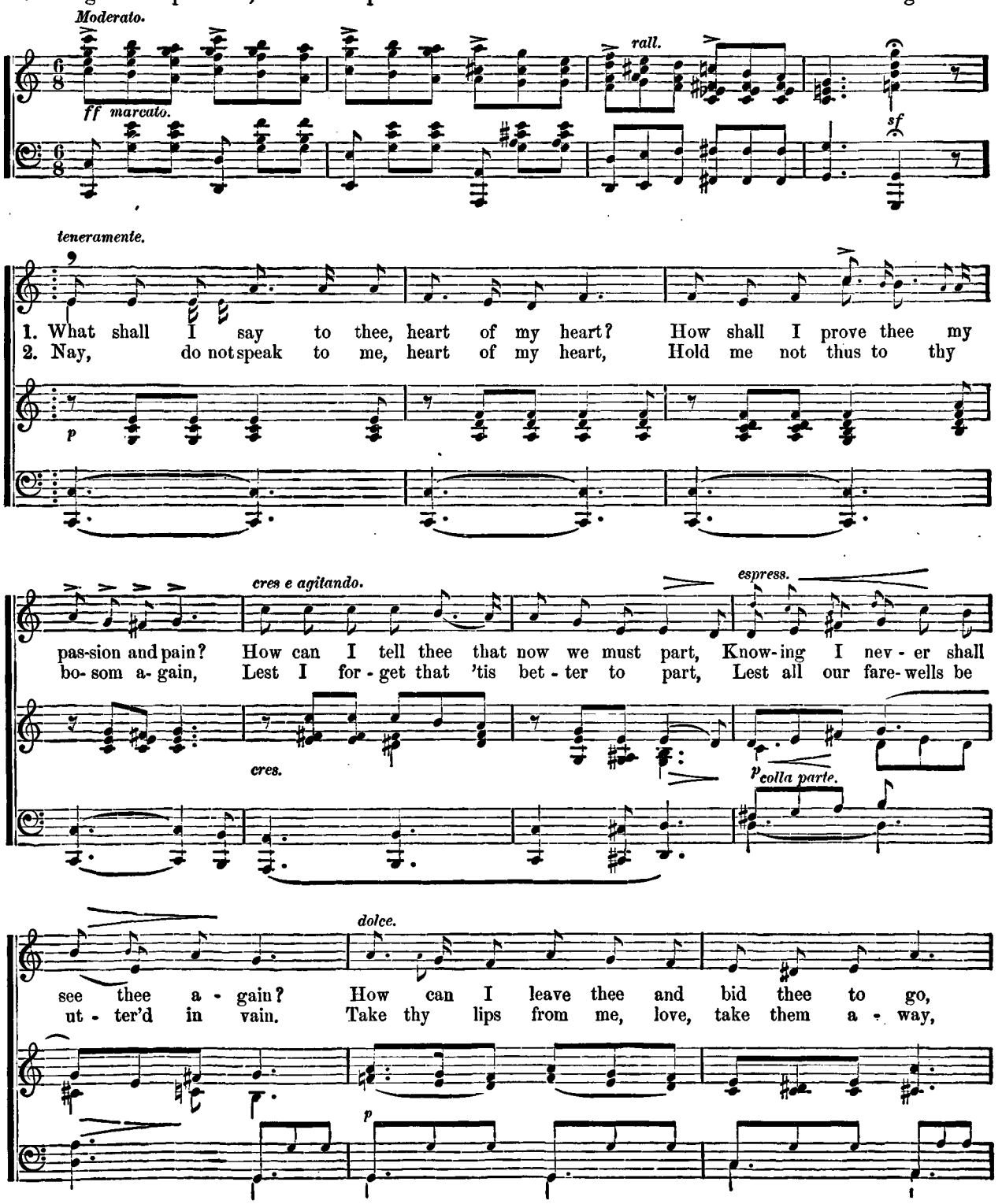
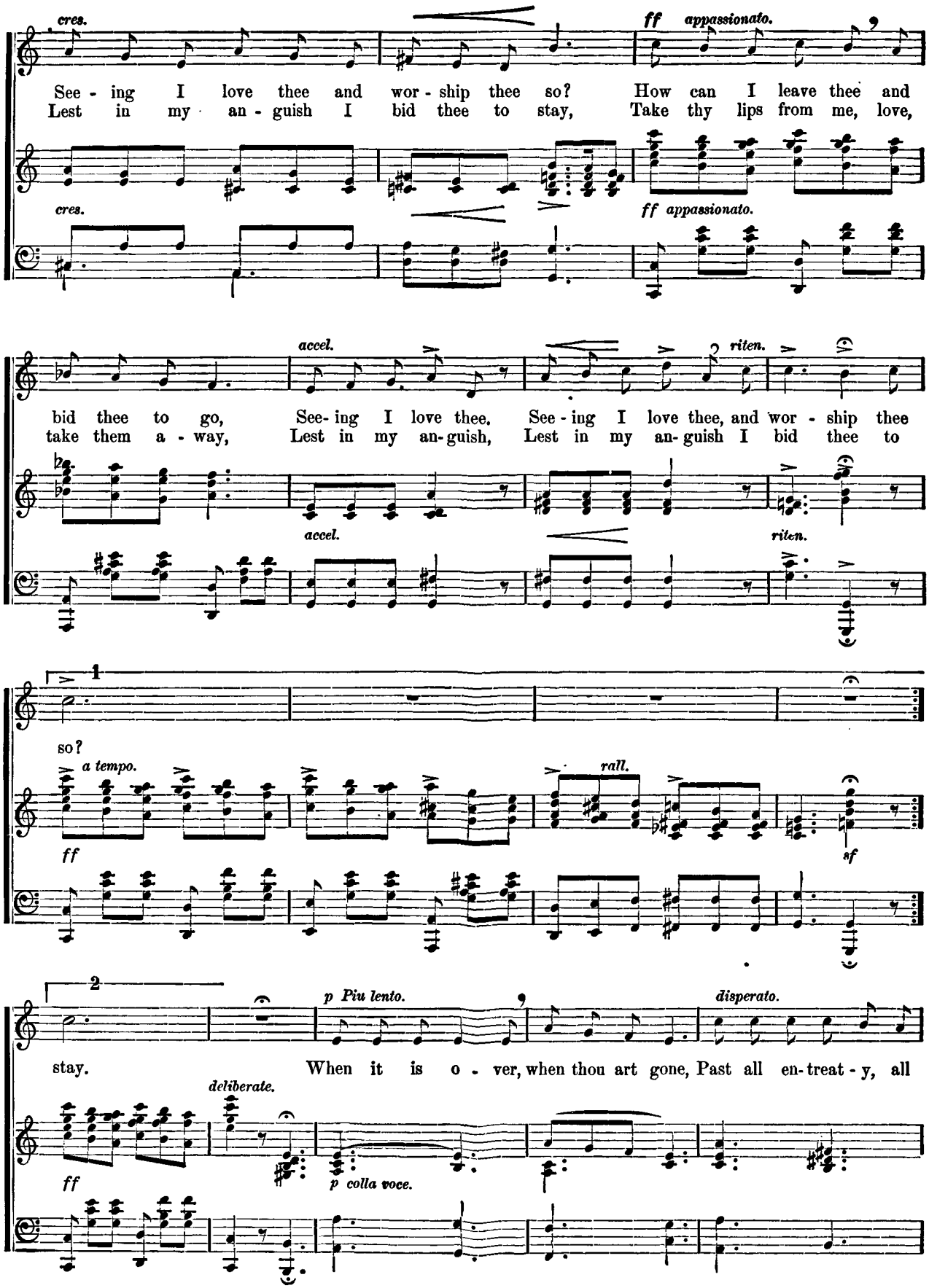
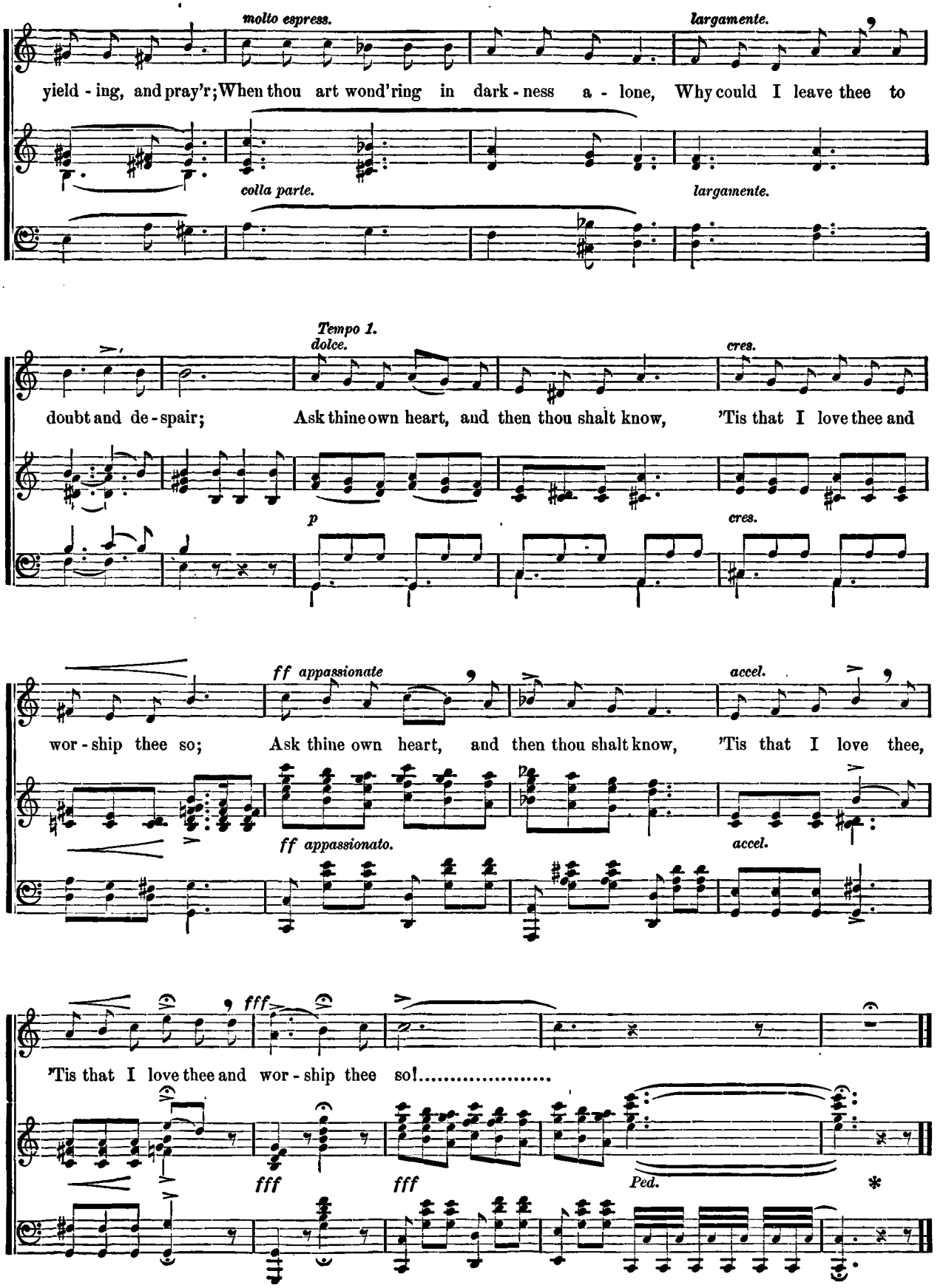
day.
lest.

D.S.

8va.

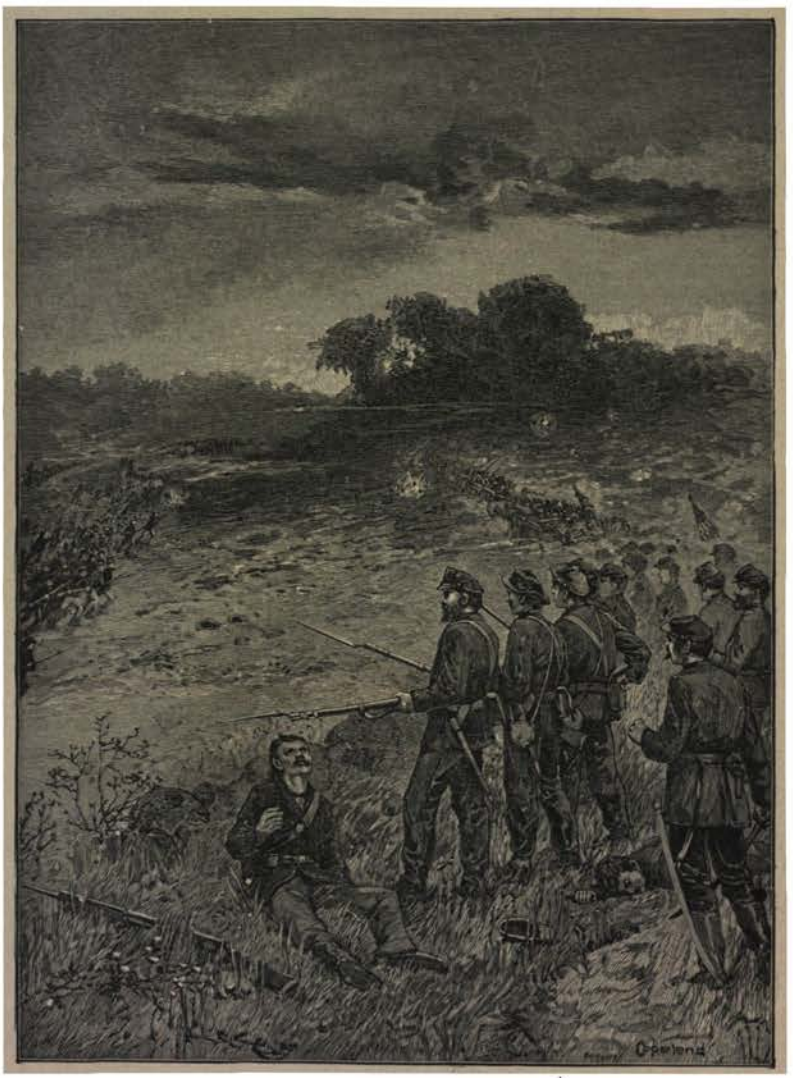
D.S.

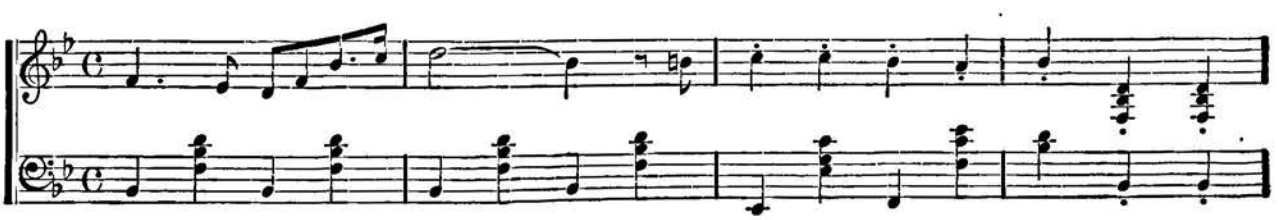
LOVE'S PROVING.

SATISFACTORY in both sentiment and melody, this song is composed by FREDERICK NICHOLLS LÖHR to the words of FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY. F. N. Löhr was born in January 1844, in Norwich, England, where he was pupil and assistant to Dr. Zechariah Buck, the veteran organist and choirmaster at the Norwich Cathedral. He became well known as a conductor of concerts and musical societies, and as director of the work of the Plymouth Vocal Association. Numerous instrumental and vocal works of merit are among his compositions, and he has published several excellent text books and collections of songs.

Moderato.
ff marcato.
rall.
sf
teneramente.
1. What shall I say to thee, heart of my heart? How shall I prove thee my
2. Nay, do not speak to me, heart of my heart, Hold me not thus to thy
p
cres e agitando.
espress.
pas-sion and pain? How can I tell thee that now we must part, Know-ing I nev-er shall
bo-som a-gain, Lest I for-get that 'tis bet-ter to part, Lest all our fare-wells be
cres.
p colla parte.
dolce.
see thee a-gain? How can I leave thee and bid thee to go,
ut-ter'd in vain. Take thy lips from me, love, take them a-way,
p

cres.
ff appassionato.
See - ing I love thee and wor - ship thee so? How can I leave thee and
Lest in my an - guish I bid thee to stay, Take thy lips from me, love,
cres.
ff appassionato.
accel.
riten.
bid thee to go, See- ing I love thee. See - ing I love thee, and wor - ship thee
take them a - way, Lest in my an-guish, Lest in my an-guish I bid thee to
accel.
riten.
1
so?
a tempo.
rall.
ff
sf
2
p Piu lento.
disperato.
stay. When it is o - ver, when thou art gone, Past all en-treat - y, all
deliberate.
ff
p colla voce.

molto espress.
largamente.
yield - ing, and pray'r; When thou art wond'ring in dark - ness a - lone, Why could I leave thee to
colla parte.
largamente.
Tempo 1.
dolce.
cres.
doubt and de - spair; Ask thine own heart, and then thou shalt know, 'Tis that I love thee and
p
cres.
ff appassionate
accel.
wor - ship thee so; Ask thine own heart, and then thou shalt know, 'Tis that I love thee,
ff appassionato.
accel.
fff
'Tis that I love thee and wor - ship thee so!.....
fff
fff
Ped.
*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

PERHAPS the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, may be considered the most lofty in sentiment and the most elevated in style of the martial songs of American patriotism. During the close of the year 1861, Mrs. Howe with a party of friends visited Washington. While there she attended a review of the Union troops on the Virginian side of the Potomac and not far from the city. During her stay in camp she witnessed a sudden and unexpected attack of the enemy. Thus she had a glimpse of genuine warfare. On the ride back to the city the party sang a number of war songs, including "John Brown's Body."



One of the party remarked that the tune was a grand one, and altogether superior to the words of the song. Mrs. Howe responded to the effect that she would endeavor to write other words that might be sung to this stirring melody. That night, while she was lying in a dark room, line after line and verse after verse of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was composed. In this way every verse of the song was thought out. Then, springing from the bed, she found a pen and piece of paper and wrote out the words of this rousing patriotic hymn. It was often sung in the course of the war and under a great variety of circumstances.

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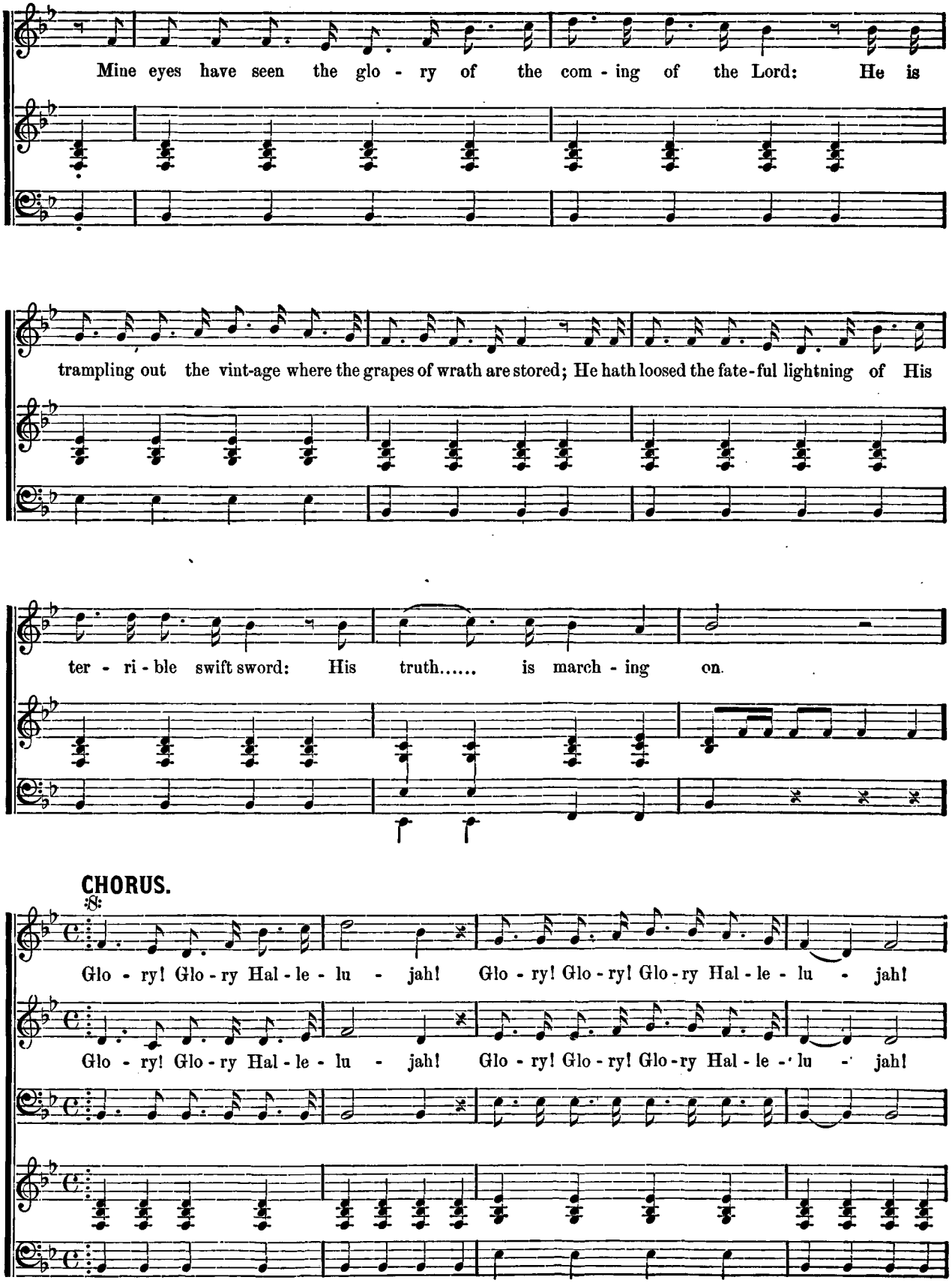
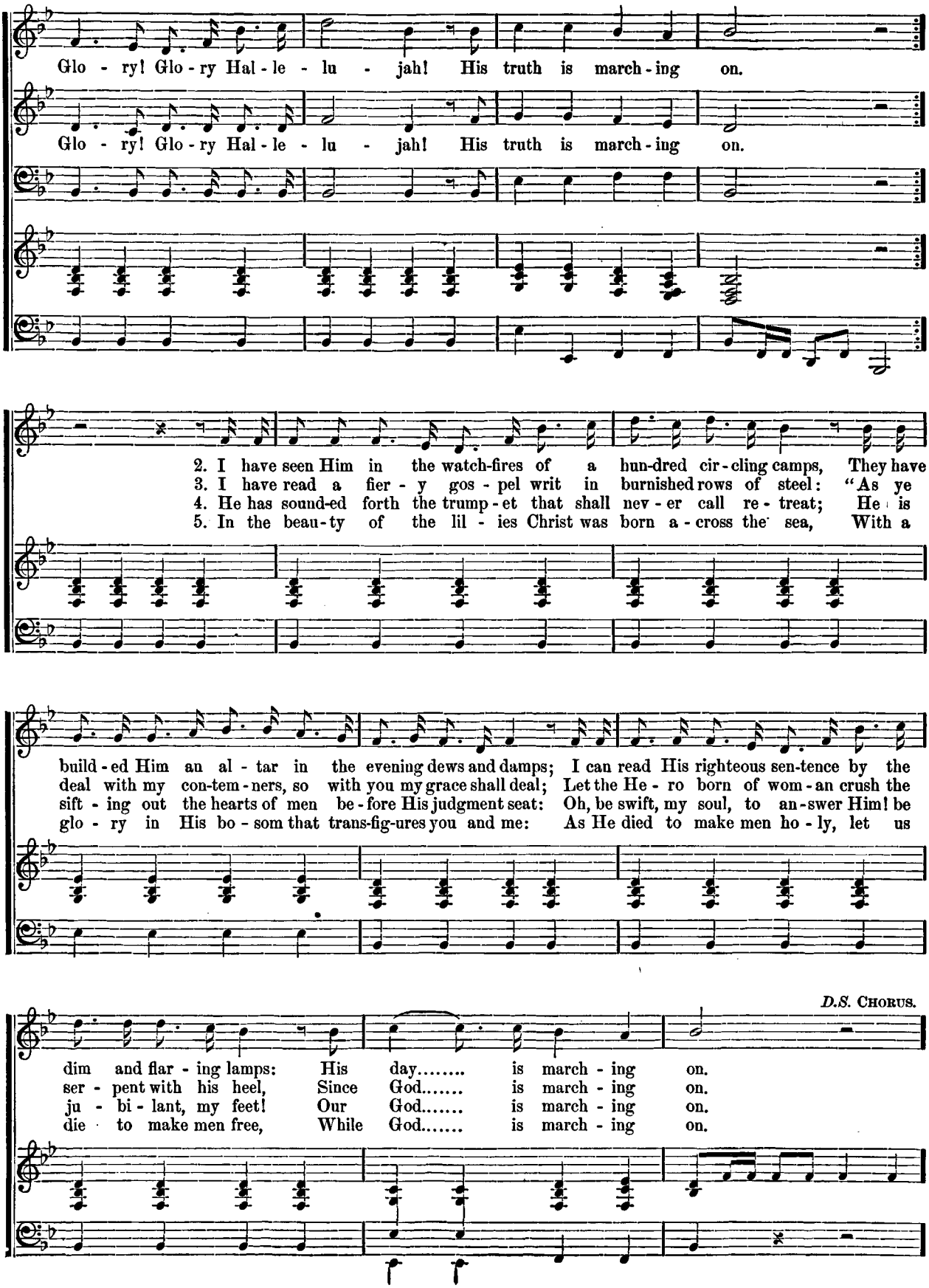

Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is
trampling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful lightning of His
ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth..... is march - ing on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

600


Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.
Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps, They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sen-tence by the
deal with my con-tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro born of wom - an crush the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig-ures you and me: As He died to make men ho - ly, let us
D.S. Chorus.
dim and flar - ing lamps: His day..... is march - ing on.
ser - pent with his heel, Since God..... is march - ing on.
ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God..... is march - ing on.
die to make men free, While God..... is march - ing on.

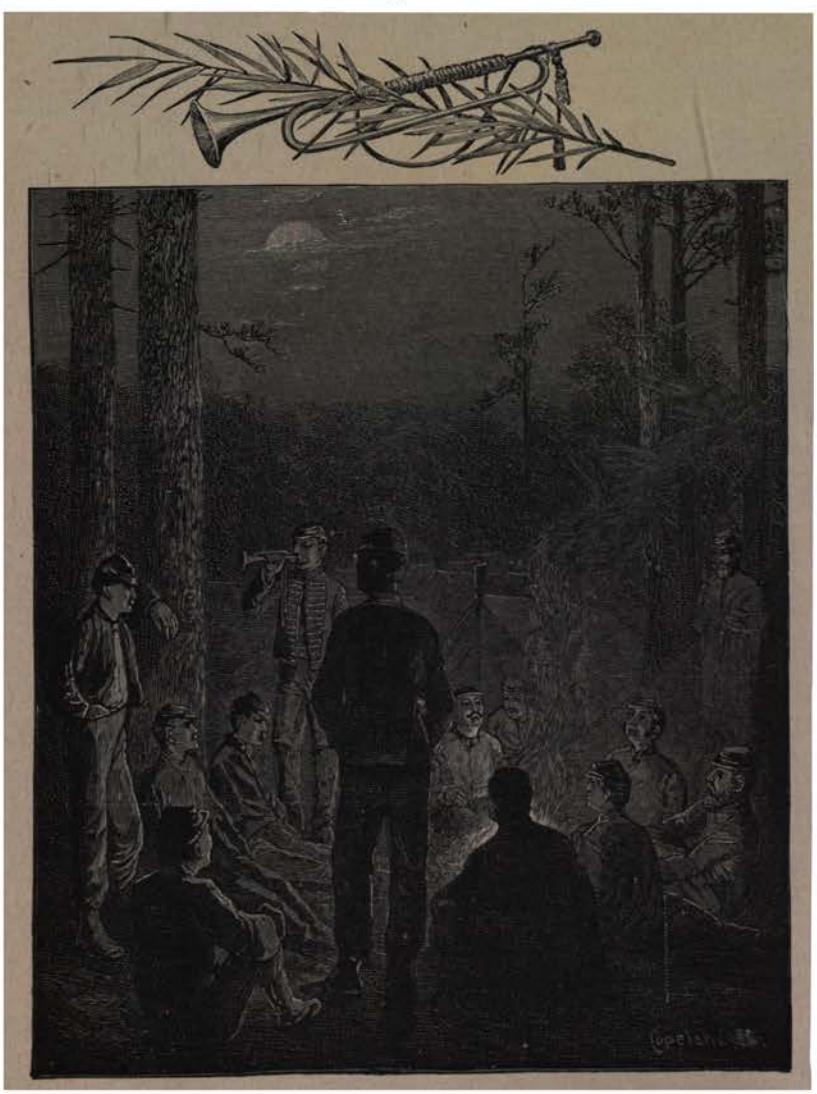
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.—CHORUS.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.—CHORUS.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.—CHORUS.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—CHORUS.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—CHORUS.



BOAT SONG.

"LIGHTLY ROW" was a tuneful companion of our fathers and mothers in the days of their childhood and youth. They sang it in the day-school and in the singing-school; and it timed their oars when they went "out rowing." The air is an old Spanish melody.

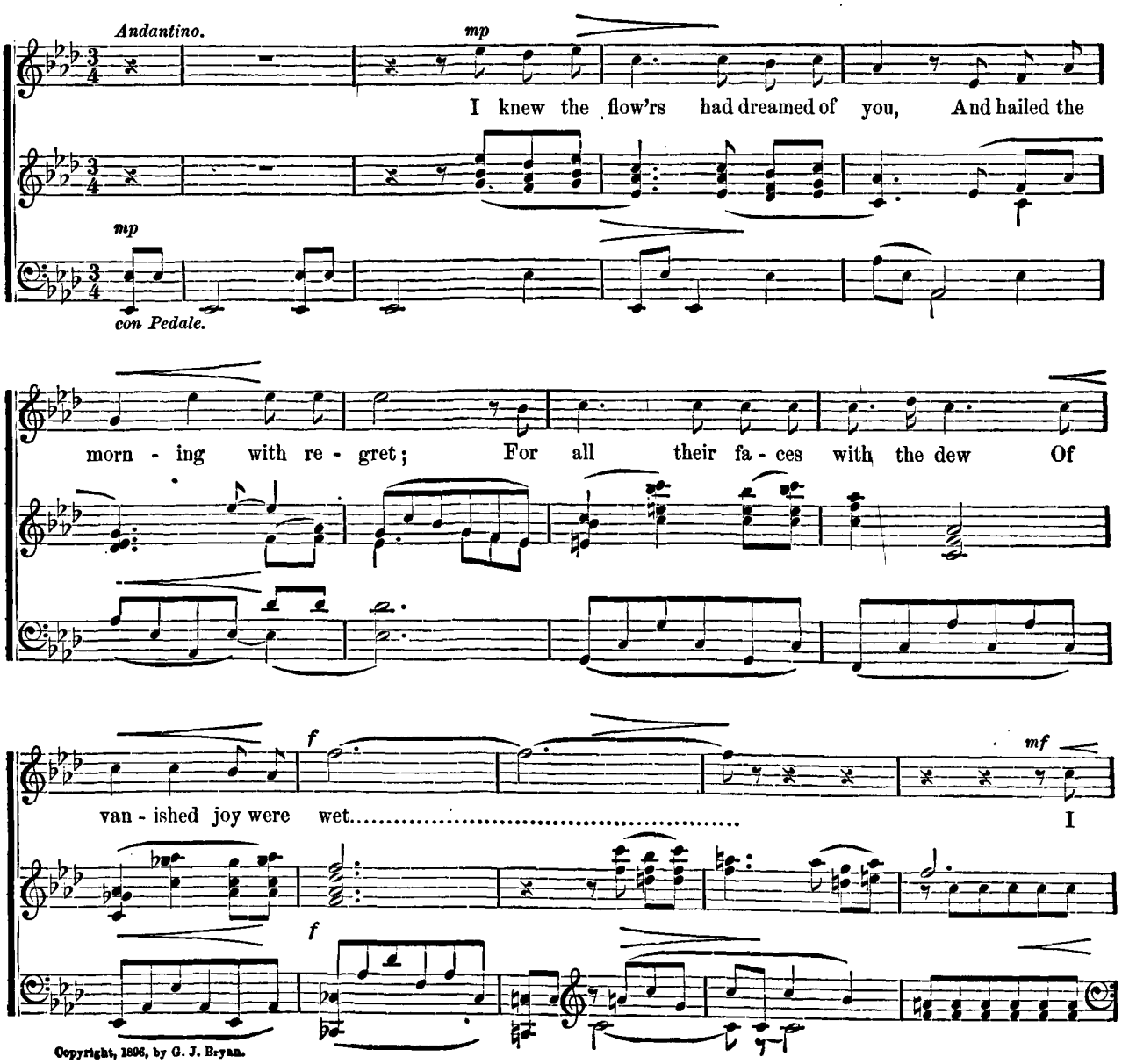
1. Light-ly row, light-ly row! O'er the glass-y waves we go! Smooth-ly glide, smooth-ly glide,
2. Far a-way, far a-way, Ech-o in the rocks at play, Call-eth not, call-eth not,

On the si-lent tide! Let the winds and wa-ters be Ming-led with our mel-o-dy.
To this lone-ly spot. On-ly with the sea-bird's note Shall our dy-ing mu-sic float

Sing and float, sing and float, In our lit-tle boat!
Light-ly row, light-ly row, Ech-o's voice is low.

"I KNEW THE FLOWERS HAD DREAMED OF YOU."

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG was born in Boston, November 27, 1867. When about twelve years old she studied harmony with her father B. J. Lang, and later, the violin, with Mr. Louis Schmidt. For two winters she was in Munich studying counterpart, composition, and orchestration with Victor Gluble, and the violin with Drahsler and Abel. She has published over forty songs and a number of part-songs, among which "A Boatmen's Hymn" and "The Maiden and the Butterfly" for male chorus, and "Love Plumes His Wings" for female voices, are perhaps the most noted. Her piano forte suite, "Petit Roman en Six Chapitres" was published by Schmidt, and other piano pieces by Millet. Among her unpublished compositions, Miss Lang has three overtures for full orchestra; the first of which, "Totila," has been performed a number of times by the Thomas orchestra, and the second, "Dramatic Overture," at the Boston Symphony concerts; the third, "Teja," has never been produced.

Among a number of other works Miss Lang has composed three arias with orchestral accompaniment entitled "Sappho's Prayer to Aphrodite," "Phoebus' Denunciation of the Furies at his Delphian Shrine," and "Armida's Lament." A string quartet, a cantata for chorus, soli and orchestra, a set of violin pieces and a number of songs are among the contributions from her pen. Her last song, the one here published entitled "I Knew the Flowers Had Dreamed of You," the words of which are by JOHN B. TABB, is one of the most charming of her smaller compositions.

Andantino.
mp
I knew the flow'rs had dreamed of you, And hailed the
mp
con Pedale.
morn - ing with re - gret; For all their fa - ces with the dew Of
f
mf
van - ished joy were wet..... I
f

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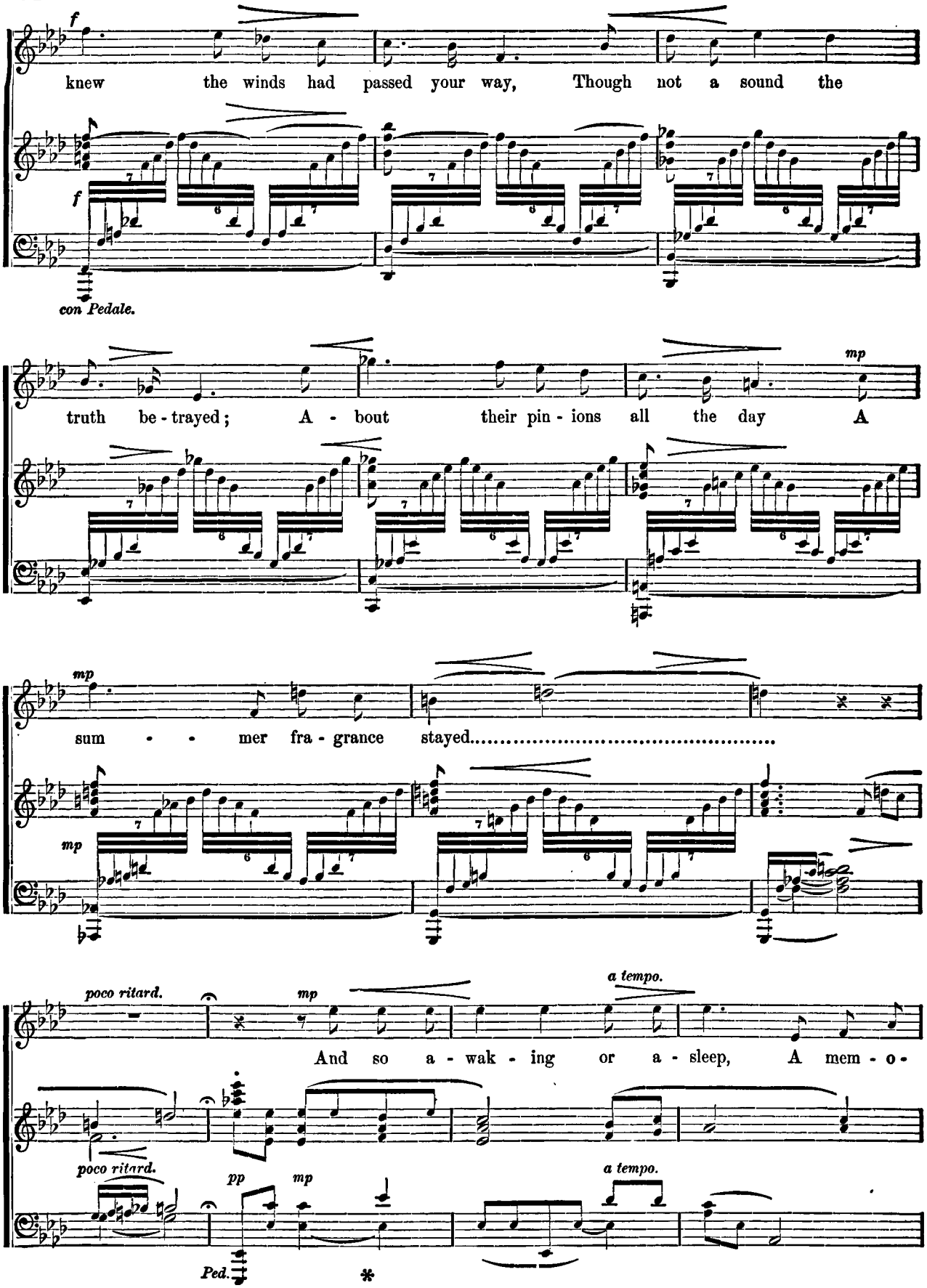
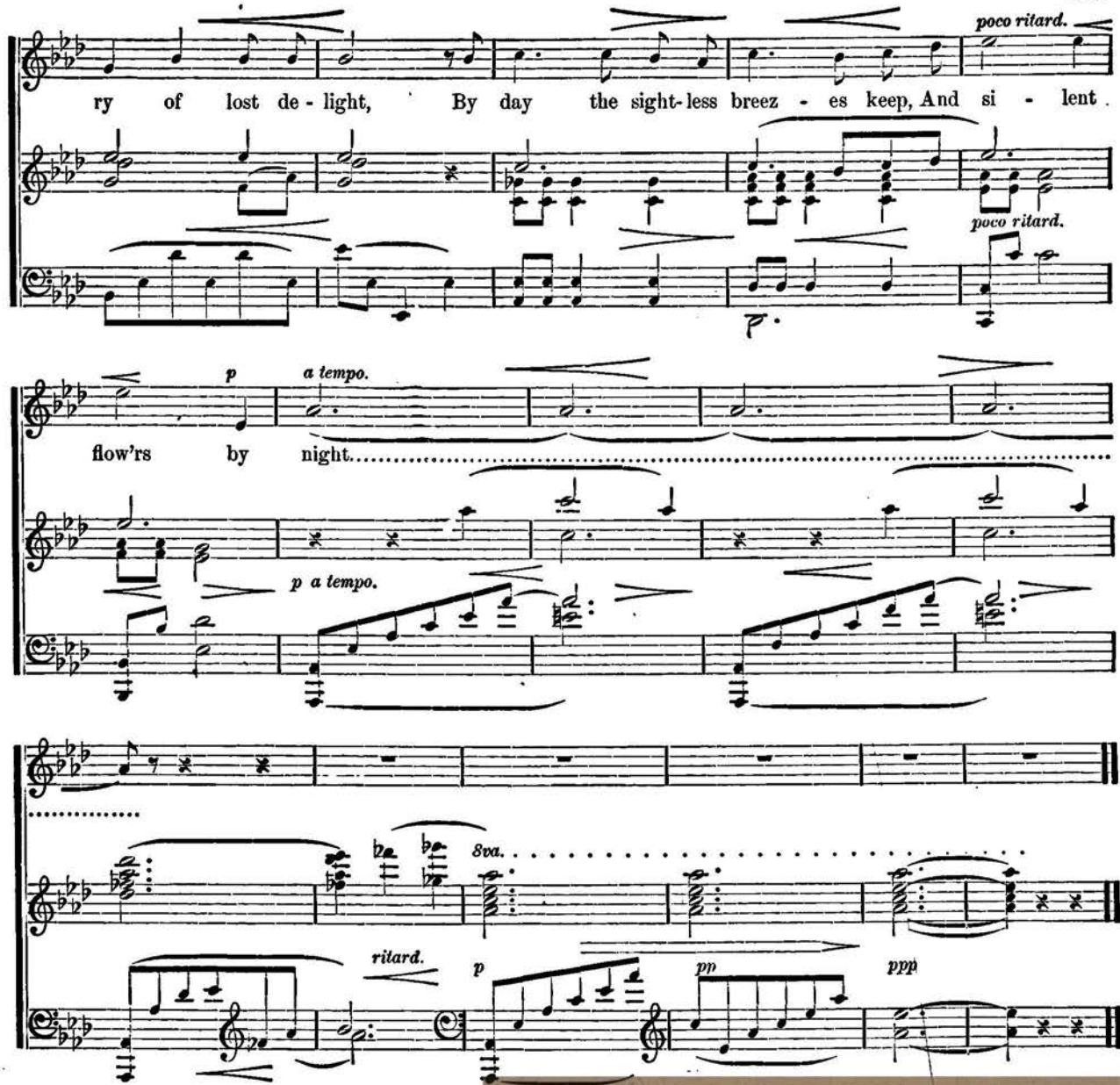

f
knew the winds had passed your way, Though not a sound the
f
con Pedale.
truth be - trayed; A - bout their pin - ions all the day A
mp
sum - - mer fra - grance stayed.....
mp
mp
poco ritard.
mp
a tempo.
And so a - wak - ing or a - sleep, A mem - o -
poco ritard.
pp
mp
a tempo.
Ped.
*

I knew the flowers had dreamed of you,
And hailed the morning with regret;
For all their faces with the dew
Of vanished joy were wet.

I knew the winds had passed your way,
Though not a sound the truth betrayed;
About their pinions all the day
A summer fragrance stayed.

And so awaking or asleep,
A memory of lost delight,
By day the sightless breezes keep,
And silent flowers by night.

MUSIC AND THE MINUET.

SWEET BIRD.

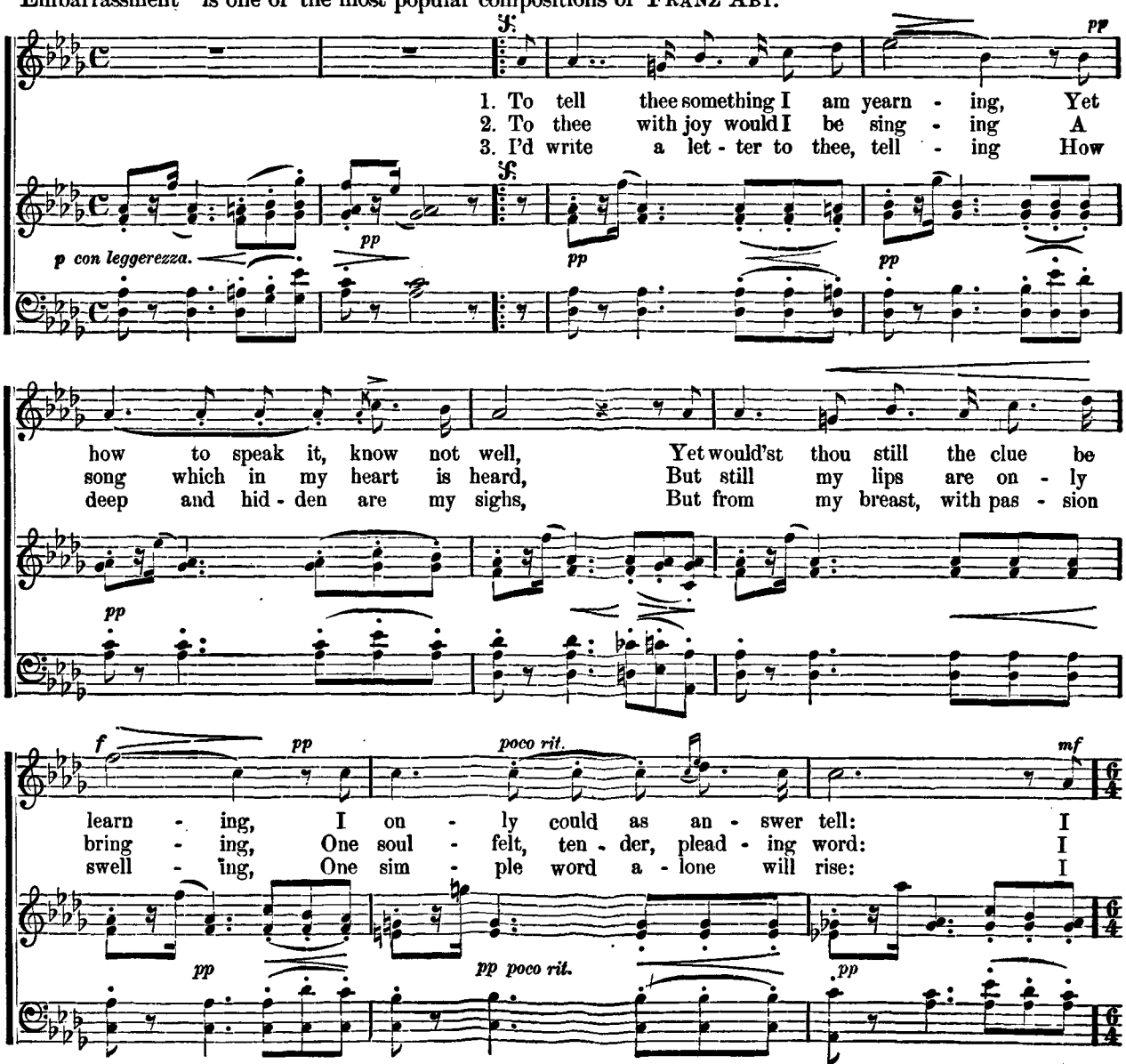
THIS favorite little bird song is by C. DE BERIOT.

1. Sweet bird, thy ear - ly note is gay, In woodland or in
2. Sweet bird, I hear thy welcome call, As on thy halcyon
3. Could I but live those youthful hours—That happy time once

glade; It tells of flowers that ne'er de-cay, Of joys that nev - er fade; Thy song, so sweet - ly it doth float O'er
wing; Now joy - ous swell, now gen - tly fall, Sweet war - bler of the spring! How ma - ny hours I've sat and heard Thy
more, I'd laugh at care and scat - ter flowers As gai - ly as of yore. 'Tis true, our fleet - ing days im - part Al -

leaf - y bank and dell, It seems some spir - it's mock - ing note, From Ech - o's sil - ver shell.
ten - der, lov - ing lay! Oh! thou didst seem some spir - it bird From Ed - en lands a - way.
ter - nate hopes and fears; But many a joy lights up the heart, A - long the flight of years.

EMBARRASSMENT.

It is too often taken for granted that an English translation of a foreign song will answer its purpose if it be a correct literary rendering of the orignal. But this is so far from true that the chief difficulty in song translation lies in bringing the musical emphasis in the proper place without departing essentially from an accurate rendering of the mere words. And, indeed, providing the sentiment is retained, it is perhaps better to sacrifice literal translation rather than to ruin a song for singing by so misfitting words and music that the emphasis in the melody comes on unimportant words. When a thoroughly trained musician, like Louis C. Elson, furnishes English words for a German song, one may be sure that the musical requirements are not overlooked, while the literary work of translation is accurately done also. For this reason it is a satisfaction to know that American music publishers have put forth between two and three thousand songs, German, French and Italian, in which the English versions are the work of this accomplished writer, musician and critic, thus giving them the *hall-mark* of excellence. Mr. Elson was born in Boston of German parents in 1848. His musical education was begun when he was only six years old. His knowledge of the theory of music was gained chiefly during his sojourn in Leipzic, and the study of musical literature, to which his attention was early directed, has been thoroughly pursued. Mr. Elson has sung in the choirs of leading Boston churches, has taught in the New England Conservatory of Music, and has lectured extensively in this country on music and art. He has been connected, as contributor and editor, with many of the chief musical periodicals; his best known relation of the kind being an associate editorship of *The Musical Herald.* "Embarrassment" is one of the most popular compositions of Franz Abt.

1. To tell thee something I am yearn - ing, Yet
2. To thee with joy would I be sing - ing A
3. I'd write a let - ter to thee, tell - ing How
p con leggerezza.
how to speak it, know not well, Yet would'st thou still the clue be
song which in my heart is heard, But still my lips are on - ly
deep and hid - den are my sighs, But from my breast, with pas - sion
learn - ing, I on - ly could as an - swer tell: I
bring - ing, One soul - felt, ten - der, plead - ing word: I
swell - ing, One sim - ple word a - lone will rise: I
poco rit.
pp poco rit.

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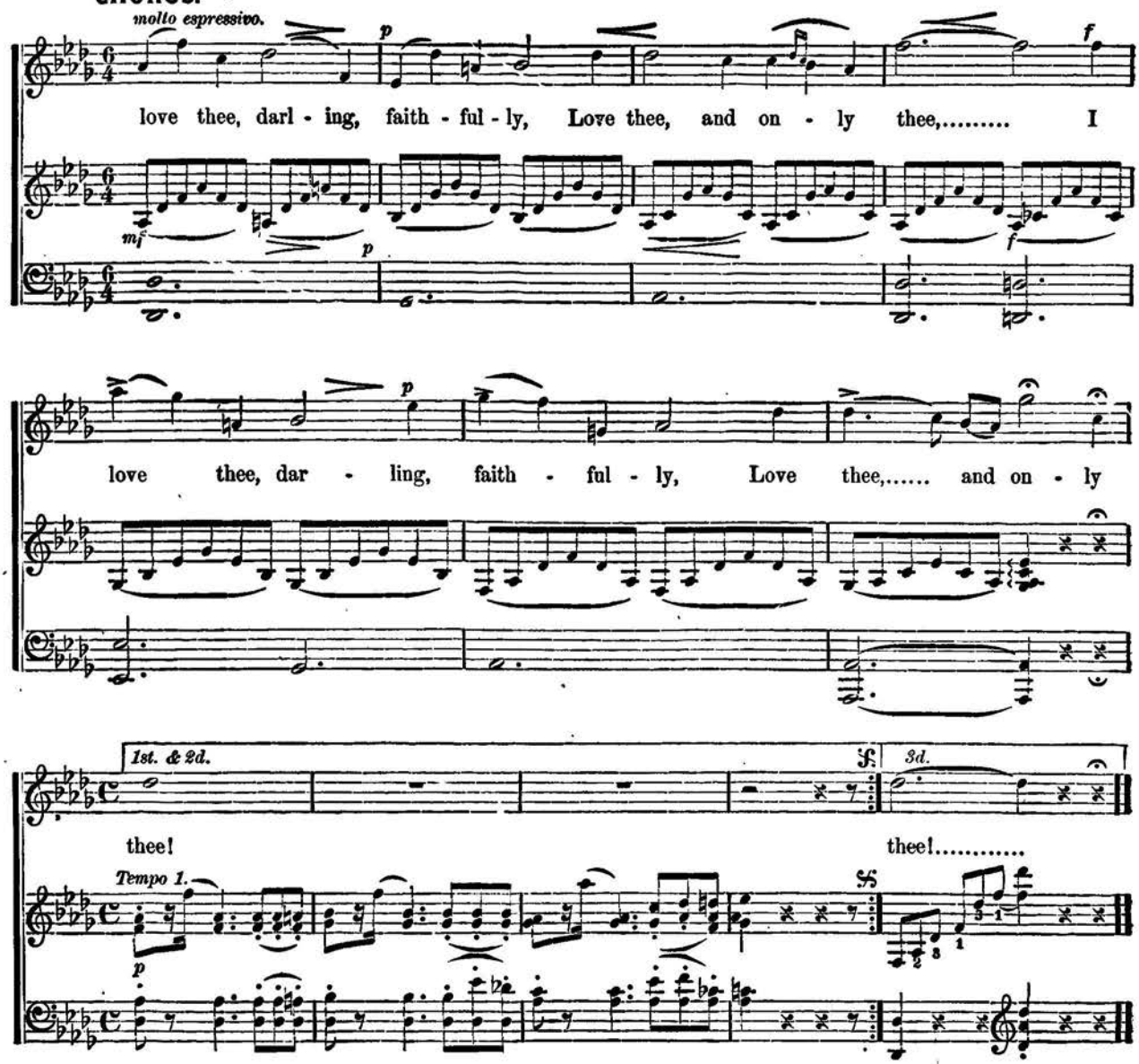
CHORUS.

molto espressivo.

love thee, darl - ing, faith - ful - ly, Love thee, and on - ly thee,..... I
love thee, dar - ling, faith - ful - ly, Love thee,..... and on - ly
1st. & 2d.
3d.
thee!
thee!.....
Tempo 1.

To tell thee something I am yearning,
Yet how to speak it, know not well,
Yet wouldst thou still the clue be learning,
I only could as answer tell:

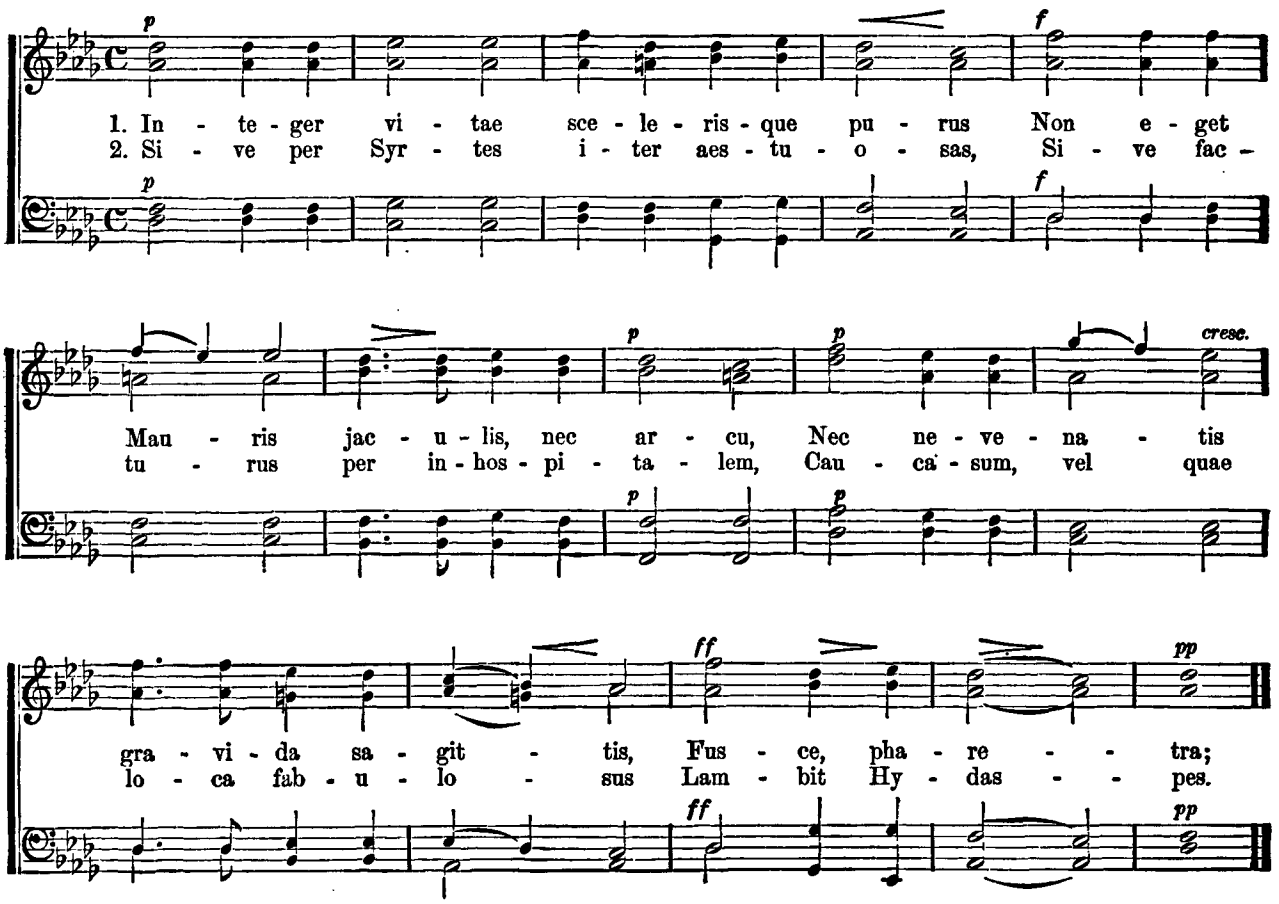
To thee with joy would I be singing
A song which in my heart is heard,
But still my lips are only bringing
One soul-felt, tender, pleading word:

I'd write a letter to thee, telling
How deep and hidden are my sighs,
But from my breast, with passion swelling,
One simple word alone will rise:

I love thee, darling, faithfully,
Love thee, and only thee,
I love thee, darling, faithfully,
Love thee, and only thee!

INTEGER VITAE.

THIS exquisite eulogy of "the man of upright life and pure from wickedness" is one of the most delicate of the odes of HORACE, the Roman poet of the first century before Christ—the "Lauriger Horatius" of another college song. This song is always sung in the original Latin, because a metrical version of it is almost impossible. It recounts how such a man is safe in the midst of countless dangers—from the inclement climates of dreaded countries; from the wolf in the Sabine wood or in a sun scorched desert; but always, secure in his freedom from all evil, may love his "sweetly smiling, sweetly speaking Lalage."

The musical setting to this ode, which is recognized as one of the most delightful compositions for male voices, was the basis of a permanent reputation for its composer, FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING. Under the name of "Flemming," the tune has found its way into numerous American hymn books. Flemming was a physician in Berlin (born in Saxony in 1777,) who took a keen interest in musical matters at the Prussian capital, and wrote many part songs for male voices for the use of the "Sing-Acadamie" founded by Zelter, the friend of Goethe and composer of music to his lyric songs. The similarity of melody of "Integer Vitae" to Samuel Webbe's "Glorious Apollo" has been pointed out; but as the latter was written at a date when Flemming could not have been familiar with it, the similarity was surely accidental. None of Flemming's other compositions compare with this in merit, and he is known in musical history as the composer of "Integer Vitae." It has always been a prime favorite in American college singing, as well as with the students of German and English Universities.

1. In - te - ger vi - tae sce - le - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac -
Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec ar - cu, Nec ne - ve - na - tis
tu - rus per in - hos - pi - ta - lem, Cau - ca - sum, vel quae
gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - - tra;
lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - - pes.
cresc.

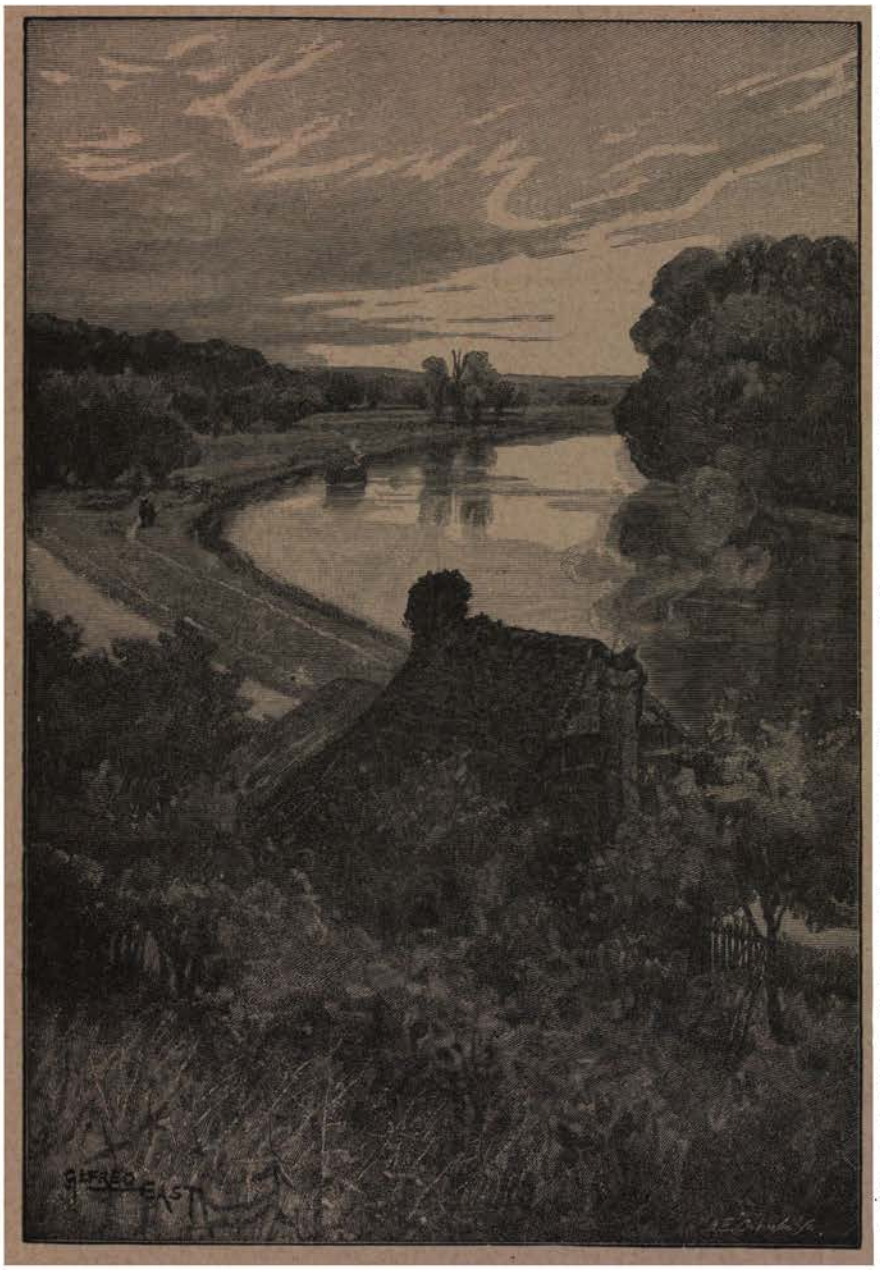
Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem:

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

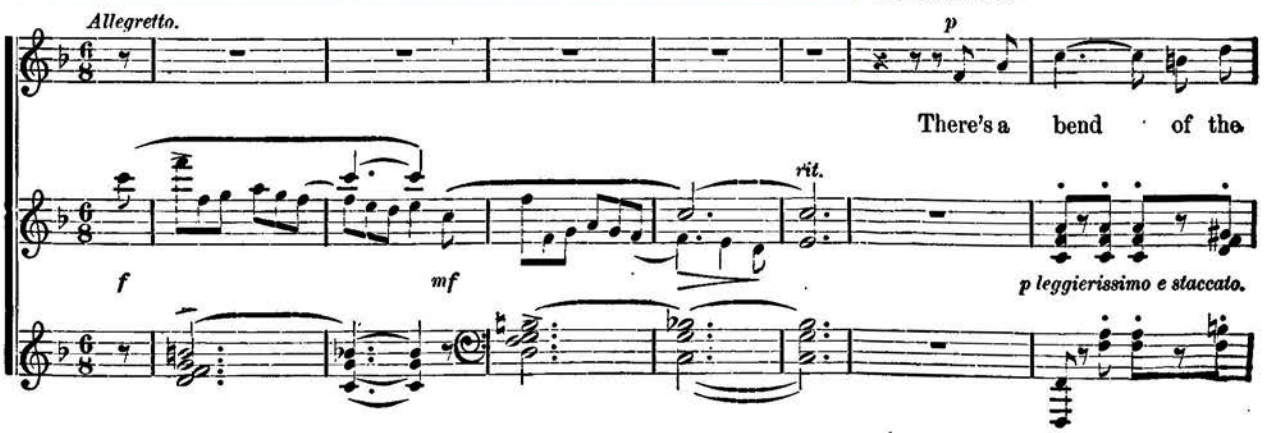
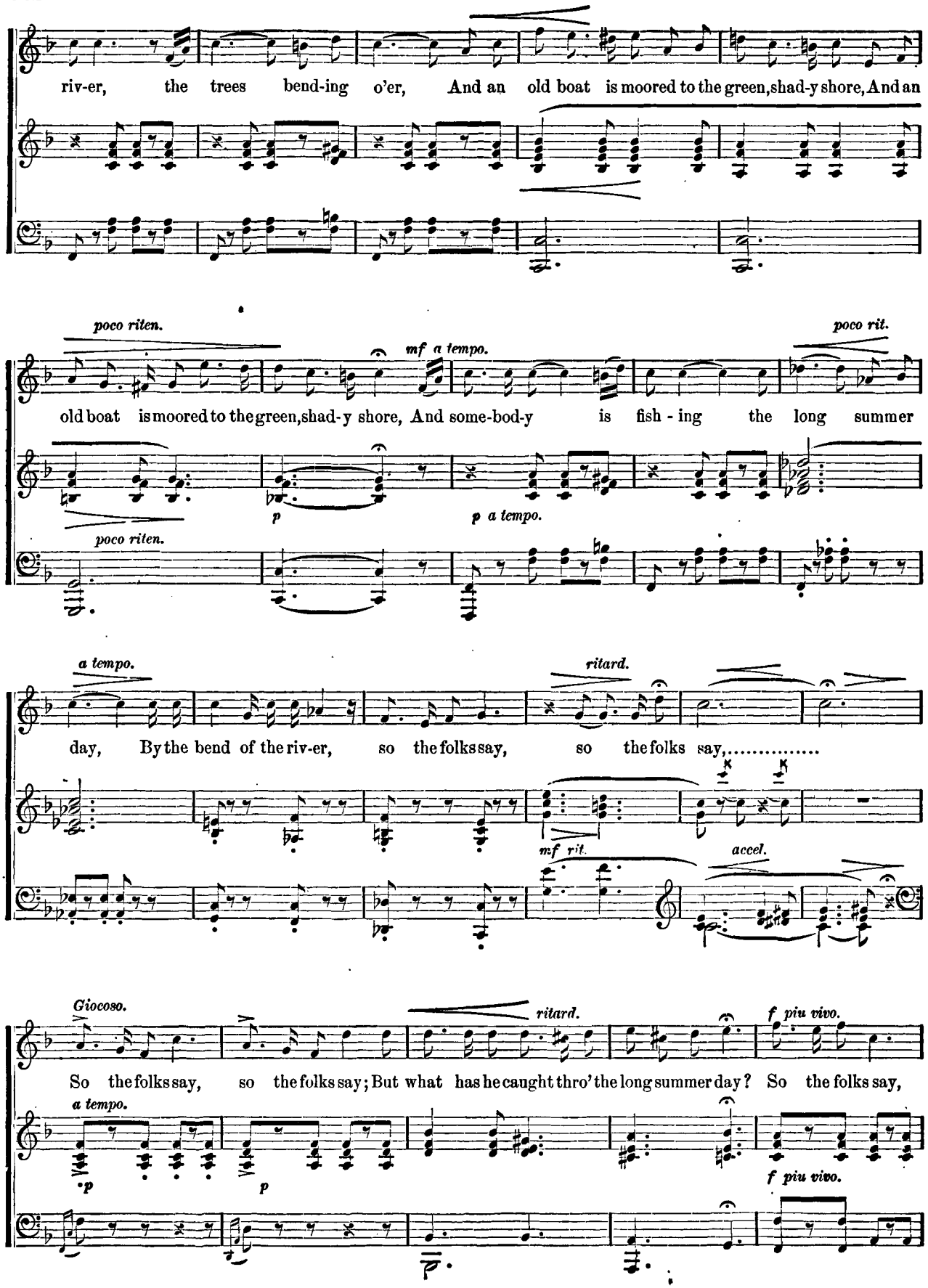
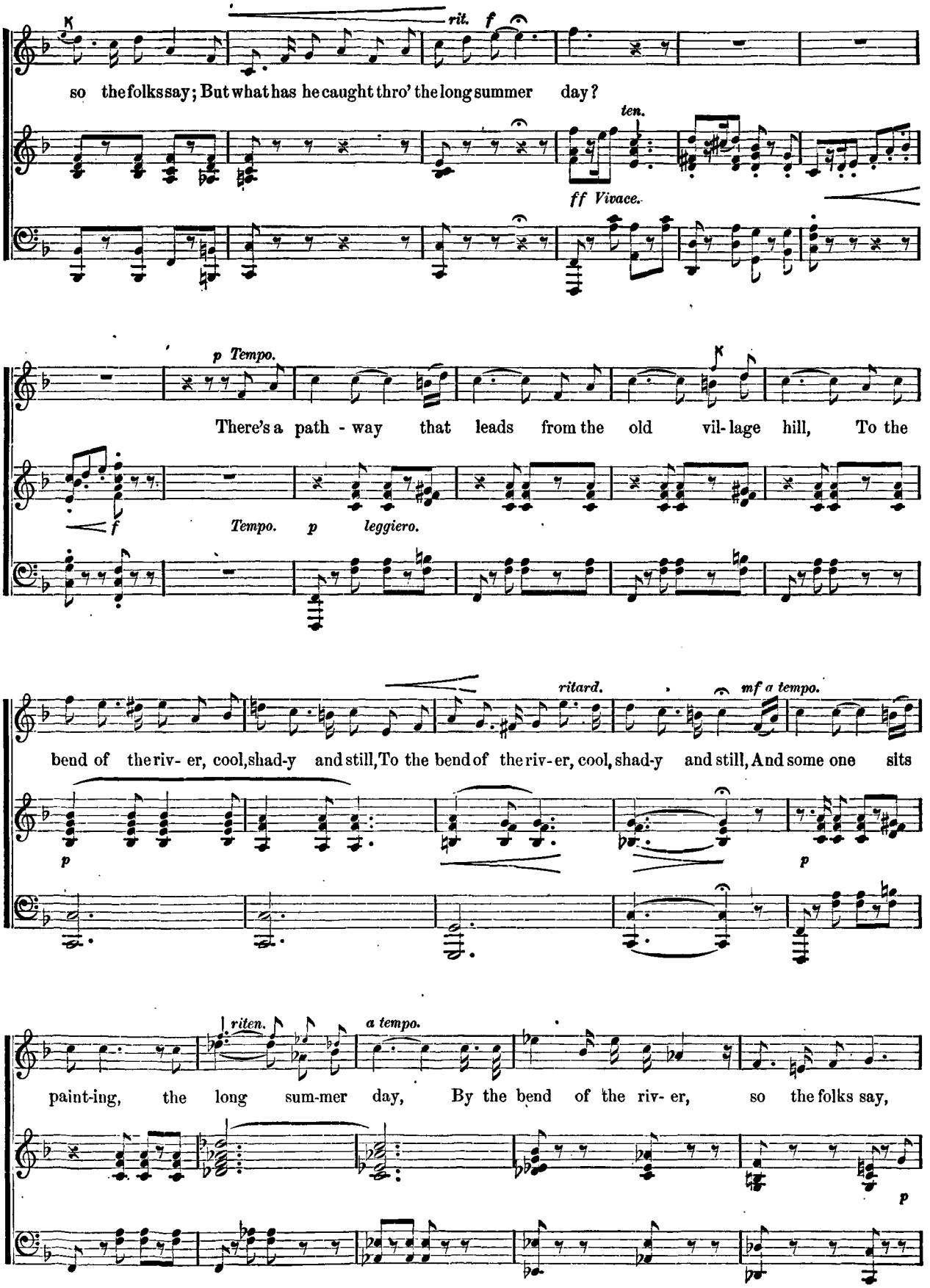
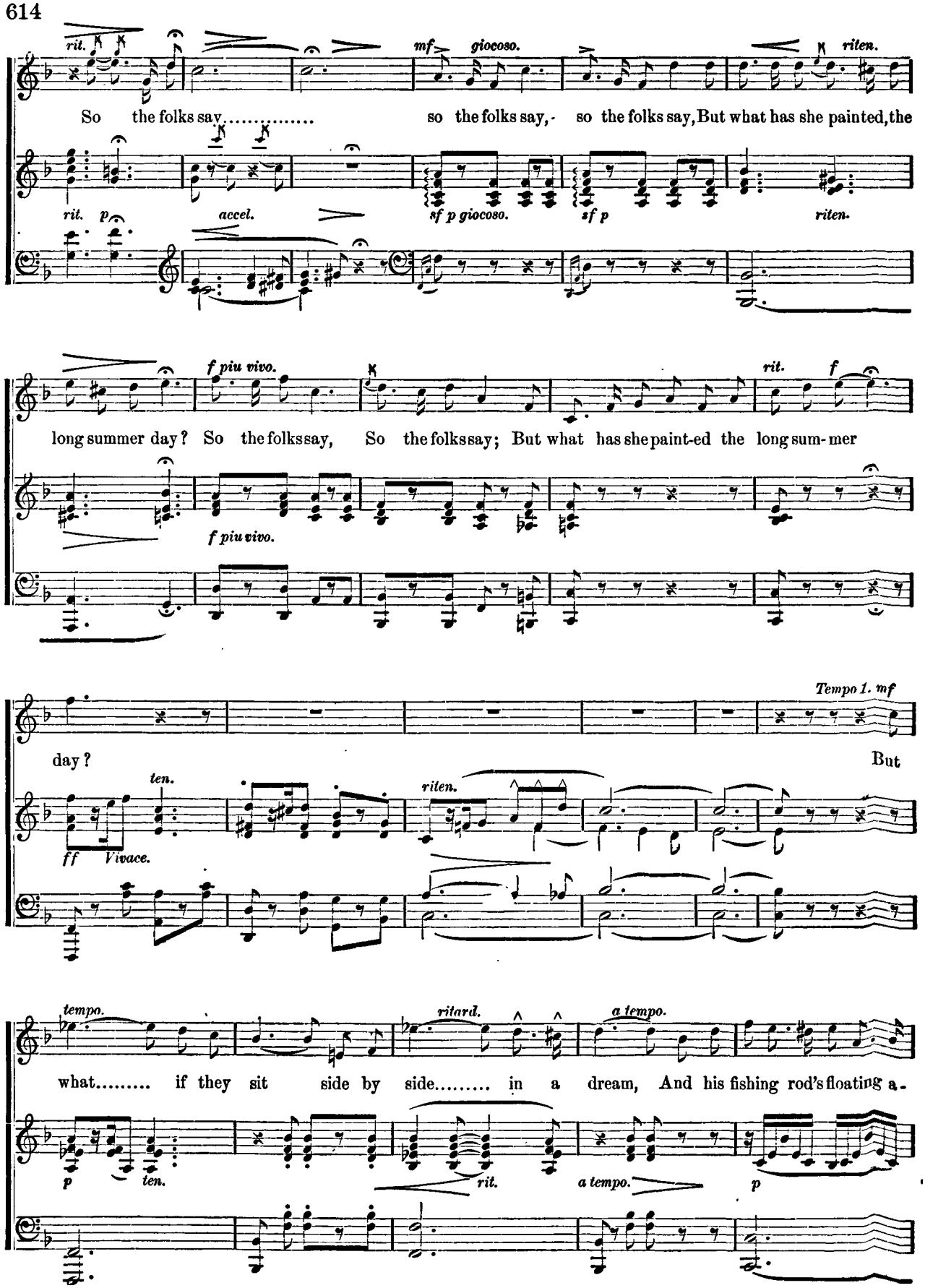
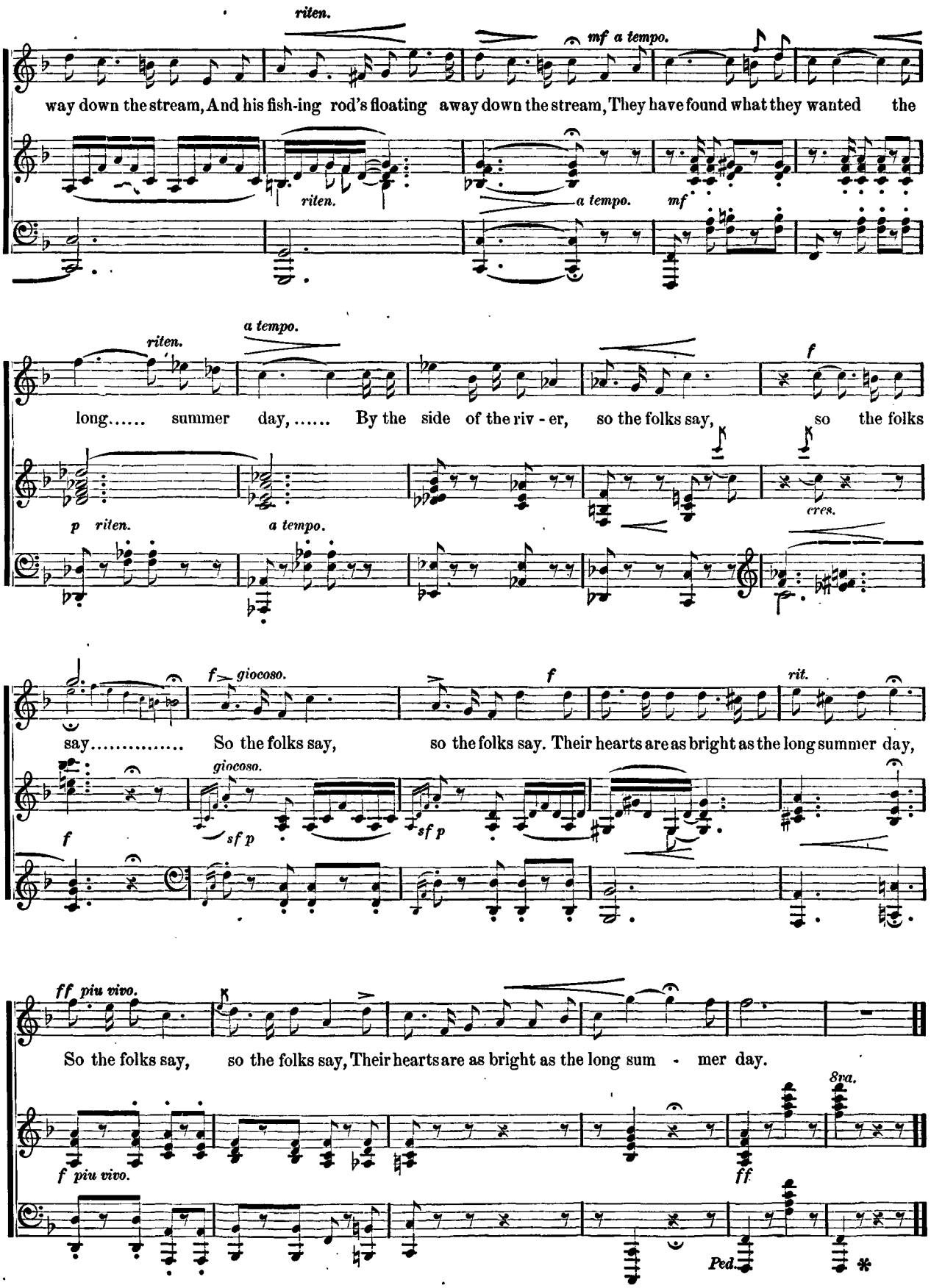
Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget:

Pone sub curra nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

THE BEND OF THE RIVER.

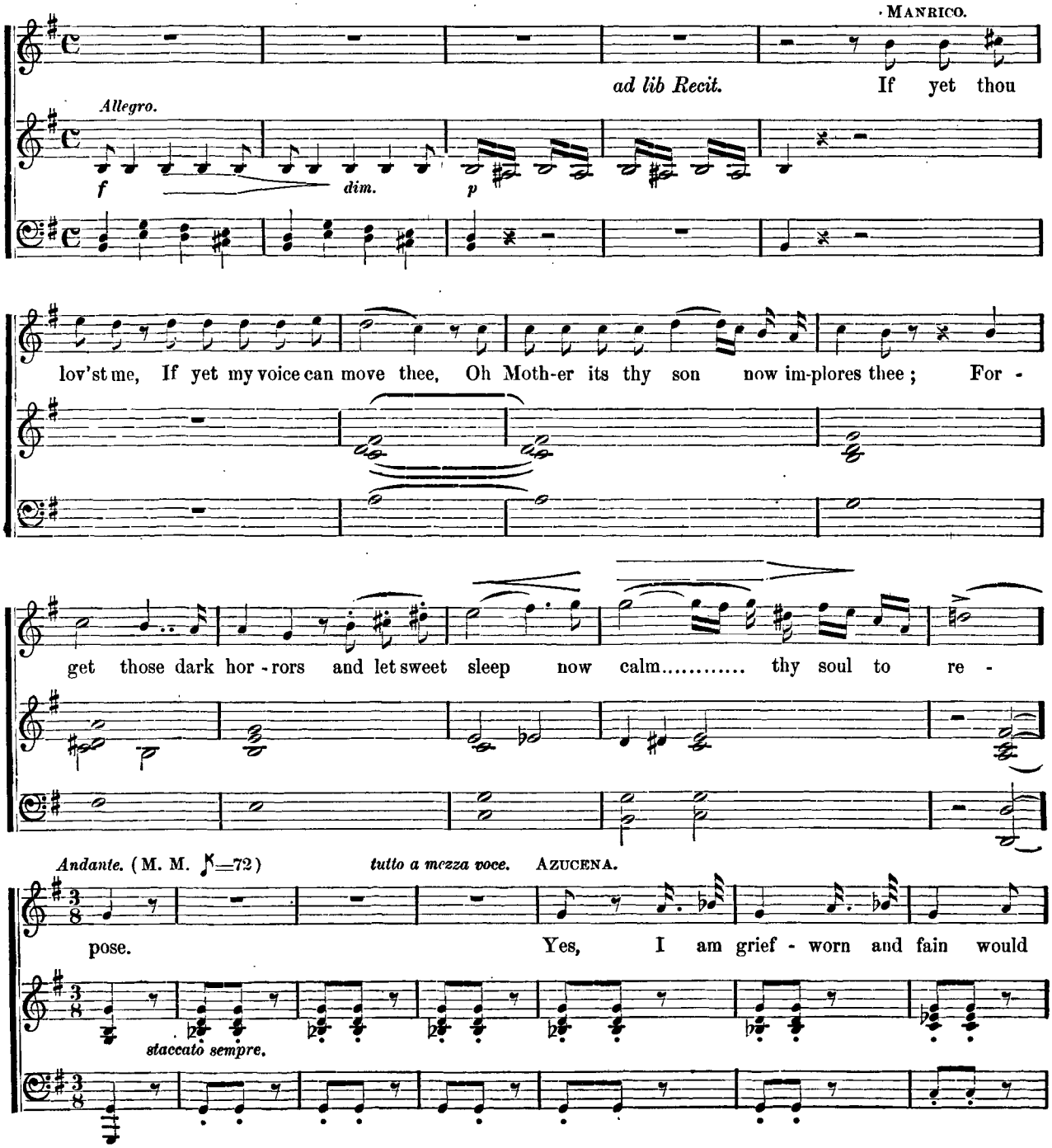


THE composer of this extremely tuneful song, JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, was renowned equally as pianist and composer, and his musical compositions have been both vocal and instrumental. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1829; studied at the Paris Conservatory of Music; and in 1848 settled in London as pianist and teacher. The artistic grace of his songs has won the highest praise from the most severe critics, and although many of them are so dramatic and so exacting as to vocal skill that they are beyond the reach of amateurs, others, of which "The Bend of the River" is a good example, are quite simple, yet none the less graceful and agreeable. The most celebrated of the songs of Blumenthal are "The Message," "The Requital," "My Queen" and "Unsaid."

The words of "The Bend of the River" are by FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY. The song became popular as a favorite of Marie Roze; a French operatic soprano whose patriotic use of her dramatic talent had endeared her to the hearts of her countrymen. When the war with Germany broke out, she was in Paris, and she remained there all through the siege and the Commune. Frequently she appeared in public to sing the "Marseillaise" or to recite some patriotic poem. She also organized concerts for the aid of the hospitals, and was so energetic in good works that several medals and a diploma were afterward conferred upon her by the Government.

riv-er, the trees bend-ing o'er, And an old boat is moored to the green, shad-y shore, And an
poco riten.
mf a tempo.
poco rit.
old boat is moored to the green, shad-y shore, And some-bod-y is fish - ing the long summer
p
p a tempo.
poco riten.
a tempo.
ritard.
day, By the bend of the riv-er, so the folks say, so the folks say,.....
mf rit.
accel.
Giocoso.
ritard.
f piu vivo.
So the folks say, so the folks say; But what has he caught thro' the long summer day? So the folks say,
a tempo.
p
p
f piu vivo.

rit.
f
so the folks say; But what has he caught thro' the long summer day?
ten.
ff Vivace.
p Tempo.
There's a path - way that leads from the old vil- lage hill, To the
f
Tempo.
p
leggiero.
ritard.
mf a tempo.
bend of the riv- er, cool, shad-y and still, To the bend of the riv- er, cool, shad-y and still, And some one sits
p
p
riten.
a tempo.
paint-ing, the long sum-mer day, By the bend of the riv- er, so the folks say,
p

rit.
mf giocoso.
riten.
So the folks say..... so the folks say,- so the folks say, But what has she painted, the
rit. p
accel.
sf p giocoso.
sf p
riten.
f piu vivo.
rit. f
long summer day? So the folks say, So the folks say; But what has she paint-ed the long sum-mer
f piu vivo.
Tempo 1. mf
day?
But
ten.
riten.
ff Vivace.
tempo.
ritard.
a tempo.
what..... if they sit side by side..... in a dream, And his fishing rod's floating a-
p
ten.
rit.
a tempo.
p

riten.
mf a tempo.
way down the stream, And his fish-ing rod's floating away down the stream, They have found what they wanted the
riten.
a tempo.
mf
a tempo.
riten.
f
long..... summer day, ... By the side of the riv - er, so the folks say, so the folks
p riten.
a tempo.
cres.
f> giocoso.
f
rit.
say..... So the folks say, so the folks say. Their hearts are as bright as the long summer day,
giocoso.
f
sf p
sf p
ff piu vivo.
So the folks say, so the folks say, Their hearts are as bright as the long sum - mer day.
8va.
f piu vivo.
ff
Ped.
*

HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS.

DUET. MEZZO SOPRANO AND TENOR.

THIS is one of the most popular and pleasing songs from the Opera "Il Trovatore," by VERDI. The English translation is by Charles Jeffery. The incident of the opera on which the song is found is as follows: Auzecena, a gypsy woman, is disturbed by frightful visions. Her supposed son, MANRICO, the Troubadour, endeavors to soothe her with his lute. She falls into a dreamy state of slumber and sings of her native mountains, and his childhood; kneeling beside her couch he joins in her song, until apparently she falls asleep, and the music gradually dies away. The dramatic effect produced thereby is singularly pleasing and impressive.

MANRICO.
ad lib Recit.
If yet thou
Allegro.
f
dim.
p
lov'st me, If yet my voice can move thee, Oh Moth-er its thy son now im-plores thee; For -
get those dark hor - rors and let sweet sleep now calm..... thy soul to re -
Andante. (M. M. ♩=72)
tutto a mezza voce.
AZUCENA.
pose.
Yes, I am grief - worn and fain would
staccato sempre.

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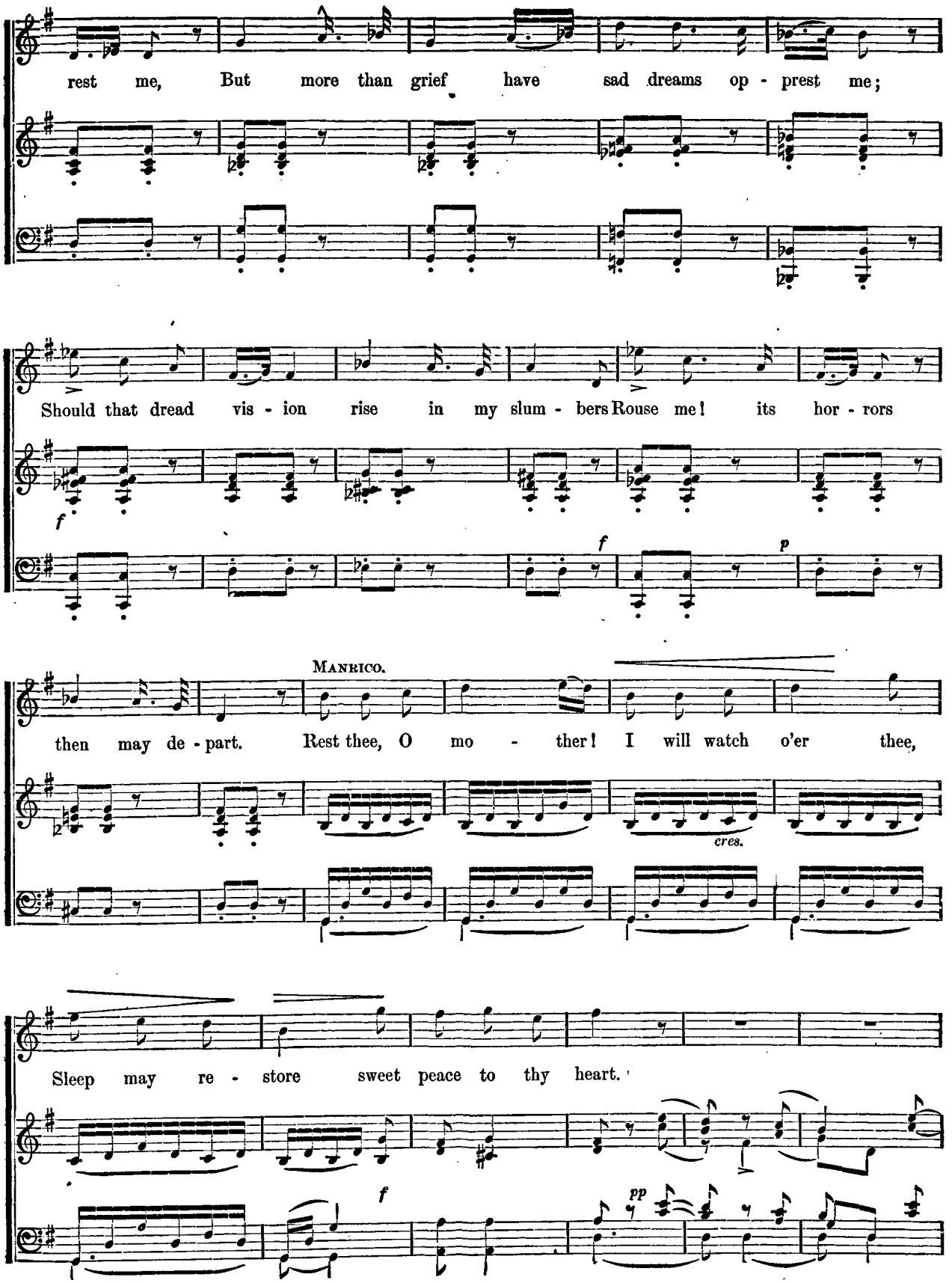
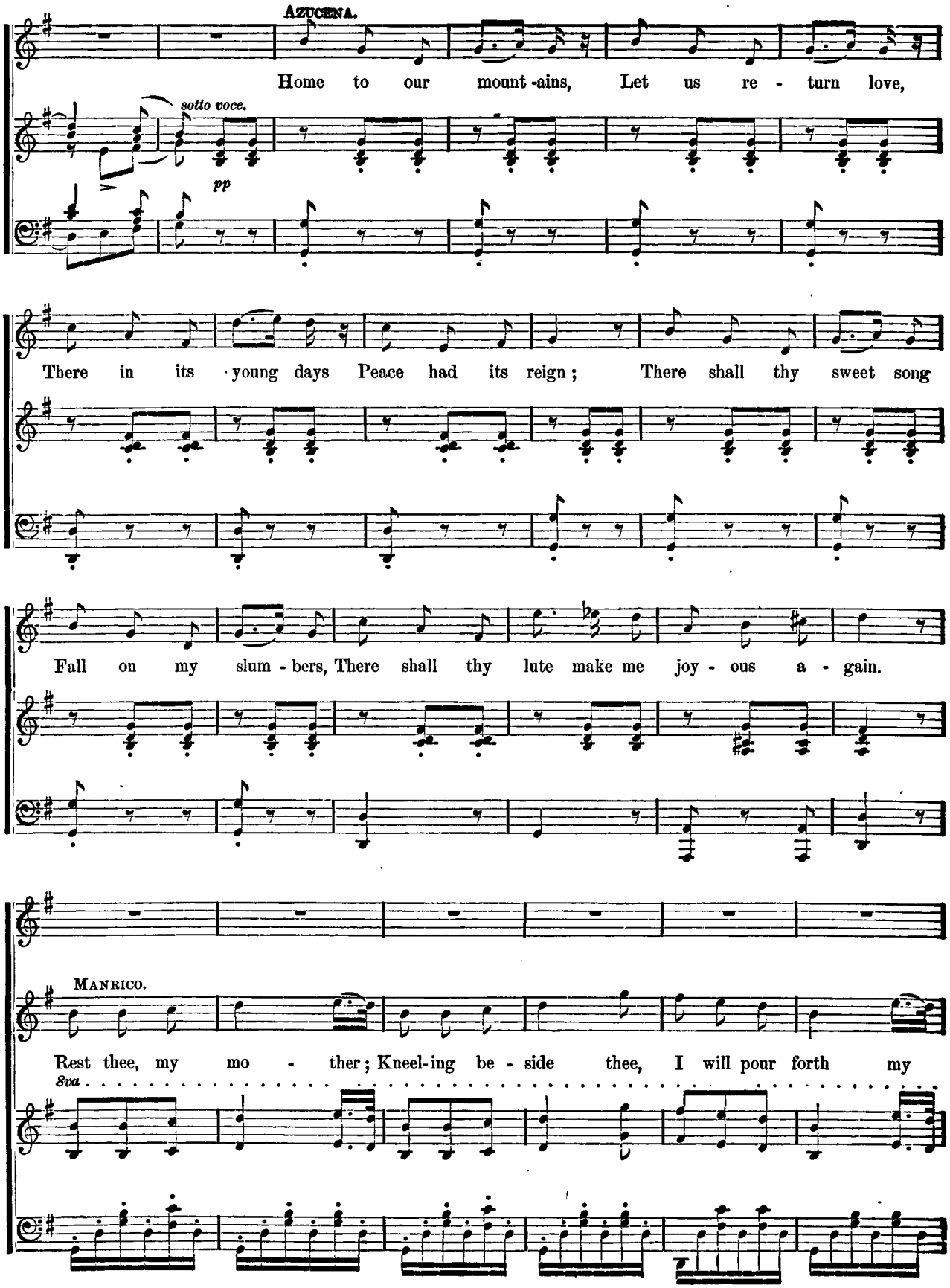
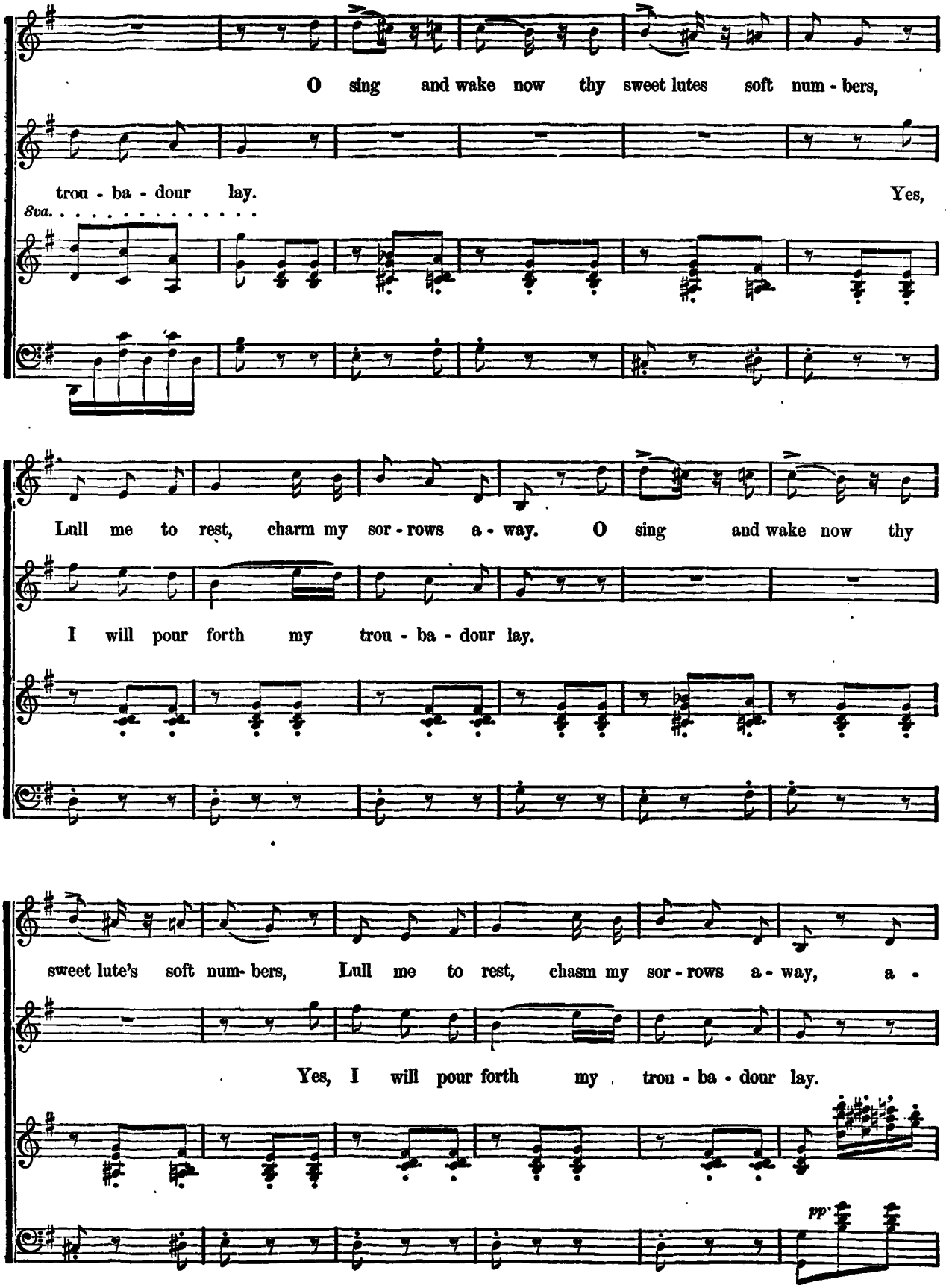
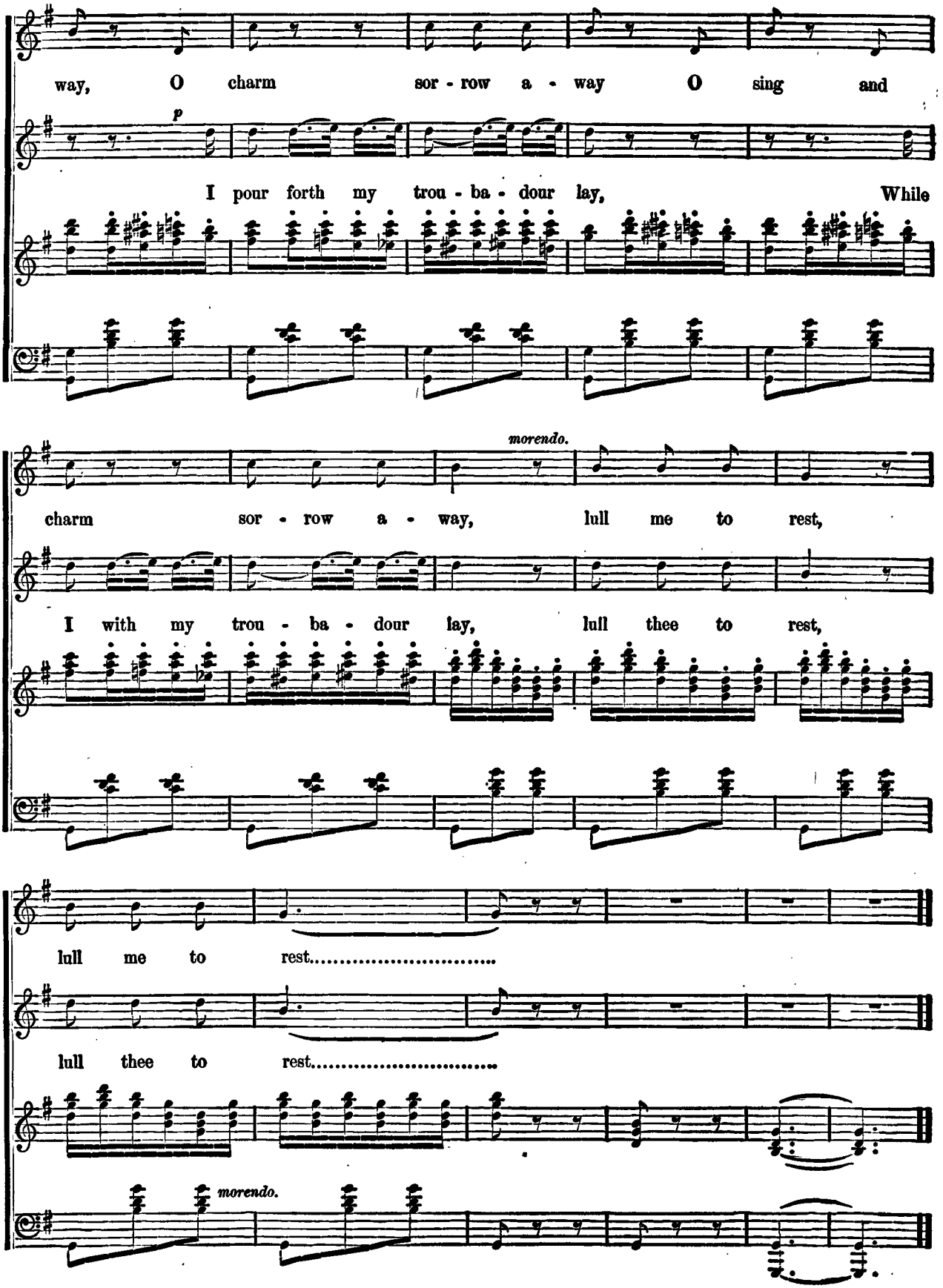
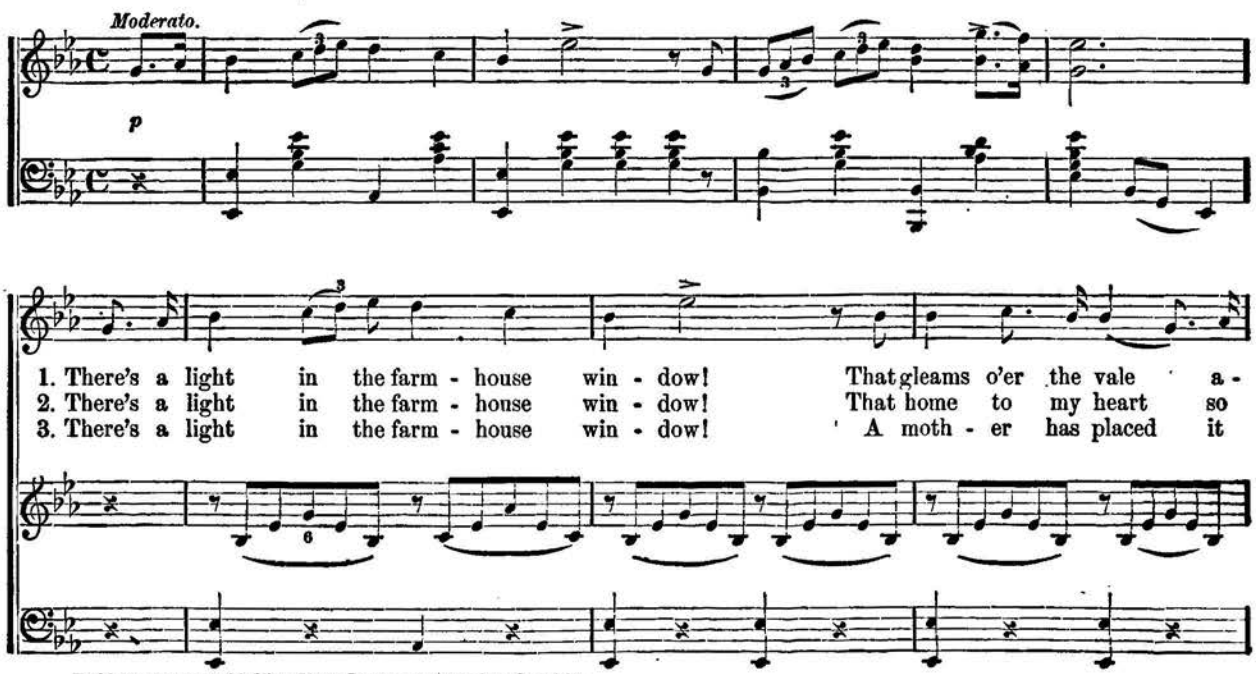

rest me, But more than grief have sad dreams op - prest me;
Should that dread vis - ion rise in my slum - bers Rouse me! its hor - rors
MANRICO.
then may de - part. Rest thee, O mo - ther! I will watch o'er thee,
cres.
Sleep may re - store sweet peace to thy heart.
f
pp

AZUCENA.
Home to our mount-ains, Let us re - turn love,
sotto voce.
pp
There in its young days Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song
Fall on my slum - bers, There shall thy lute make me joy - ous a - gain.
MANRICO.
Rest thee, my mo - ther; Kneel-ing be - side thee, I will pour forth my
8va

O sing and wake now thy sweet lutes soft num - bers,
trou - ba - dour lay.
Yes,
8va.
Lull me to rest, charm my sor - rows a - way. O sing and wake now thy
I will pour forth my trou - ba - dour lay.
sweet lute's soft num- bers, Lull me to rest, chasm my sor - rows a - way, a -
Yes, I will pour forth my trou - ba - dour lay.
pp

way, O charm sor - row a - way O sing and
p
I pour forth my trou - ba - dour lay, While
morendo.
charm sor - row a - way, lull me to rest,
I with my trou - ba - dour lay, lull thee to rest,
lull me to rest.....
lull thee to rest.....
morendo.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE FARM-HOUSE WINDOW.

THE words of this charming song and chorus are by MR. GEORGE COOPER; the melody and the arrangement for the organ or the piano are by Mr. J. P. SKELLY.


Moderato.
p
1. There's a light in the farm - house win - dow! That gleams o'er the vale a -
2. There's a light in the farm - house win - dow! That home to my heart so
3. There's a light in the farm - house win - dow! A moth - er has placed it

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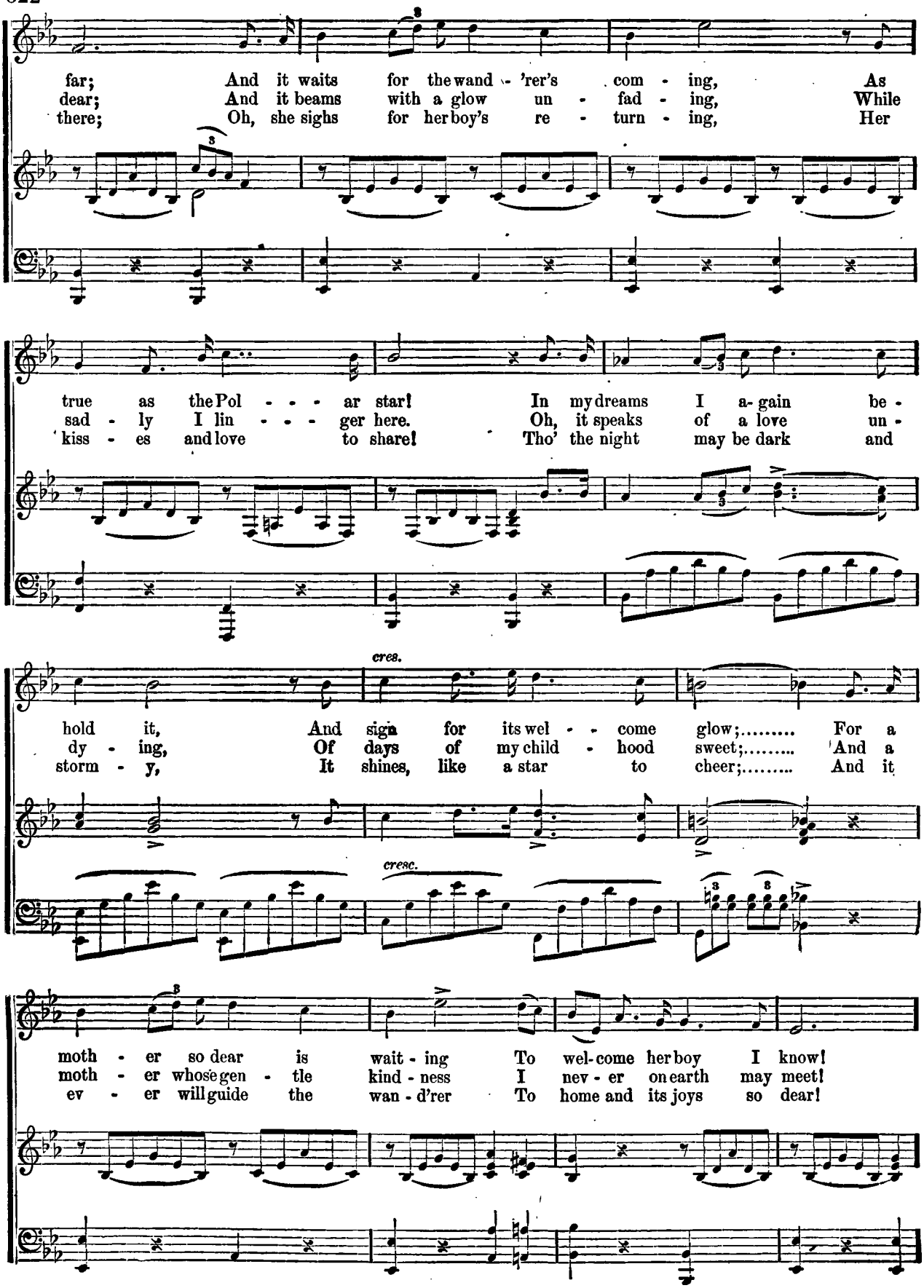
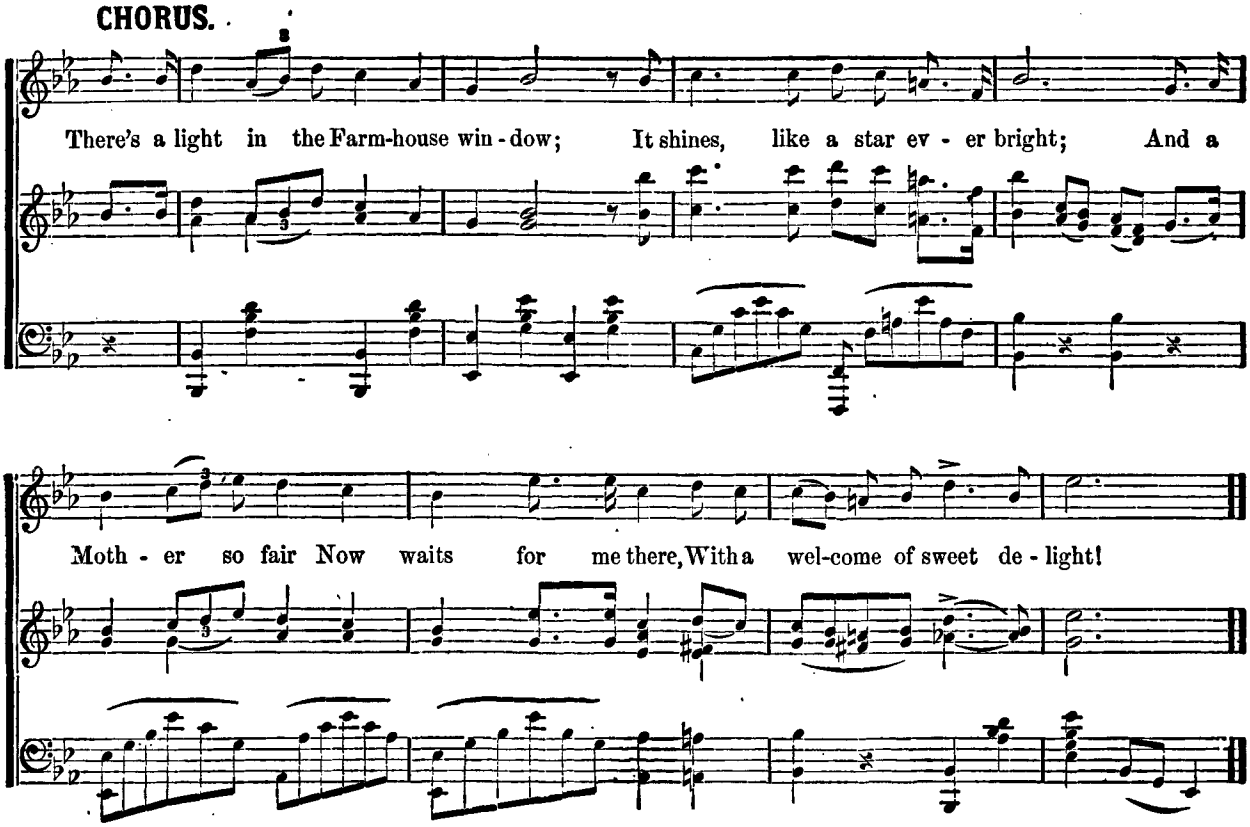

far; And it waits for the wand - 'rer's com - ing, As
dear; And it beams with a glow un - fad - ing, While
there; Oh, she sighs for her boy's re - turn - ing, Her
true as the Pol - - - ar star! In my dreams I a- gain be -
sad - ly I lin - - - ger here. Oh, it speaks of a love un -
kiss - es and love to share! Tho' the night may be dark and
cres.
hold it, And sign for its wel - - come glow;..... For a
dy - ing, Of days of my child - hood sweet;..... And a
storm - y, It shines, like a star to cheer;..... And it
cresc.
moth - er so dear is wait - ing To wel-come her boy I know!
moth - er whose gen - tle kind - ness I nev - er on earth may meet!
ev - er will guide the wan - d'rer To home and its joys so dear!

CHORUS.

There's a light in the Farm-house win - dow; It shines, like a star ev - er bright; And a
Moth - er so fair Now waits for me there, With a wel-come of sweet de - light!

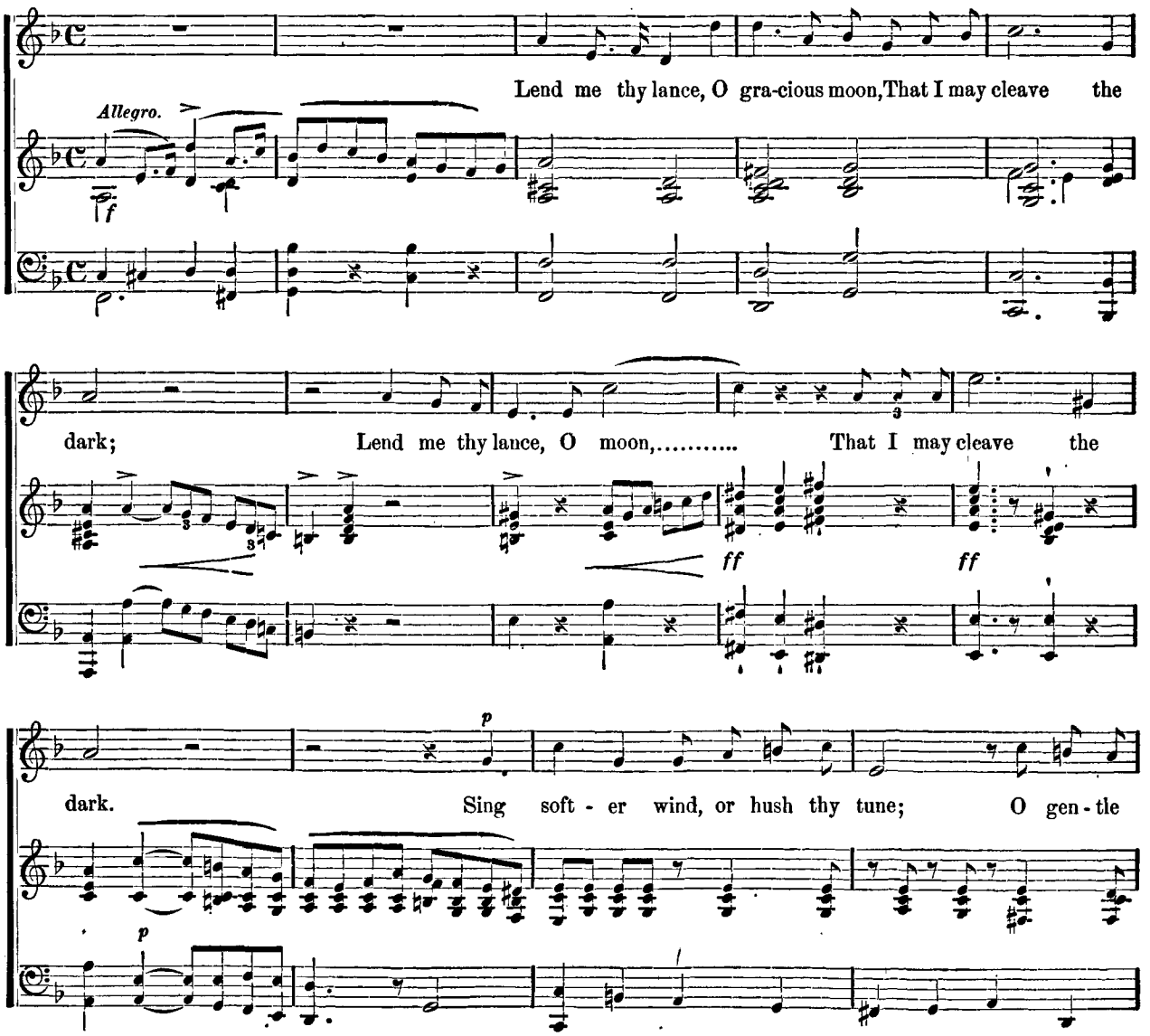
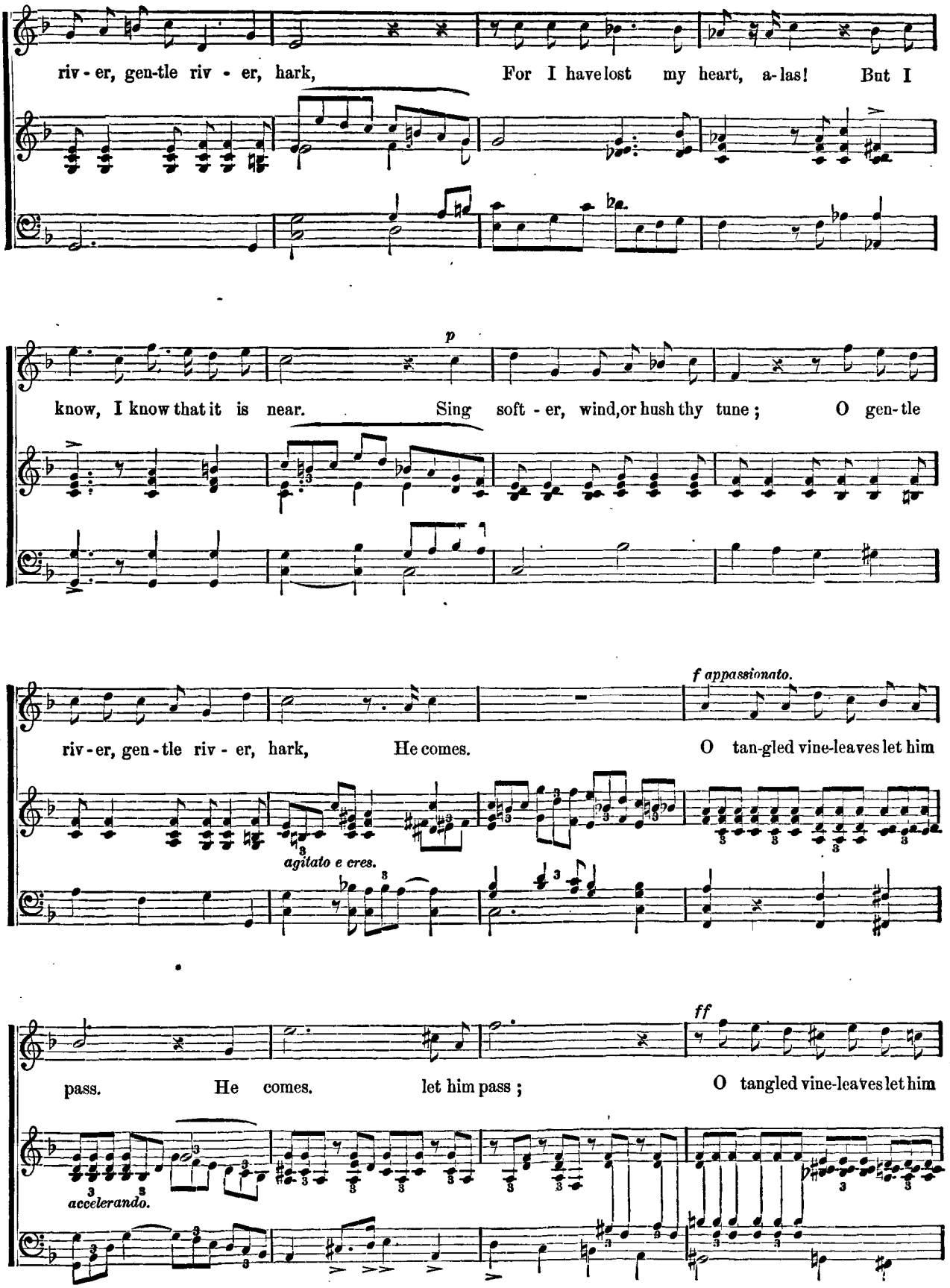
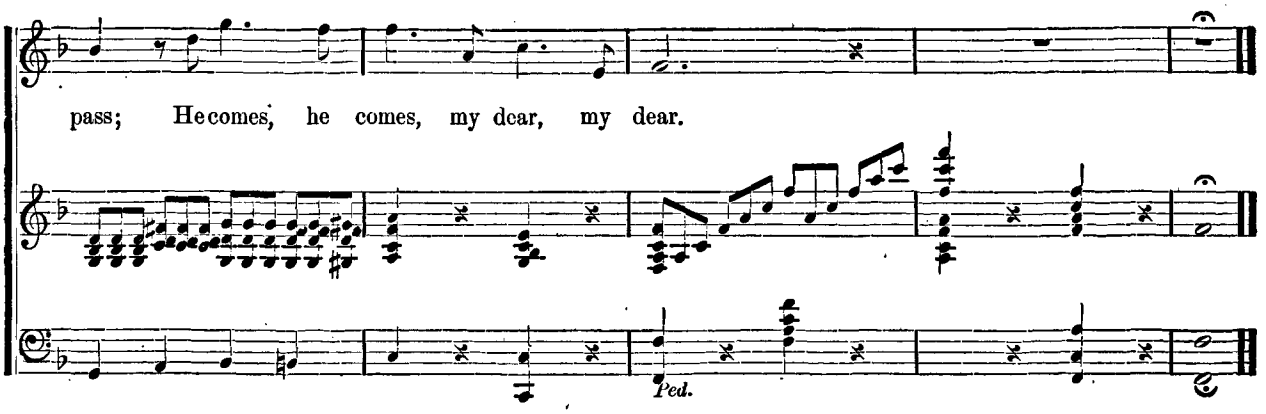
There's a light in the farm-house window!
That gleams o'er the vale afar,
And it waits for the wanderer's coming,
As true as the Polar star!
In my dreams I again behold it,
And sigh for its welcome glow;
For a mother so dear is waiting
To welcome her boy I know!

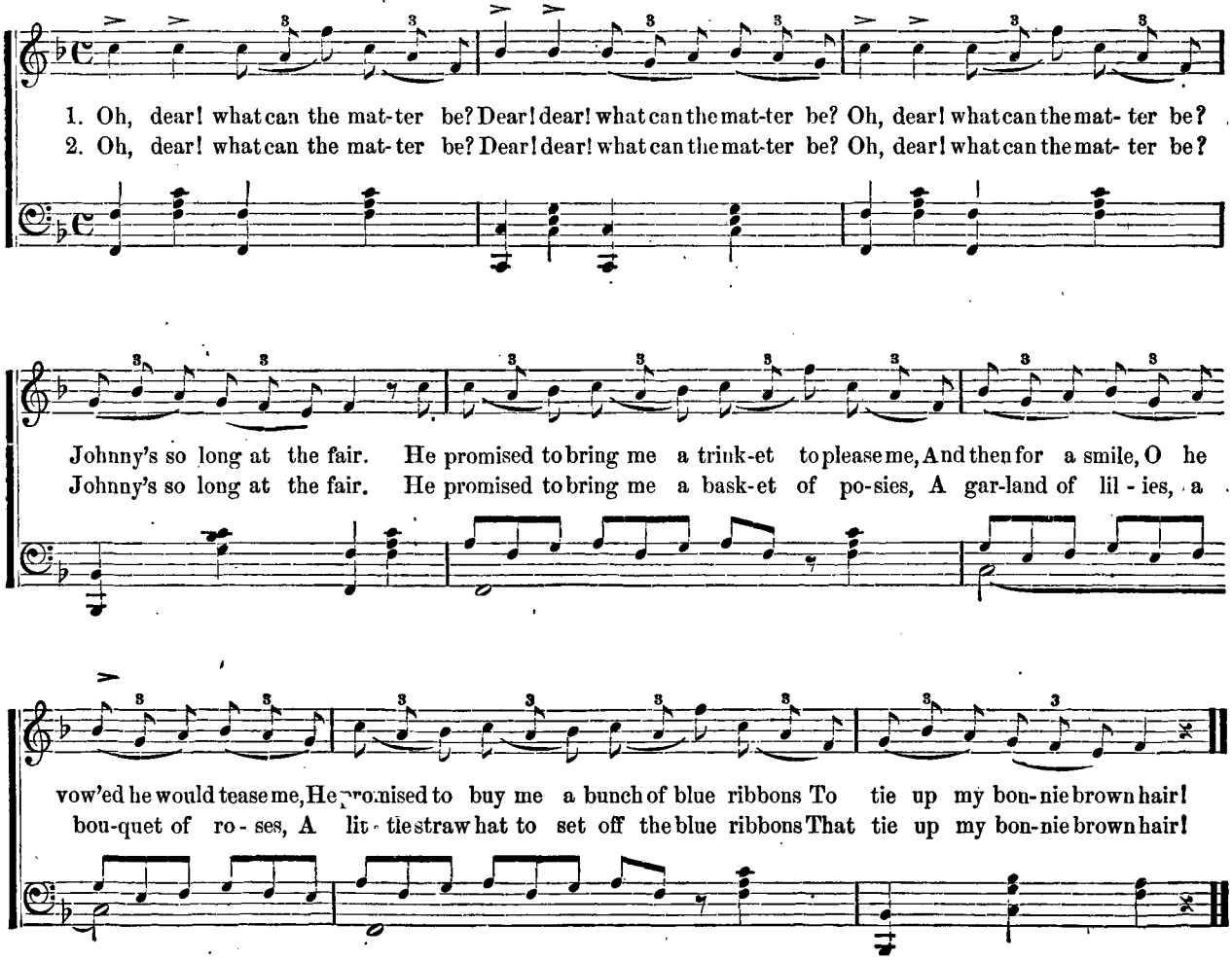
There's a light in the farm-house window;
It shines, like a star ever bright;
And a mother so fair
Now waits for me there,
With a welcome of sweet delight!

There's a light in the farm-house window!
That home to my heart so dear,
And it beams with a glow unfading,
While sadly I linger here.
Oh, it speaks of a love undying,
Of days of my childhood sweet;
And a mother whose gentle kindness
I never on earth may meet!

There's a light in the farm-house window!
A mother has placed it there!
Oh, she sighs for her boys returning,
Her kisses and love to share!
Though the night may be dark and stormy,
It shines like a star to cheer;
And it ever will guide the wanderer
To home and its joys so dear!

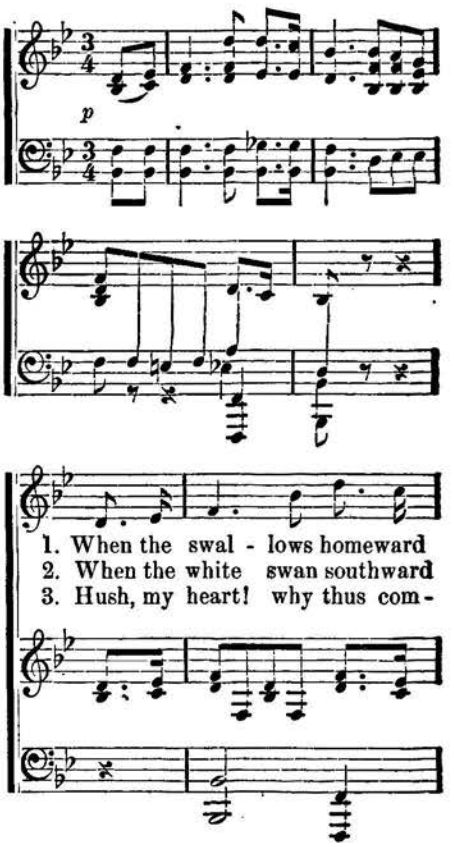
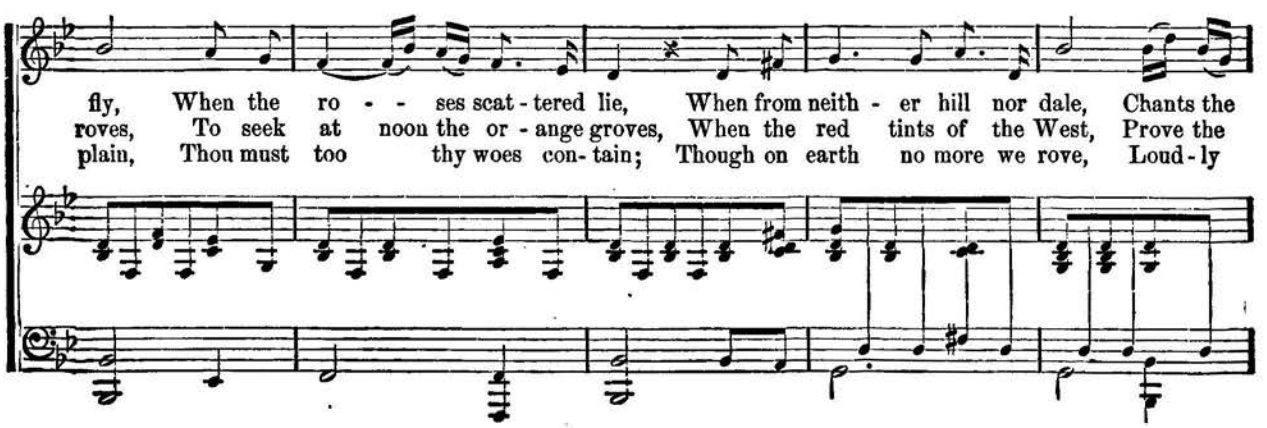
LEND ME THY LANCE.

HEREDITY in music has many examples in the ranks of composers as well as those of singers and instrumentalists. A conspicuous case of this is found in the person of RAYMOND HUNTINGTON WOODMAN, the organist of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the composer of this lovely song for soprano. His father, Jonathan Call Woodman, (1813–1894) was one of the pioneers in American music, and was associated with the work of Lowell Mason, the father of good church music in this country. R. Huntington Woodman was born in Brooklyn in 1861. His early studies in music were directed by his father and afterward were continued with Dudley Buck, and in Paris with Caesar Franck. At the age of thirteen he took his first church position, serving five years at St. George's church, Flushing, Long Island. From there he went to Norwich, Conn. but resigned in a year to take the position he now holds. He has developed a fine choir and is widely known as a concert organist. Of late, however, he has given special attention to church music, for several years writing regularly for the church music department of the Evangelist; resigning, however, recently to give more time to composition. In addition to his church position Mr. Woodman holds also the Professorship of music at the Packer Collegiate Institute, and is Director of the Organ Department in the Metropolitan College of Music of the University of the State of New York; and is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Music Department of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, as well as a charter member of the American Guild of Organists. His compositions consist chiefly of sacred music and songs, of which he is a frequent contributor to the best musical publications and to the issues of the leading musical publishers. The beautiful words to which this music is set are fugitive lines the author of which is unknown.

Copyright, 1897, by George J. Bryan.

riv - er, gen-tle riv - er, hark, For I have lost my heart, a-las! But I
p
know, I know that it is near. Sing soft - er, wind, or hush thy tune; O gen-tle
f appassionato.
riv-er, gen-tle riv - er, hark, He comes. O tan-gled vine-leaves let him
agitato e cres.
ff
pass. He comes. let him pass; O tangled vine-leaves let him
accelerando.

O, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

THE origin of this song is unknown, but it has been a household song since ancient times. It is so familiar a ditty that it belongs surely in a collection of the favorites of the past and present. The quaintness of both melody and words and the homely expressions in the verses have confirmed in each succeeding generation the place in the popular heart which has always been secure to this genuine little bit of old-time folk-song.

1. Oh, dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear! what can the mat- ter be?
2. Oh, dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear! what can the mat- ter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair. He promised to bring me a trink-et to please me, And then for a smile, O he
Johnny's so long at the fair. He promised to bring me a bask-et of po-sies, A gar-land of lil - ies, a
vow'd he would tease me, He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bon-nie brown hair!
bou-quet of ro - ses, A lit - tie straw hat to set off the blue ribbons That tie up my bon-nie brown hair!

AN ARABIAN LOVE SONG.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

THE tender dignity of this immortal composition by FRANZ ABT not only has made its title a household word in the homes of all countries, but has led to its adoption into the music of the churches, where it is frequently sung to the words of the hymn, "Rock of Ages." Not unlike the same composer's "O Ye Tears" in spirit, it has been far more popular; and probably no song by a foreign writer is better known or more sincerely loved than this.


fly, When the ro - - ses scat - tered lie, When from neith - er hill nor dale, Chants the
roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the red tints of the West, Prove the
plain, Thou must too thy woes con - tain; Though on earth no more we rove, Loud - ly

pp stringendo. *ritard.*

silv' - ry night - in - gale, In these words my bleeding heart, Would to thee its grief im -
sun is gone to rest, In these words my bleeding heart, Would to thee its grief im -
breathing vows of love, Thou my heart must find re - lief, Yield - ing to these words be -

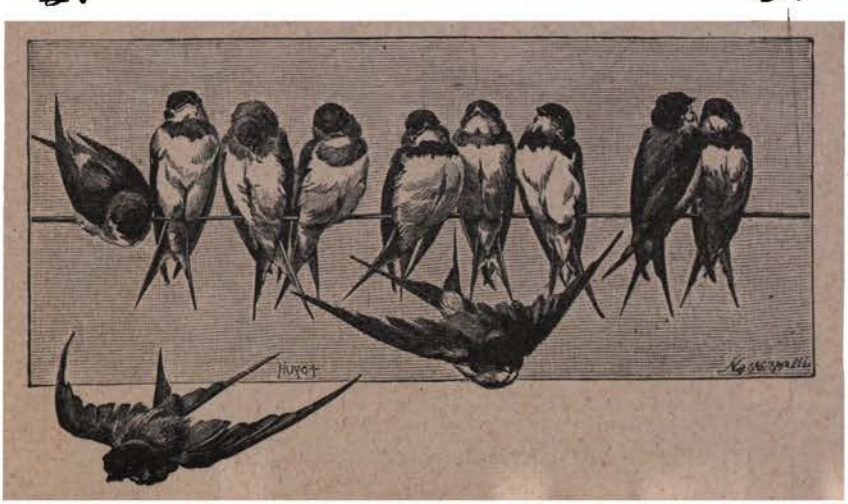
pp stringendo colla parte.

ten. *a tempo.*

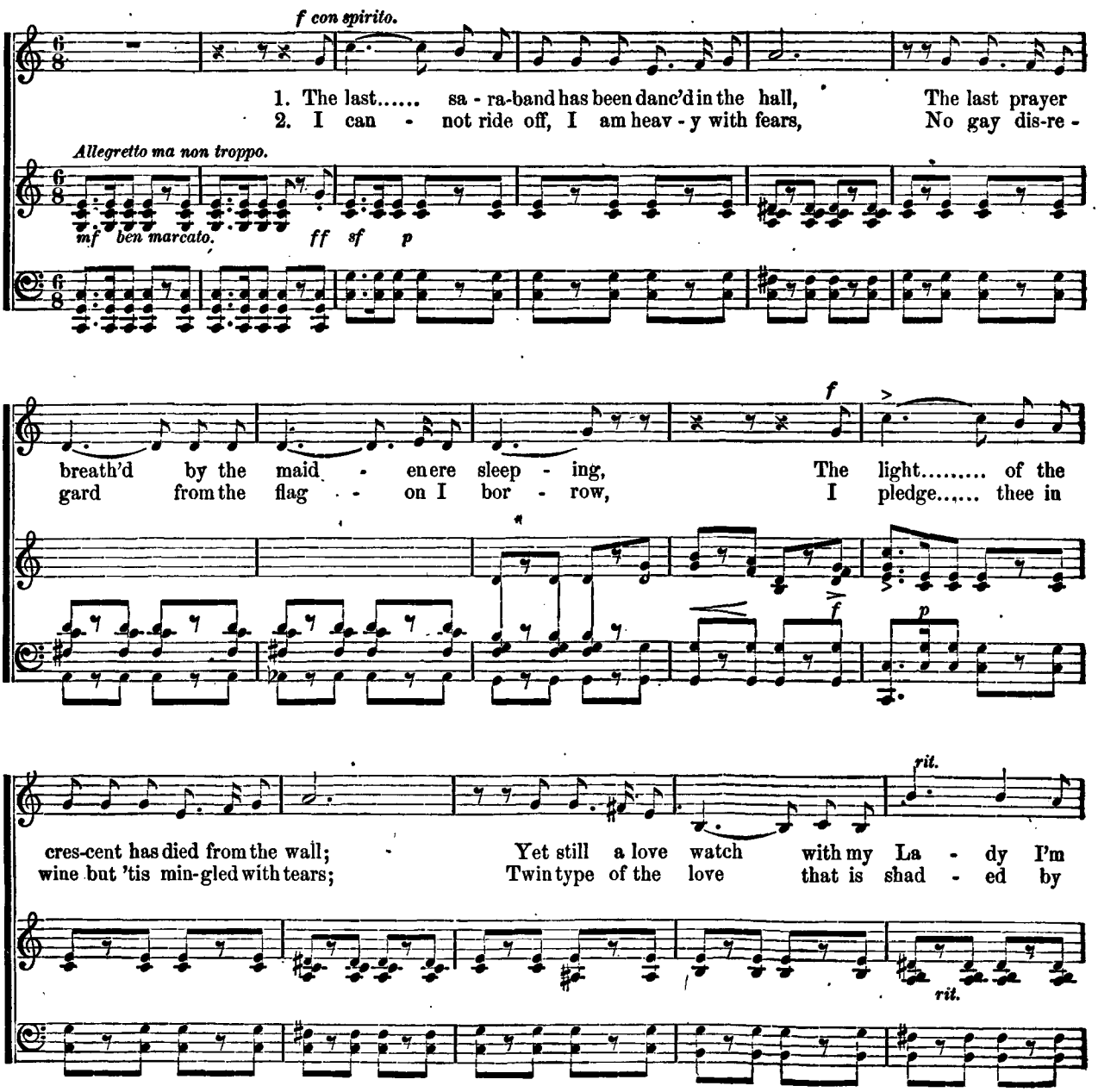
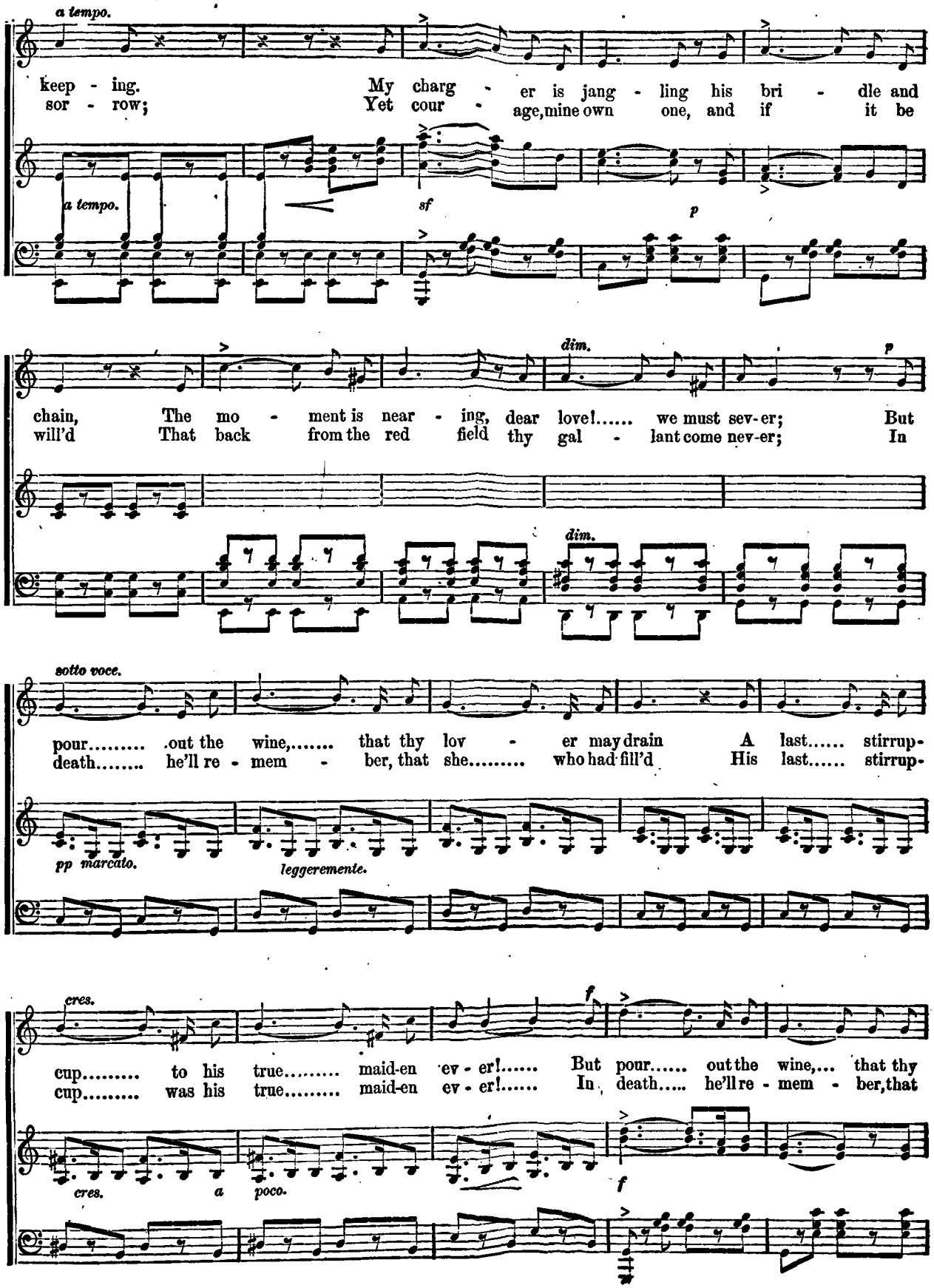
part, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah!
part, When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah!
lief, I shall see thy form a - gain, Though to -

can I, e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.
can I, e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.
day we part in pain, Though to - day we part in pain.

sf



THE STIRRUP-CUP.

LUIGI ARDITI, who wrote the spirited melody of this song, has been known for half a century all over the world, principally as a conductor of grand opera. Among his compositions are several operas which have had a fair measure of success, and numerous songs and light instrumental pieces, one of which is the ever popular "Il Bacio" waltz. Signor Arditi was born in Piedmont in 1825, and began his musical career as a performer on the violin. At the age of fifteen he composed an overture, and at sixteen an opera, "I Briganti," which was produced. He made his debut as an operatic conductor at Vercelli in 1843; and since that time he has been engaged in that capacity in various capitals of Europe and America. His European experience extended from Constantinople and St. Petersburg to London; and included several seasons in Germany, where he took his own company, with Piccolomini as the prima donna. He crossed the ocean as early as 1846, establishing the opera at Havana, where he wrote and produced his "Il Corsaro." From there he made trips to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, bringing out his opera "Il Spia" at the New York Academy of Music in 1856. Soon after that date he settled in London as conductor of opera at Her Majesty's Theatre under various impressarios. J. H. Mapleson, during his long continued course of American seasons, relied on the veteran Arditi, who was pronounced by a competent English authority to be the most accomplished conductor of his time. The words of this song are by HENRY B. FARNIE.

f con spirito.
1. The last..... sa - ra-band has been danc'd in the hall, The last prayer
2. I can - not ride off, I am heav - y with fears, No gay dis-re -
Allegretto ma non troppo.
mf ben marcato.
ff sf p
f
breath'd by the maid - en ere sleep - ing, The light..... of the
gard from the flag - on I bor - row, I pledge..... thee in
f
p
rit.
cres-cent has died from the wall; Yet still a love watch with my La - dy I'm
wine but 'tis min-gled with tears; Twin type of the love that is shad - ed by
rit.

a tempo.
keep - ing. My charg - er is jang - ling his bri - dle and
sor - row; Yet cour - age, mine own one, and if it be
a tempo.
sf
p
chain, The mo - ment is near - ing, dear love!..... we must sev-er; But
will'd That back from the red field thy gal - lant come nev-er; In
dim.
p
dim.
sotto voce.
pour..... out the wine,..... that thy lov - er may drain A last..... stirrup-
death..... he'll re - mem - ber, that she..... who had fill'd His last..... stirrup-
pp marcato.
leggeremente.
cres.
f
cup..... to his true..... maid-en ev - er!..... But pour..... out the wine,... that thy
cup..... was his true..... maid-en ev - er!..... In death..... he'll re - mem - ber, that
cres. a poco.
f

lov - er may drain A last stir-rup - cup to his true maid-en
she who had fill'd His last stir-rup - cup, was his true maid-en

stacc.

forza ed anima. *ff* *a piacere.*

ev - er! A last stir-rup - cup to his true maid - en ev - er!
ev - er! His last stir-rup - cup, was his true maid - en ev - er!

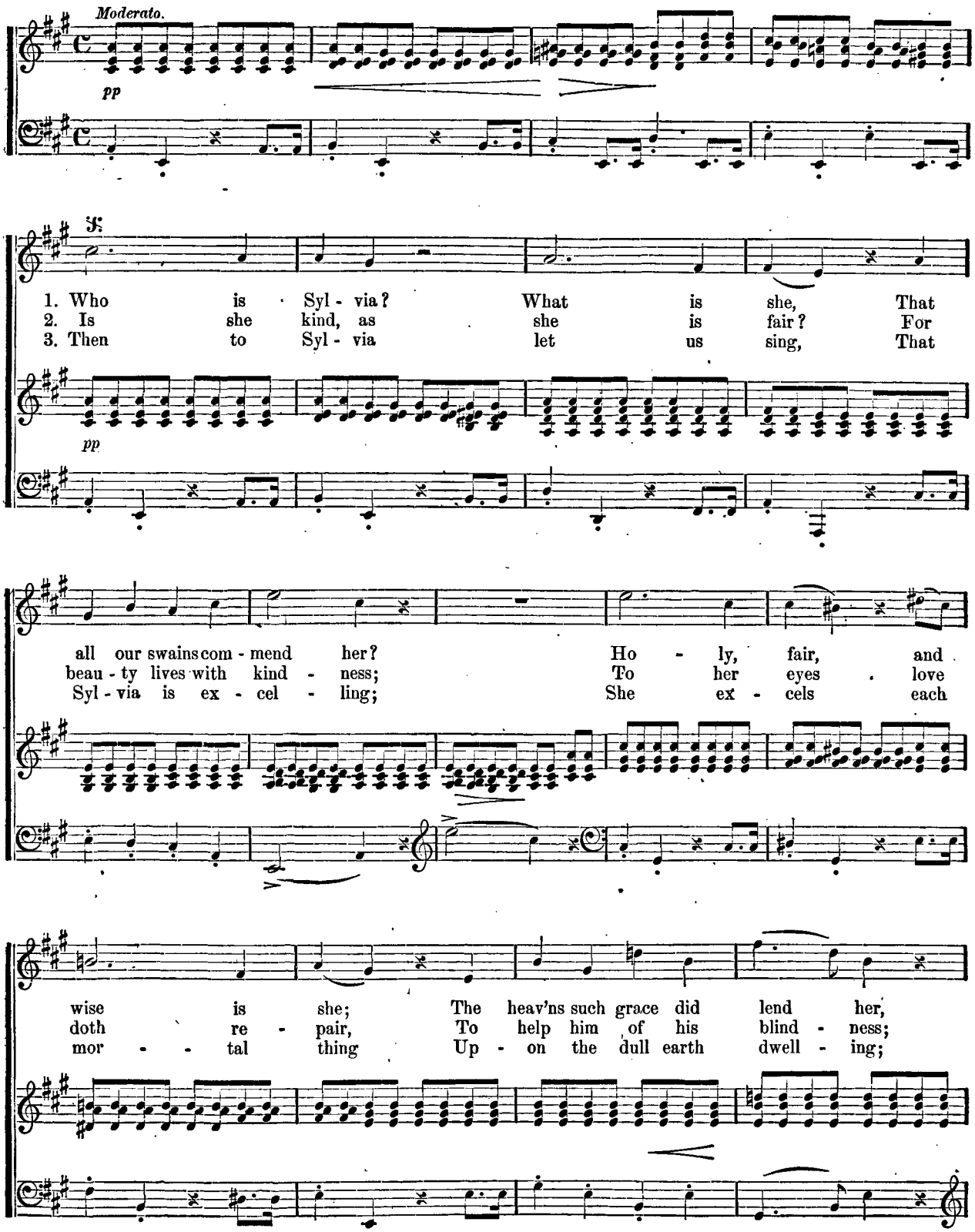
ff *colla parte.* *f* *f* *f* *ff* *ff* *f* *ff*

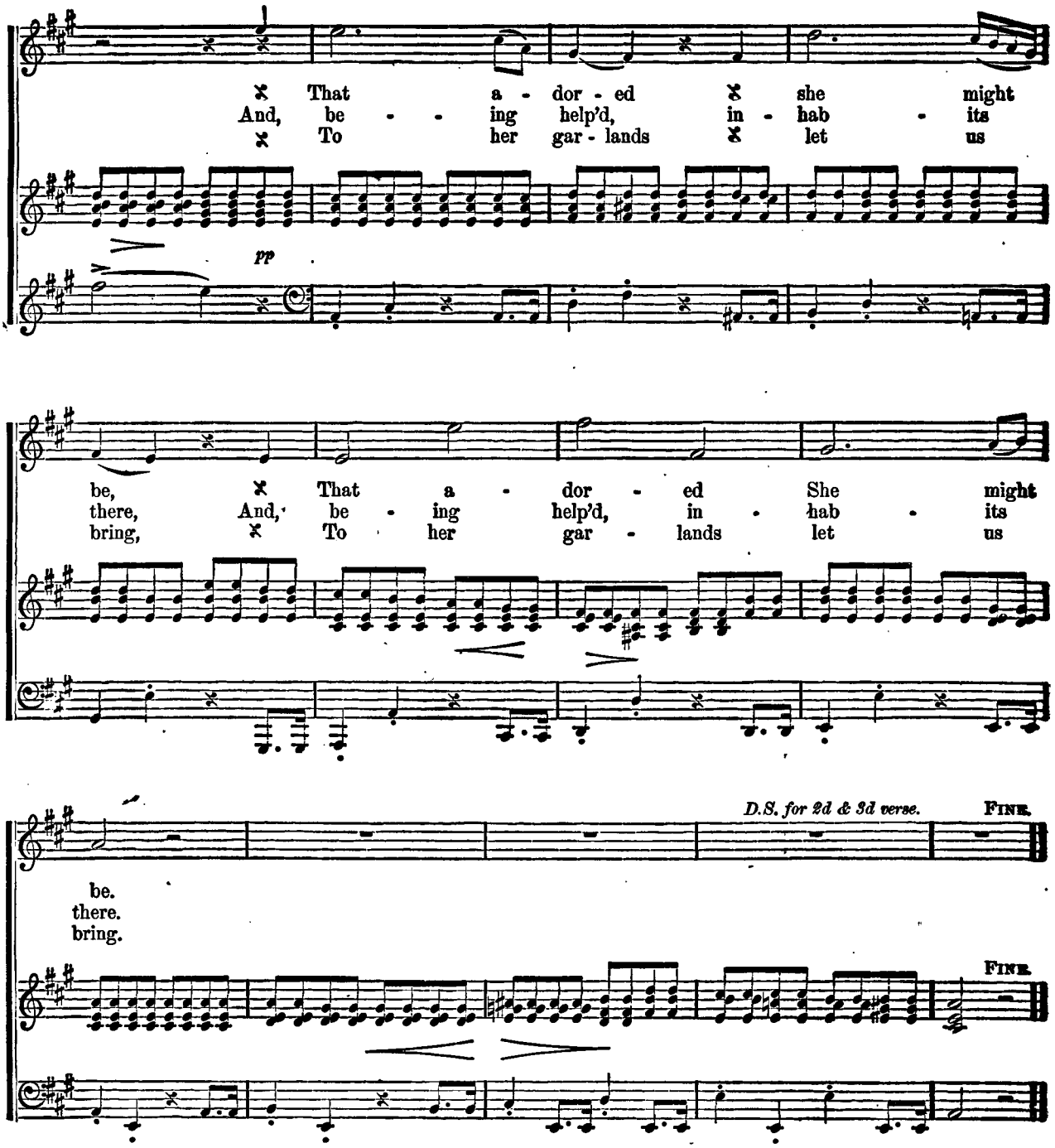
Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

THIS gem of Shakespearian song occurs in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," act IV., scene I. The setting is by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Moderato.
pp
1. Who is Syl - via? What is she, That all our swains com - mend her? Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she; The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
2. Is she kind, as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - ness; To her eyes love doth re - pair, To help him of his blind - ness;
3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That Syl - via is ex - cel - ling; She ex - cels each mor - - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing;


That a - dor - ed she might
And, be - - ing help'd, in - hab - its
To her gar - lands let us
pp
be, That a - dor - ed She might
there, And, be - ing help'd, in - hab - its
bring, To her gar - lands let us
D.S. for 2d & 3d verse.
FINE.
be.
there.
bring.
FINE.

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That adored she might be.

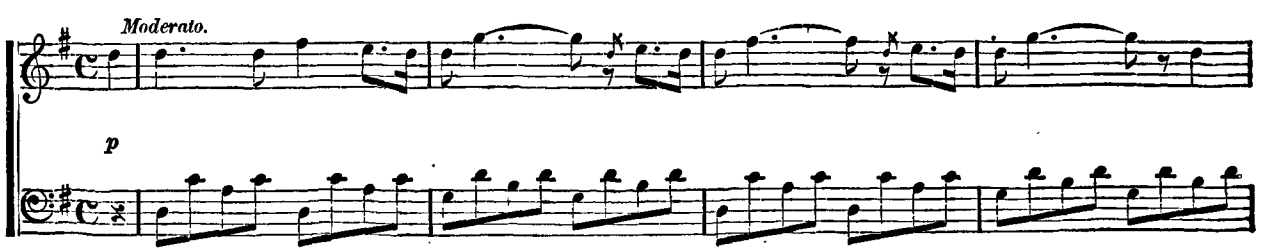
Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
To her eyes love doth repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her garlands let us bring.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

THIS simple but highly popular song, which has not yet outlived its vogue though it has been before the public for forty years, was the happy inspiration of a moment on the part of one who is now a veteran American composer, SEPTIMUS WINNER—better known by the abbreviated name with which his compositions are signed, "Sep." Winner. In a letter to the publisher of this work, Mr. Winner thus describes the circumstances under which the song was written. "About the year 1854, there was a Philadelphia street character known as "Whistling Dick," whose means of support was by singing and whistling in public resorts, to which he strummed an indifferent guitar accompaniment. One of his accomplishments was the imitation of a mocking bird which suggested a ballad of that character, and the famous "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was the result. It was written to suit the small compass of his voice, and learning to perform it with taste and ability, his constant performance did much to start it on its successful career. E. Hoffman, a celebrated pianist, and brother of Richard Hoffman, wrote brilliant variations upon the melody, which he performed before many audiences, which still further increased its popularity." By reason of a modesty which influenced him at that early stage in his career, Mr. Winner hesitated to sign the composition with his own name, and he substituted the maiden name of his mother, Alice Hawthorne, to whom the song has ever since been ascribed.

Septimus Winner was born in Philadelphia, in 1827. While a pupil at the High School of that city he took a few lessons on the violin, but with that exception he was self taught in music. He however acquired a degree of proficiency that enabled him in turn to give instruction on the violin and guitar, as well as to serve in theatrical orchestras, as violinist, leader, and arranger of music. About 1852 he opened a music store the success of which, together with his teaching and song writing, afforded him a competence. His principal success, as well as the source of his reputation, was found in the songs which he produced with great rapidity, several hundred of them having appeared under his own name, that of Alice Hawthorne, and other names assumed for the purposes of publication. A series of instruction books for various instruments, some sixty volumes in all, had an exceptional measure of success; and many hundred arrangements of familiar pieces were among his publications. With something of the universal genius about him, Mr. Winner invented an approved "key-board scale," and with his own hands engraved the plates from which were printed the songs of which he was the author of the words and the composer of the music. He was long the musical editor of *Peterson's Magazine*, an officer of the Board of Musical Trade, and a manager of the Musical Union.

His first popular song was "How Sweet are the Roses," which was published in 1850. In the same year appeared his first great success "What is Home without a Mother," which is still sung and admired. Extensive as was the circulation of this song it was surpassed by that of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," the first of the "Hawthorne Ballads." This met with a specially warm reception in the South, and it is said that many Southern ladies who were born shortly before the war received the name of "Hallie" in commemoration of the fair one of this song. Mr. Winner's songs are chiefly lyrics of the domestic virtues, and owe much of their popularity to the tender themes they deal with. Among the titles are: "Dreams that Charmed me when a Child," "Happiness of Home," "My Early Fireside," "Our Good Old Friends," "Days Gone By," "I Set my heart upon a Flower," "Come Gather Round the Hearth," "Whispering Hope," "Farewell Song of Enoch Arden," etc. During the war Mr. Winner was not behind his fellow minstrels in producing songs for the occasion. The best known of these are "Give us Back our Old Commander," "Hoist up the Flag," and "The Arms of Abraham." One song by Mr. Winner which is not popularly known to be his, has perhaps enjoyed a celebrity greater than any of the others, since its character is such that its use is not limited to the musical. This is "Ten Little Injuns," which has been sung, and illustrated, and parodied, and imitated to an extent which indicates a true and enduring fame. This was composed as an impromptu for the amusement of an evening party, without thought of publication, but the local popularity it achieved quickly determined its fate, and it was soon sung everywhere. Mr. Winner is still living in Philadelphia, enjoying in a leisurely old age the fruits of his genius and early industry.

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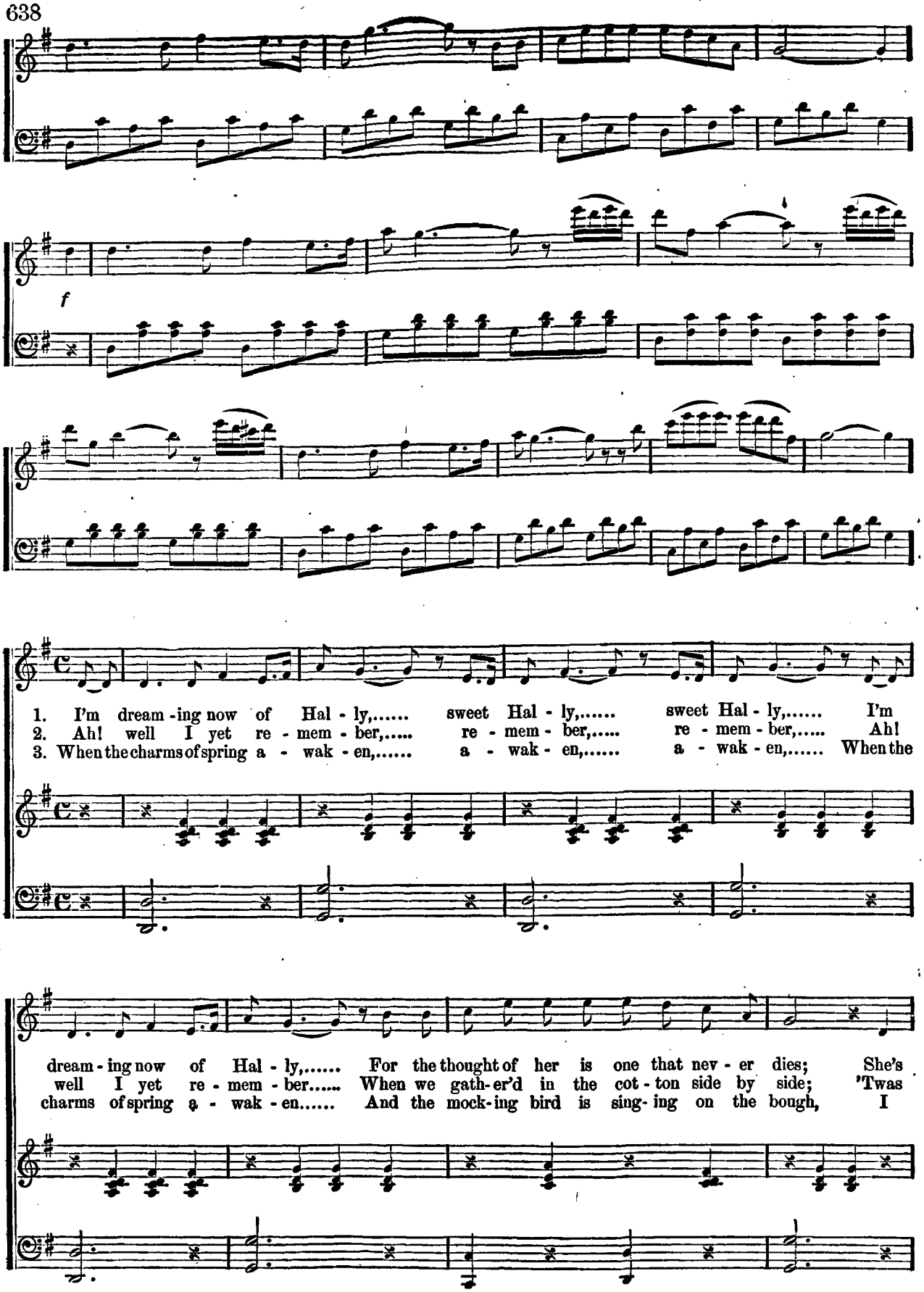
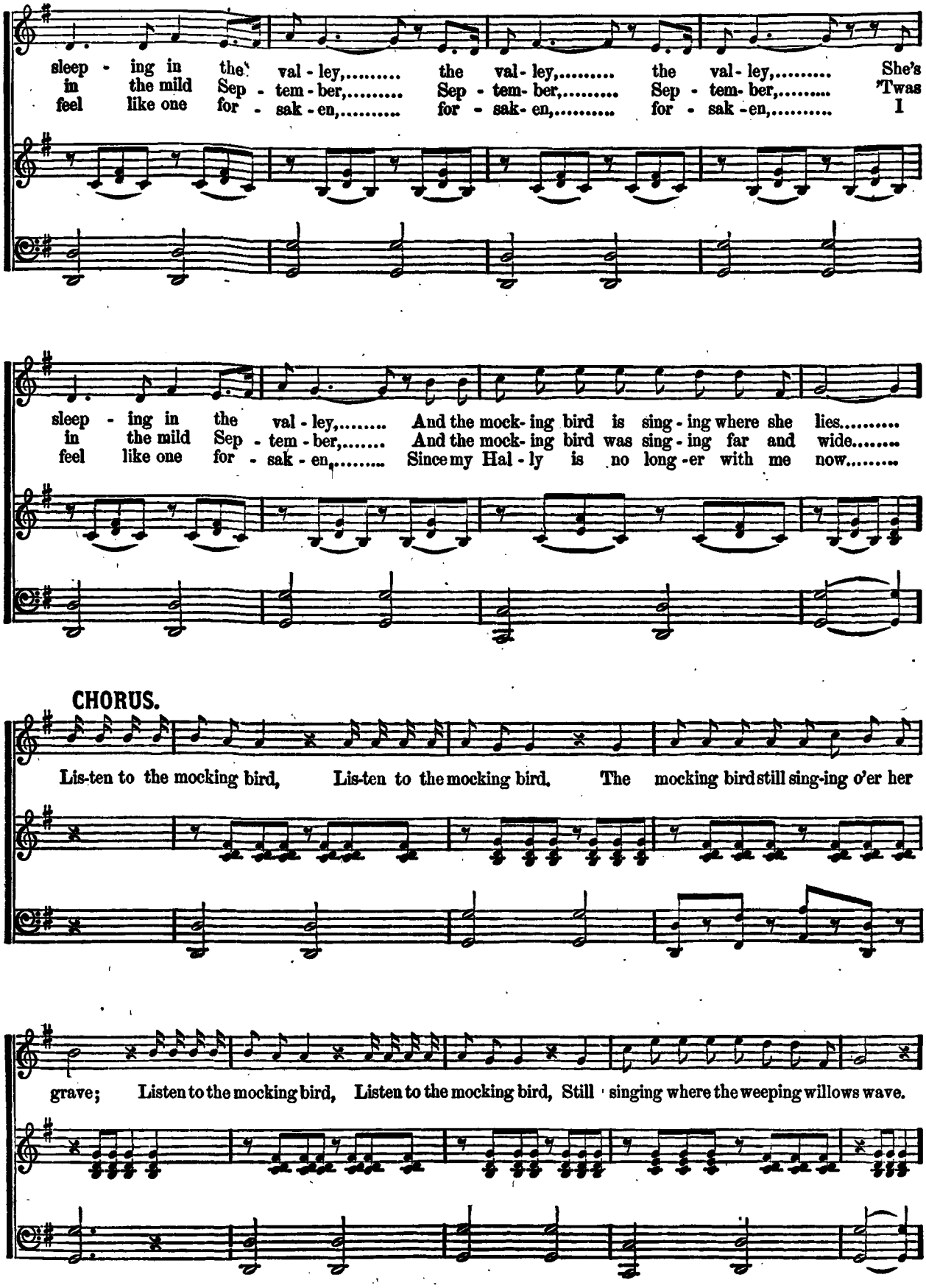
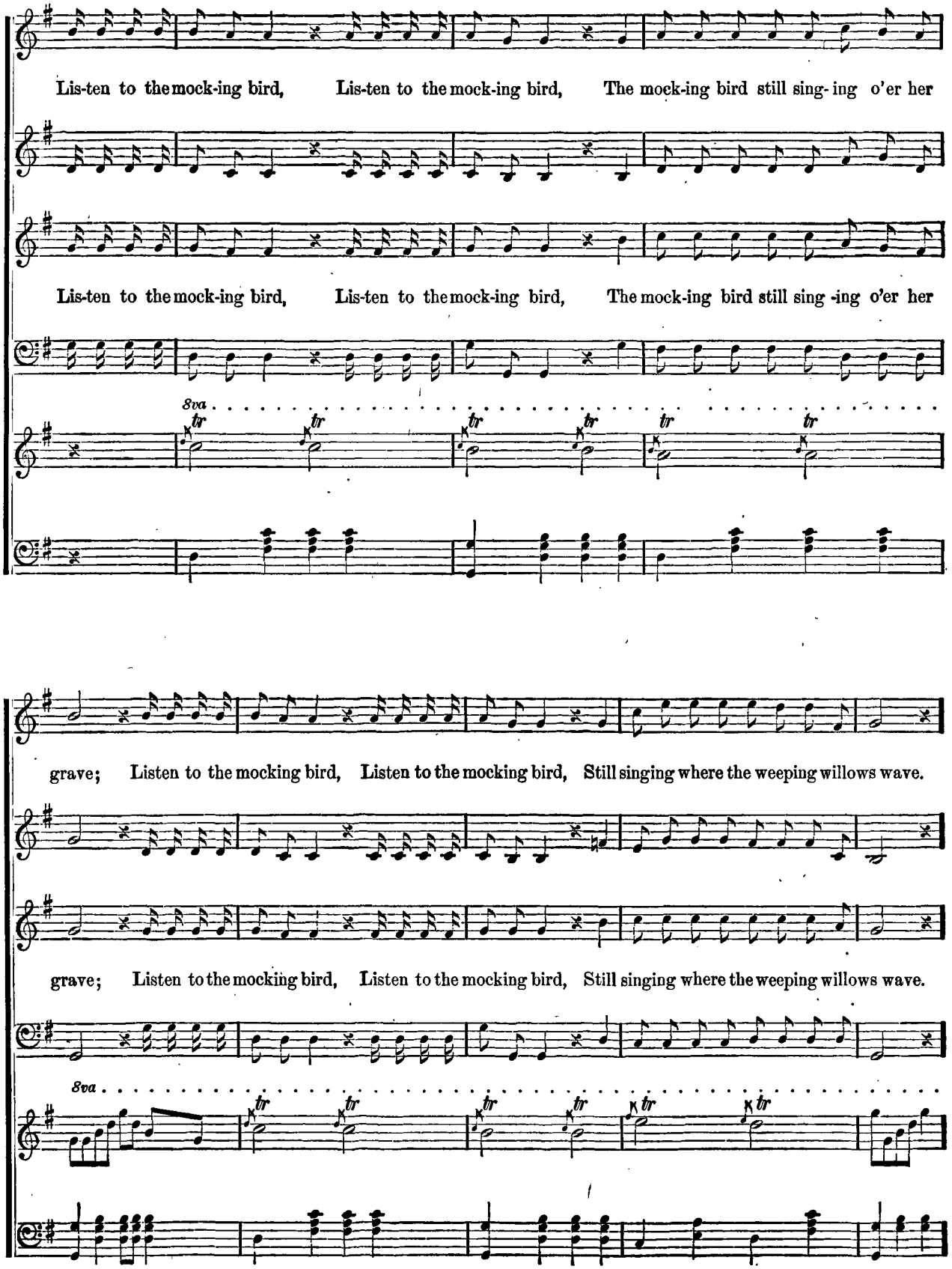

f
1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal-ly,..... sweet Hal-ly,..... sweet Hal-ly,..... I'm
2. Ah! well I yet re-mem-ber,..... re-mem-ber,..... re-mem-ber,..... Ah!
3. When the charms of spring a-wak-en,..... a-wak-en,..... a-wak-en,..... When the
dream-ing now of Hal-ly,..... For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's
well I yet re-mem-ber..... When we gath-er'd in the cot-ton side by side; 'Twas
charms of spring a-wak-en..... And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the bough, I


sleep - ing in the val - ley,..... the val - ley,..... the val - ley,..... She's
in the mild Sep - tem - ber,..... Sep - tem - ber,..... Sep - tem - ber,..... 'Twas
feel like one for - sak - en,..... for - sak - en,..... for - sak - en,..... I
sleep - ing in the val - ley,..... And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing where she lies.....
in the mild Sep - tem - ber,..... And the mock - ing bird was sing - ing far and wide.....
feel like one for - sak - en,..... Since my Hal - ly is no long - er with me now.....
CHORUS.
Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the mocking bird. The mocking bird still sing-ing o'er her
grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

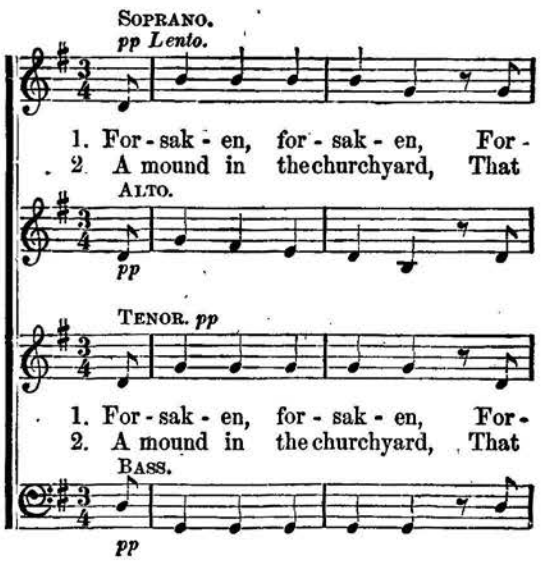
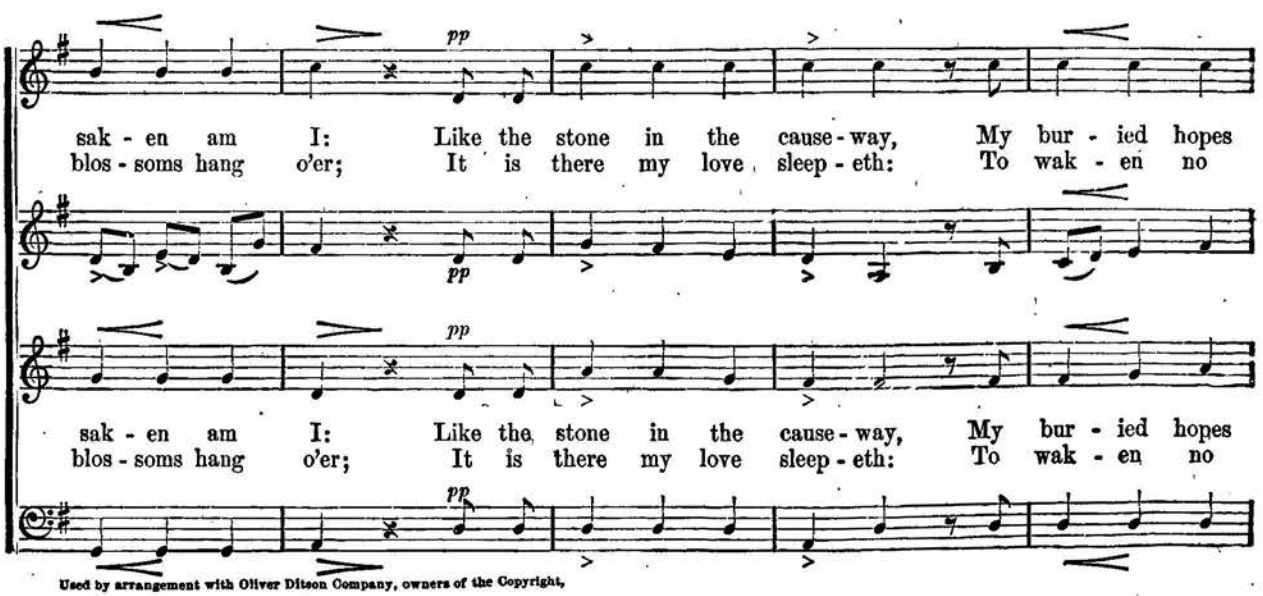
QUARTETTE.

Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing- ing o'er her
Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing -ing o'er her
8va
tr
grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.
grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.
8va
tr

8va tr

8va tr

FORSAKEN.

KOSCHAT'S "Forsaken" has been a favorite with the singing world for years. There is in it a peculiarly harmonious unison of verse and melody. It seems as if poet and composer had thought out the self same song and each tried to express it in the happiest and truest vein. The air sung by the contralto of the quartet gives the music a quaintness that the ordinary arrangement of part writing would not allow. The air has been justly so popular that it has been scored for single voice, for violin and for piano solo. The full orchestra plays it also, giving the melody to the brass instruments.


SOPRANO.
pp Lento.
1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, For -
2. A mound in the churchyard, That
ALTO.
pp
TENOR. pp
1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, For -
2. A mound in the churchyard, That
BASS.
pp

pp
sak - en am I: Like the stone in the cause - way, My bur - ied hopes
blos - soms hang o'er; It is there my love sleep - eth: To wak - en no
pp
pp
sak - en am I: Like the stone in the cause - way, My bur - ied hopes
blos - soms hang o'er; It is there my love sleep - eth: To wak - en no
pp

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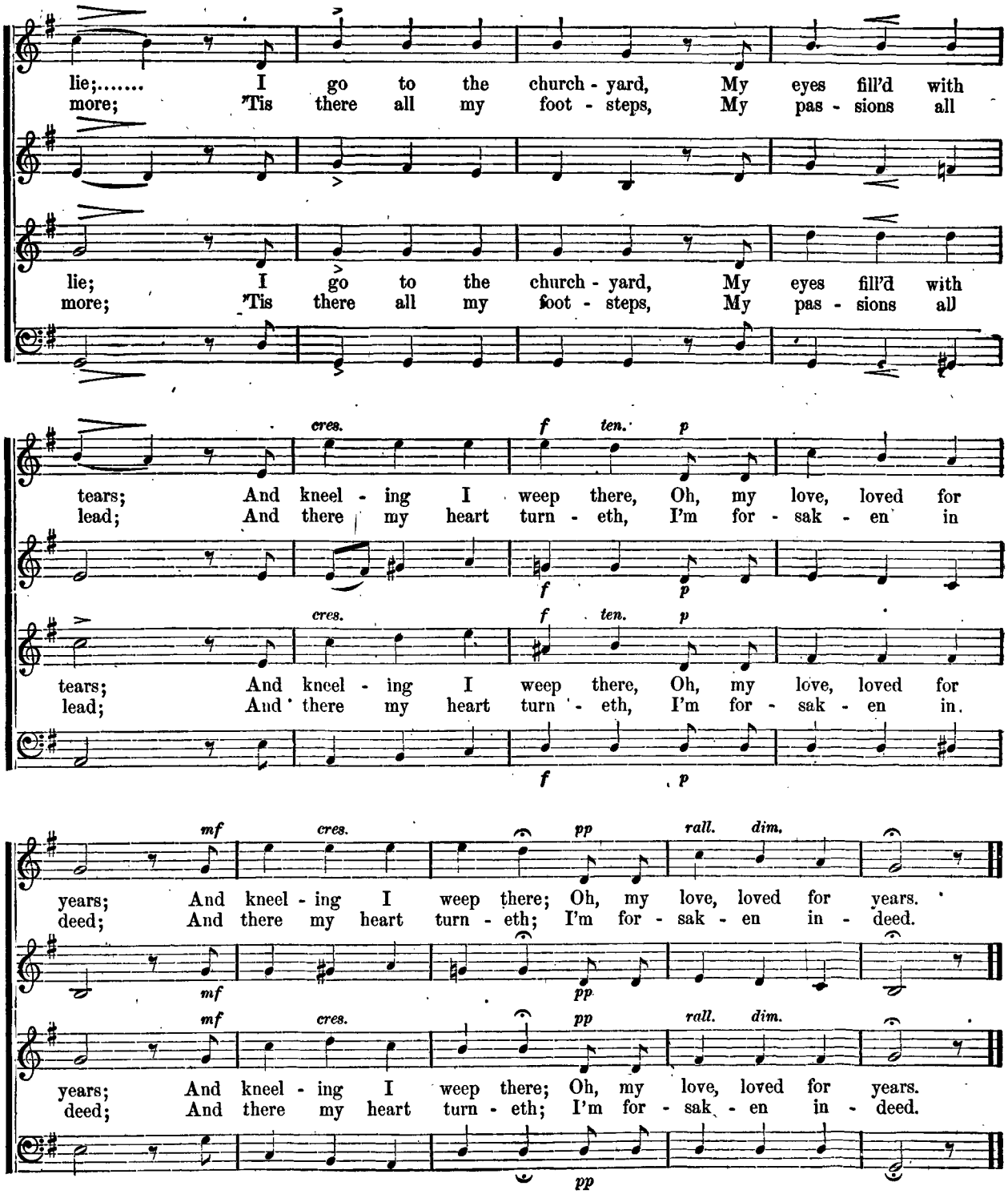
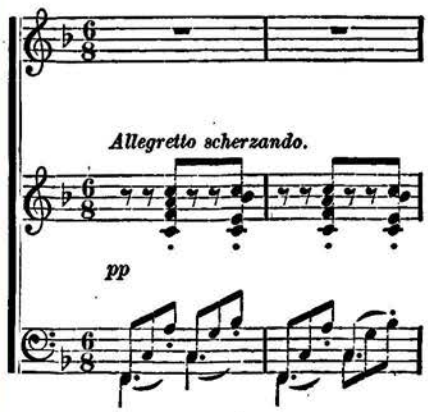
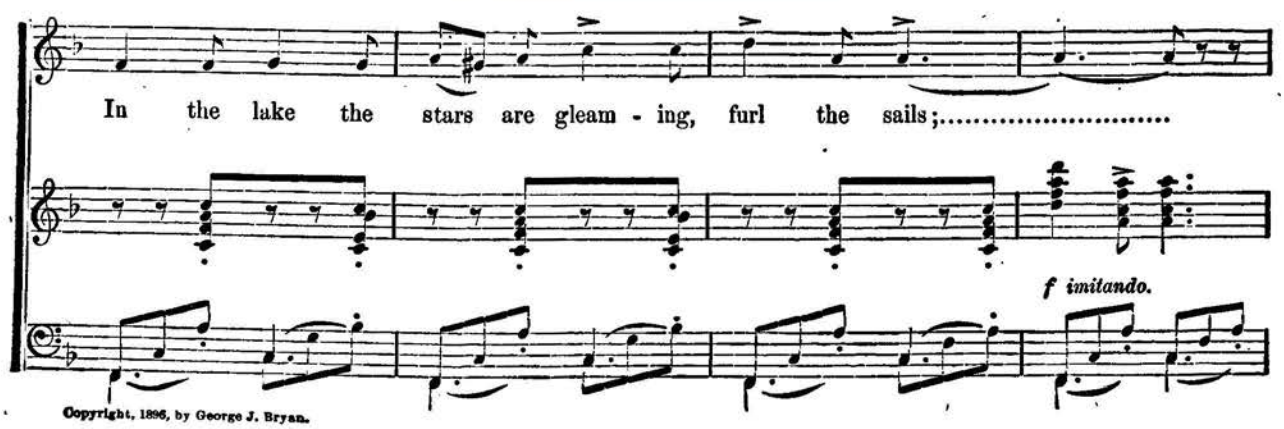

lie;..... I go to the church - yard, My eyes fill'd with
more; 'Tis there all my foot - steps, My pas - sions all
lie; I go to the church - yard, My eyes fill'd with
more; 'Tis there all my foot - steps, My pas - sions all
cres. f ten. p
tears; And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for
lead; And there my heart turn - eth, I'm for - sak - en in
cres. f ten. p
tears; And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for
lead; And there my heart turn - eth, I'm for - sak - en in.
mf cres. pp rall. dim.
years; And kneel - ing I weep there; Oh, my love, loved for years.
deed; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for - sak - en in - deed.
mf pp
mf cres. pp rall. dim.
years; And kneel - ing I weep there; Oh, my love, loved for years.
deed; And there my heart turn - eth; I'm for - sak - en in - deed.
pp

Forsaken, forsaken,
Forsaken am I:
Like the stone in the causeway,
My buried hopes lie;
I go to the churchyard,
My eyes filled with tears;
And kneeling I weep there,
Oh, my love, loved for years.

A mound in the churchyard,
That blossoms hang o'er;
It is there my love sleepeth:
To waken no more;
'Tis there all my footsteps,
My passions all lead;
And there my heart turneth;
I'm forsaken indeed.

NIGHTINGALES.

FRANK E. SAWYER, the composer of this song, was born in Boston, Oct. 25th, 1872. He received his first musical instruction from his mother, who was an unusually accomplished pianiste. The early influences during his childhood and school days, passed in Malone, N. Y., were singularly conducive to love of all the arts, and numerous long stays in New York during the Opera seasons finally became his stimulus to enter upon a musical career. In 1890 he began serious studies in composition under Mr. Dudley Buck, a master to whom every pupil is markedly loyal. Frank E. Sawyer was a song-writer particularly gifted; he composed male quartettes, a male chorus and an entire Messe Solenelle (Des Paques) all of which are published and have had performance in various cities of the United States. He died in New York, January, 21st, 1896. I cannot give the name of the writer of the words of this song.

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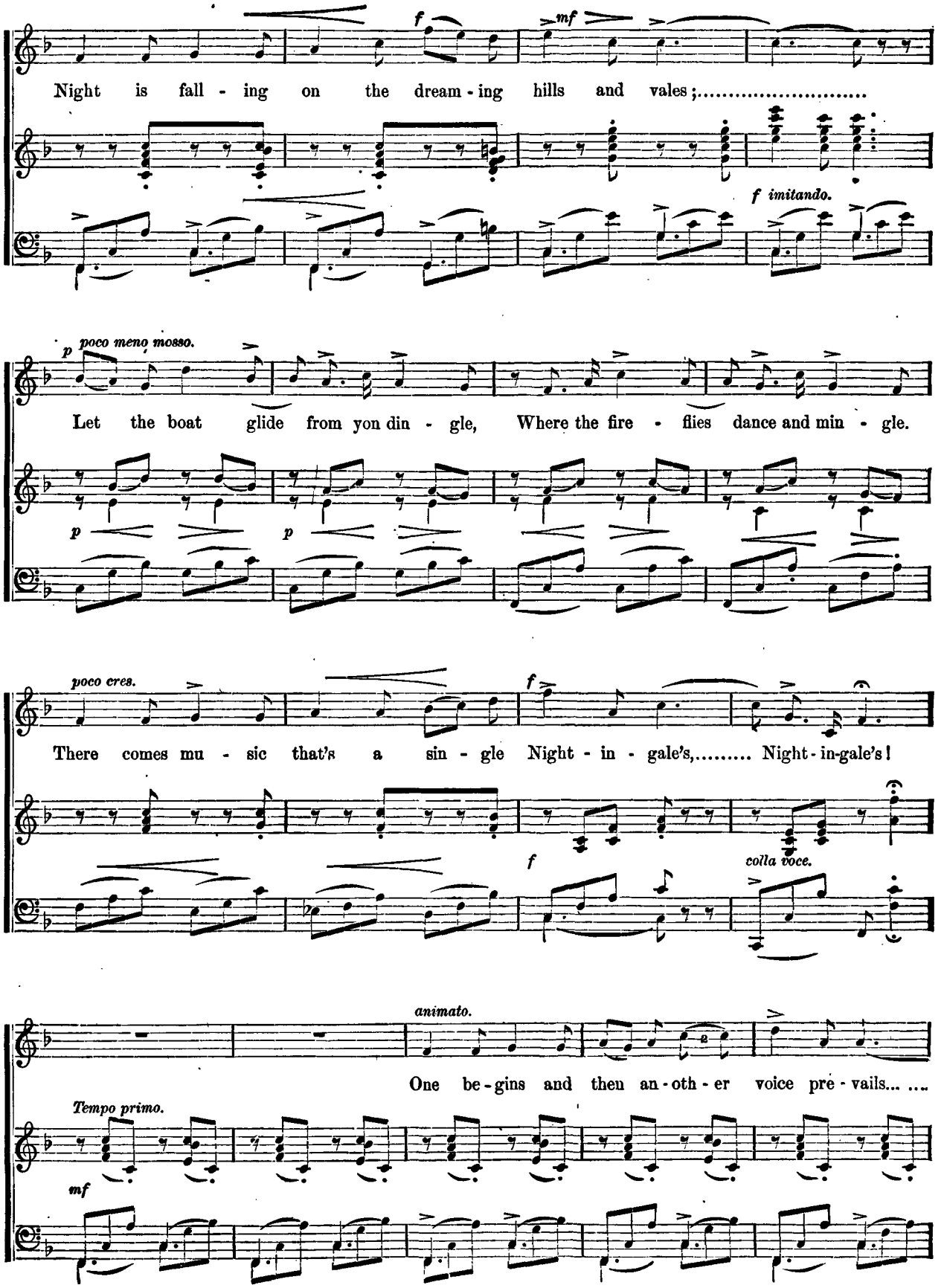

f
mf
Night is fall - ing on the dream - ing hills and vales;.....
f imitando.
p poco meno mosso.
Let the boat glide from yon din - gle, Where the fire - flies dance and min - gle.
p
p
poco cres.
f
There comes mu - sic that's a sin - gle Night - in - gale's,..... Night - in-gale's!
f
colla voce.
animato.
One be - gins and then an - oth - er voice pre - vails... ....
Tempo primo.
mf

Each a-wakes a sweet-tongued broth-er of the dales;

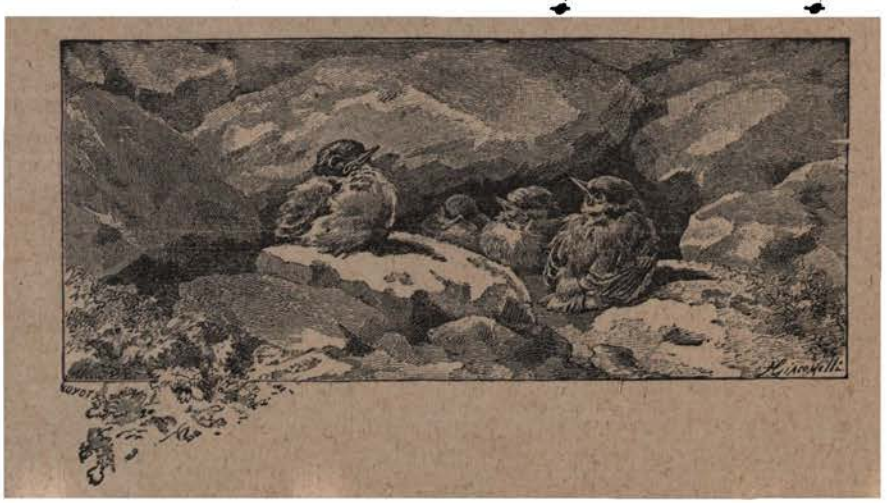
One by one they wak-en, bring-ing Mu-sic like a fountain spring-ing,

cres.

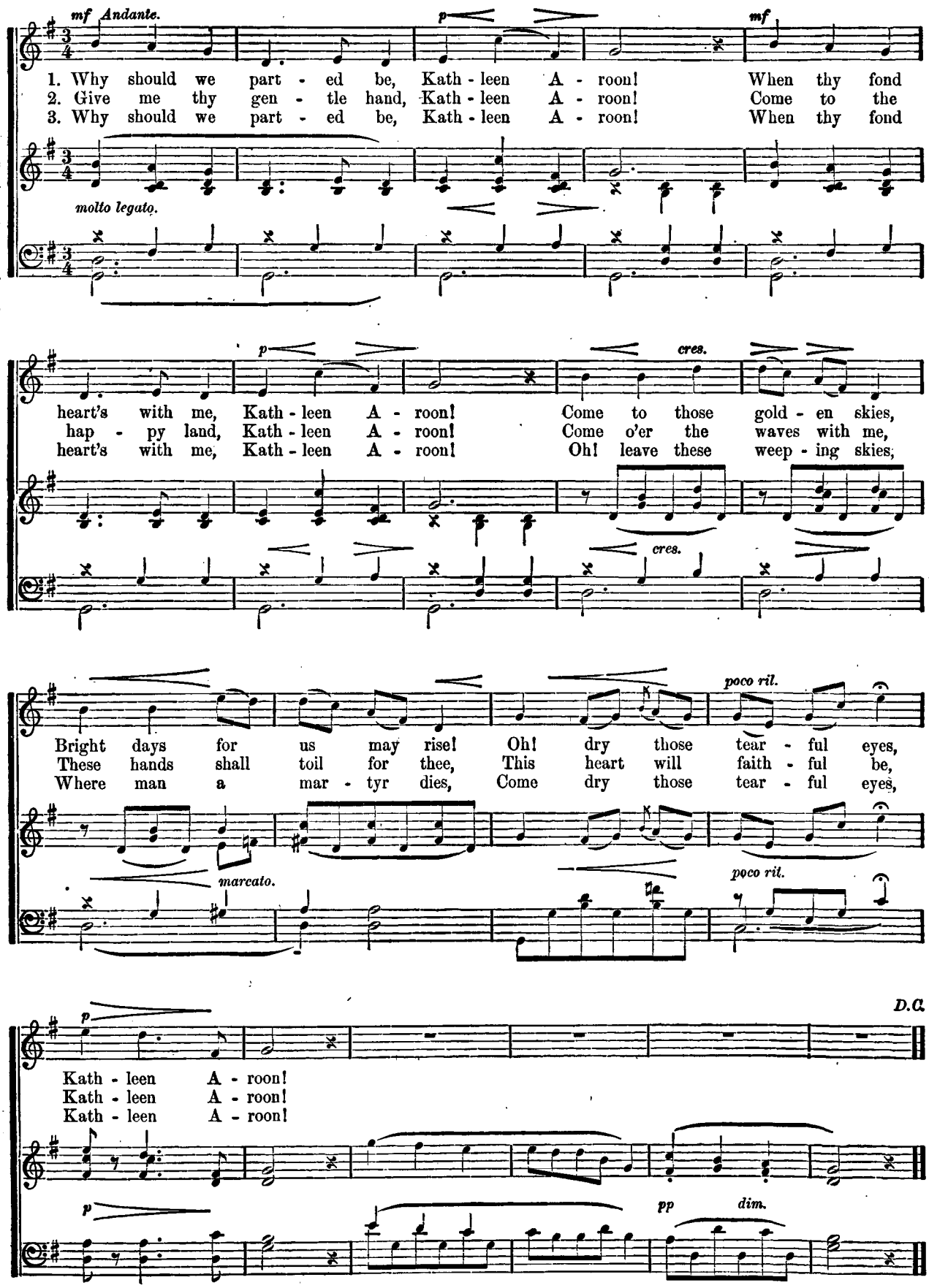
sforzando e poco rall.

Till the whole night rings with sing-ing Night-in-gales! Night-in-gales!

sforzando e poco rall.



KATHLEEN AROON.

THE songs of FRANZ WILHELM ABT have enjoyed great popularity because of the ease with which they are universally understood, and a certain originality of melody which takes hold of the fancy and is retained by the memory. The example set by the greater song-writers of Germany, of making the song the vehicle for the dramatic expression of emotion, he never followed. His songs rather prompt than express emotion; and so surely do they do this, and that with a suggestion of pensive melancholy, that many of his melodies have found favor with the makers of hymn-books, where they appear as appropriate and sympathetic settings for devotional lyrics. Of the hundreds of songs he has written, few have the peculiar quality of "Kathleen Aroon;" the melody of which is so well adapted to the words to which the Irish term of endearment—"Aroon" means *treasure of my heart*—gives character, that it might almost have been indigenous to the same soil. Simple and unambitious as it is, it is genuinely melodious, and bears the marks of musical culture characteristic of this composer. The words are by MRS. CRAWFORD.

mf Andante.
p
mf
1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to the
3. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond
molto legato.
p
cres.
heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to those gold - en skies,
hap - py land, Kath - leen A - roon! Come o'er the waves with me,
heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Oh! leave these weep - ing skies;
cres.
poco ril.
Bright days for us may rise! Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes,
These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith - ful be,
Where man a mar - tyr dies, Come dry those tear - ful eyes,
marcato.
poco ril.
D.C.
p
Kath - leen A - roon!
Kath - leen A - roon!
Kath - leen A - roon!
p
pp
dim.

FOUR LITTLE GRASSHOPPERS.

LINDSAY BARTHOLOMEW LONGACRE, the composer of this song, was born in Pottsville, Pa., in 1870, of American parentage. Intending to follow music as a profession, he studied piano with E. M. Bowman, and harmony with Frank Damrosch. He taught for some years, and also led a choir, in New York; and is still an active member of the Manuscript Society. But having been called to enter the ministry, music, as a profession, was set aside, and replaced, as a life work, by the active duties of the Methodist ministry. The words of "Four Little Grasshoppers," which first appeared in *St. Nicholas*, are by MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

LINDSAY BARTHOLOMEW LONGACRE.

Allegretto. Vary the tempo to suit the words.

Four lit- tle grass-hop-pers one fine day, Hopped on the lawn - to play cro - quet. "We can't use mal - lets and balls," one said, "So we'll play a game of our own in - stead. We'll hop through the wick- ets, our - selves, and see wheth- er I beat you, or

mf con pedale.

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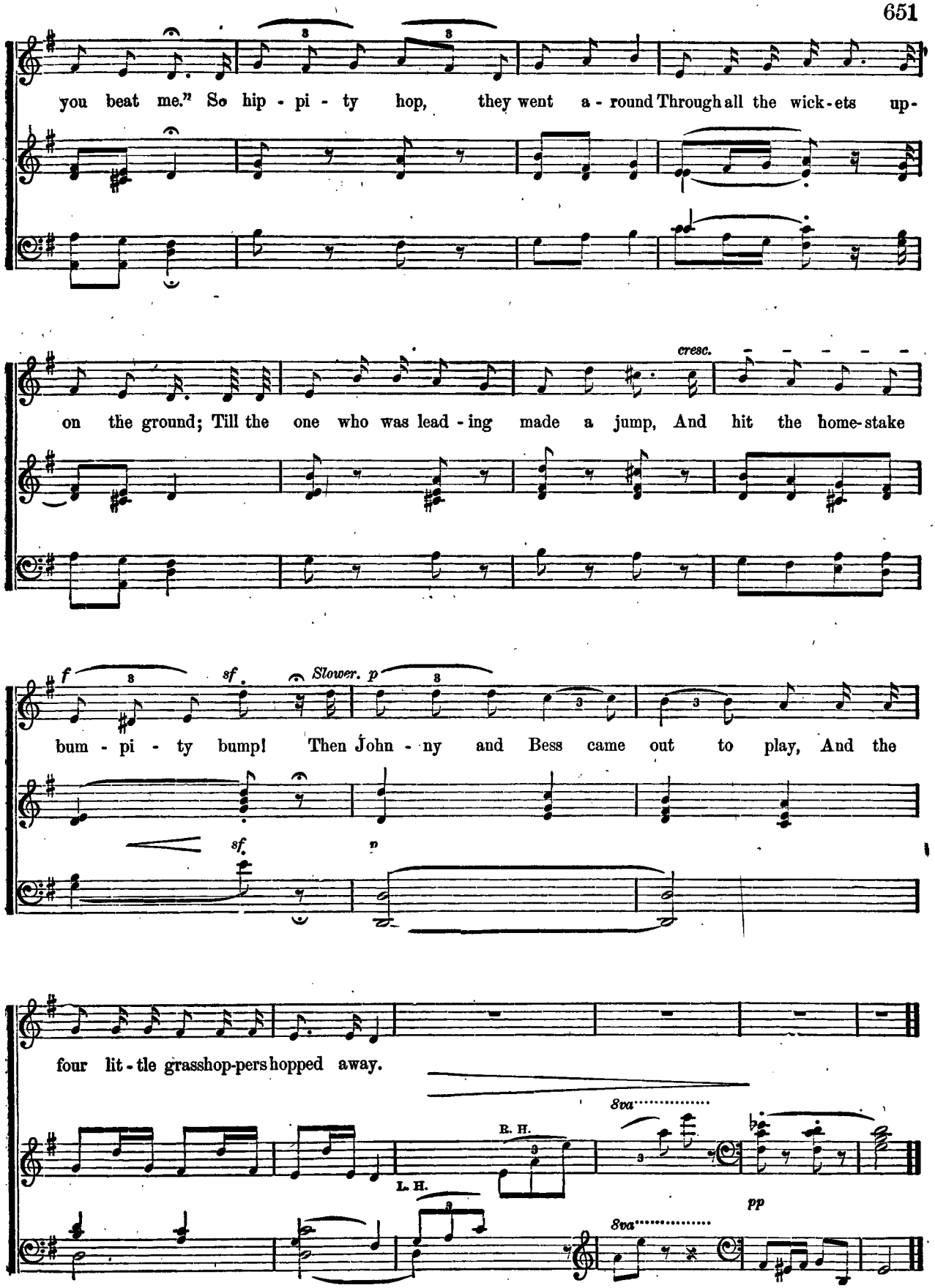
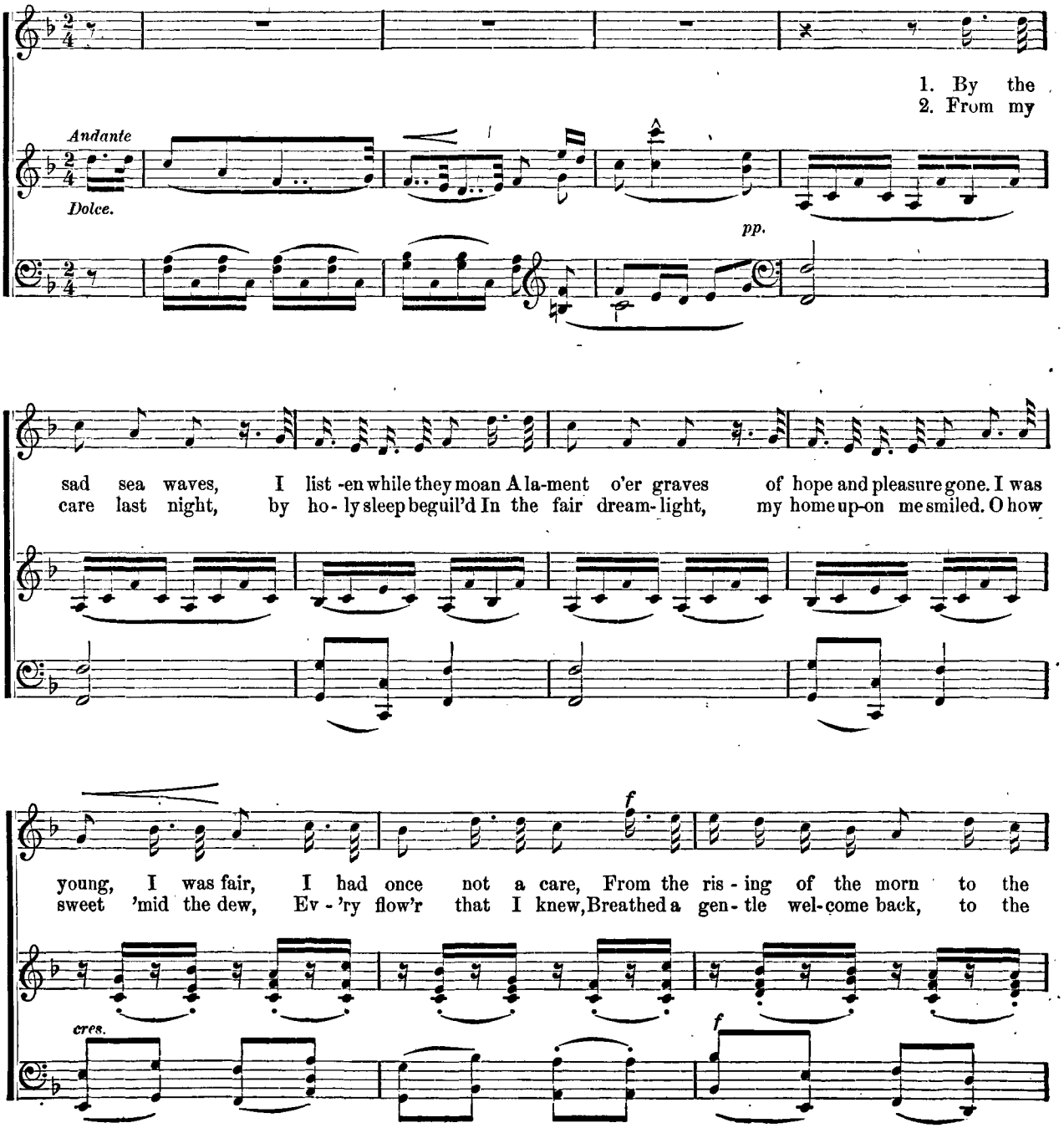
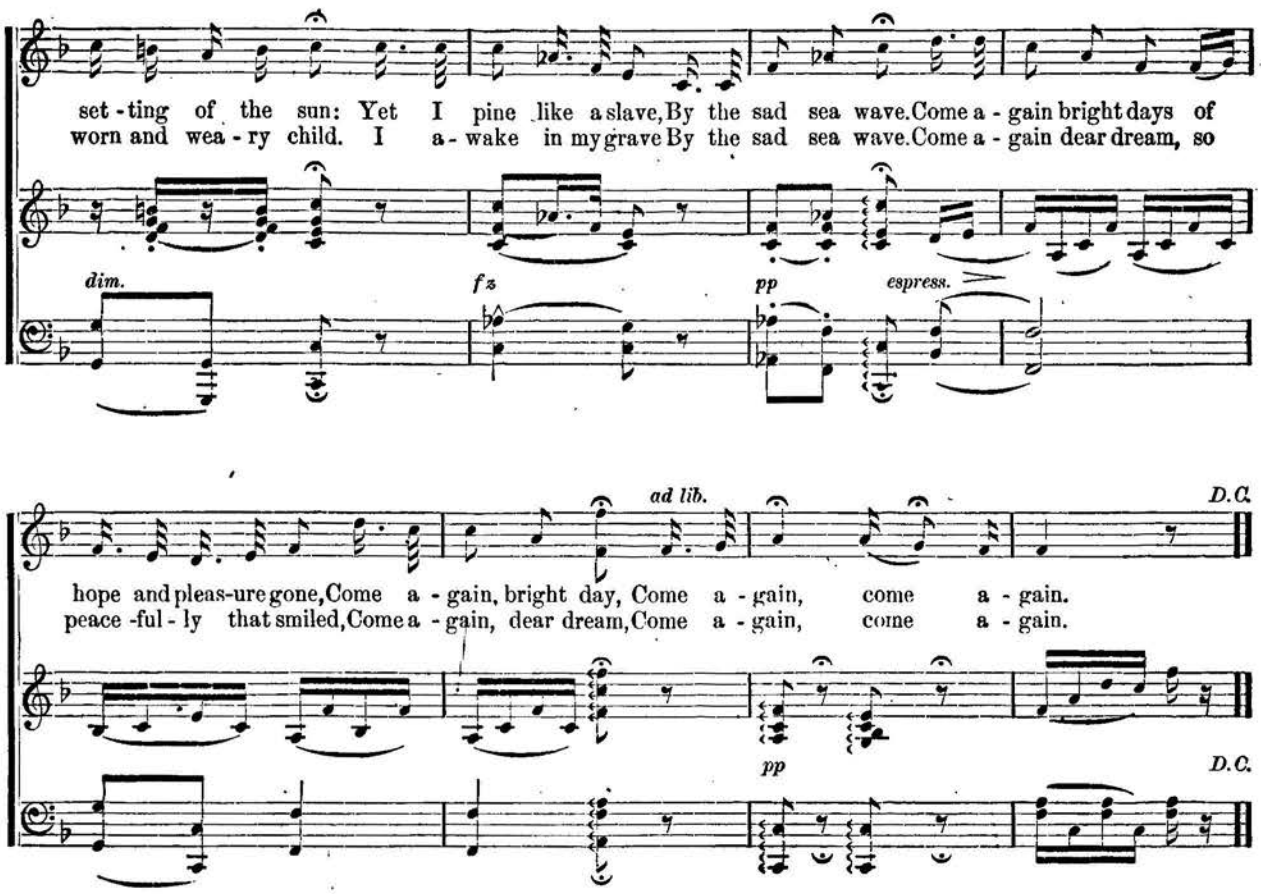
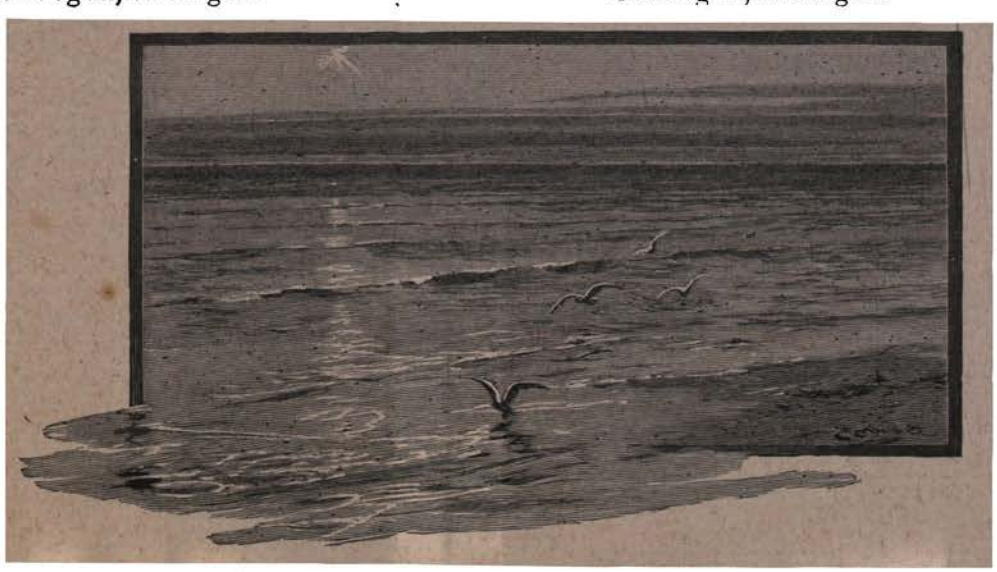

you beat me." So hip - pi - ty hop, they went a - round Through all the wick - ets up -
on the ground; Till the one who was lead - ing made a jump, And hit the home-stake
cresc.
bum - pi - ty bump! Then John - ny and Bess came out to play, And the
f
sf.
Slower.
p
sf.
p
four lit - tle grasshop-pers hopped away.
8va
R. H.
L. H.
pp
8va

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

AMONG the fortunate musical inspirations in the numbers of an operetta, few have more surely struck the popular taste than this song of SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S, from his opera of "The Bride of Venice." It has become a familiar song in England and America, although the work from which it was taken achieved a very brief popularity after its original production in 1846. Both musically and sentimentally, this simple song contains material that fully accounts for its being a favorite with those who like a simple melody, full of grace and feeling.

1. By the
2. From my
Andante
Dolce.
pp.
sad sea waves, I list-en while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone. I was
care last night, by ho-ly sleep beguil'd In the fair dream-light, my home up-on me smiled. O how
f
young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the ris-ing of the morn to the
sweet 'mid the dew, Ev-'ry flow'r that I knew, Breathed a gen-tle wel-come back, to the
cres.
f

set - ting of the sun: Yet I pine like a slave, By the sad sea wave. Come a - gain bright days of
worn and wea - ry child. I a - wake in my grave By the sad sea wave. Come a - gain dear dream, so
dim.
fz
pp
espress.
ad lib.
D.C.
hope and pleas-ure gone, Come a - gain, bright day, Come a - gain, come a - gain.
peace - ful - ly that smiled, Come a - gain, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain.
pp
D.C.

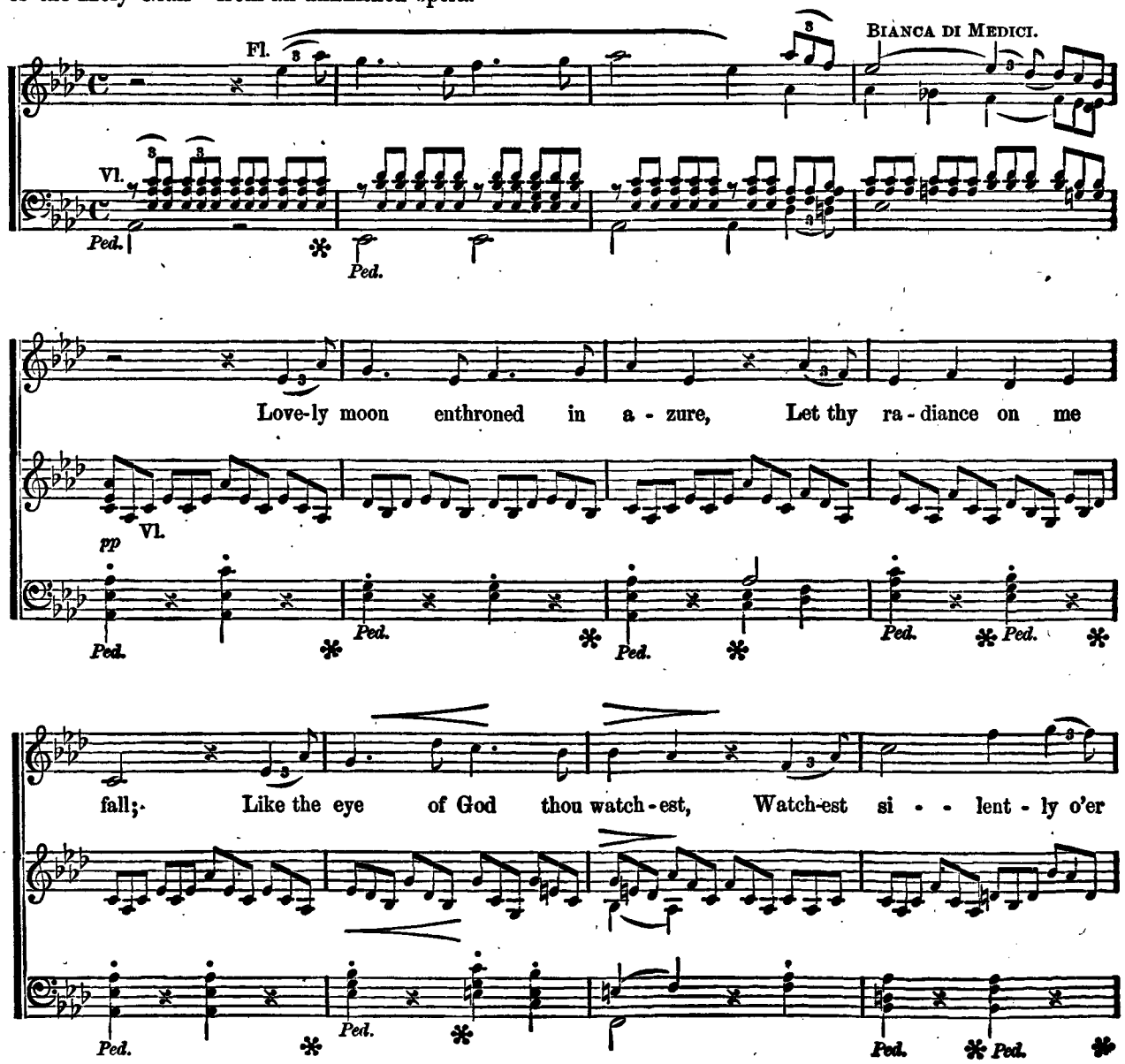
By the sad sea waves, I listen while they moan
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone.
I was young, I was fair,
I had once not a care,
From the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun:
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea wave.
Come again bright days of hope and pleasure gone,
Come again, bright day,
Come again, come again.

From my care last night, by holy sleep beguiled
In the fair dream-light, my home upon me smiled.
O how sweet 'mid the dew,
Every flower that I knew, [weary child.
Breathed a gentle welcome back, to the worn and
I awake in my grave
By the sad sea wave.
Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smiled,
Come again, dear dream,
Come again, come again.



EVENING SONG.

"Lovely moon enthroned in azure."

FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON was born at Middletown, Conn., December 18th, 1848. Dudley Buck was his first instructor. Subsequently he pursued his education at Leipzig under Moscheles, Richter, and Plaidy, and in Berlin under Carl Freiderich Weitzmann and Oscar Raif. In 1876 he went to Chicago and has been actively engaged in his work there ever since. Mr. Gleason has composed two romantic operas, "Otho Visconti" and "Montezuma," selections from which have been played by Theodore Thomas' orchestra; an "Overture Triumphale" for organ; two cantatas "God, Our Deliverer," and "The Culprit Fay," with Drake's well-known poem as the text; the "Auditorium Festival Ode," especially composed for, and sung at the dedication of the Auditorium, and also a "Praise Song to Harmony." In 1884 he was elected a member of the board of directors and an examiner of the American College of Musicians, an office which he held for some years. He was chosen to represent the American Music Teachers' National Association at the meeting of the English Society of Professional Musicians at Cambridge, England, and has been presented with a gold medal of honor by the Associazione del Benemeriti Italiano, Palermo, Sicily, "for distinguished services in the cause of art." A number of his orchestral works were performed at the Columbian Exposition, including selections from "Otho Visconti," and "Montezuma," and a "Processional of the Holy Grail" from an unfinished opera.

Fl.
BIANCA DI MEDICI.
Vl.
Ped.
Love-ly moon enthroned in a - zure, Let thy ra - diance on me
Vl.
pp
Ped.
fall; Like the eye of God thou watch - est, Watch-est si - - lent - ly o'er
Ped.

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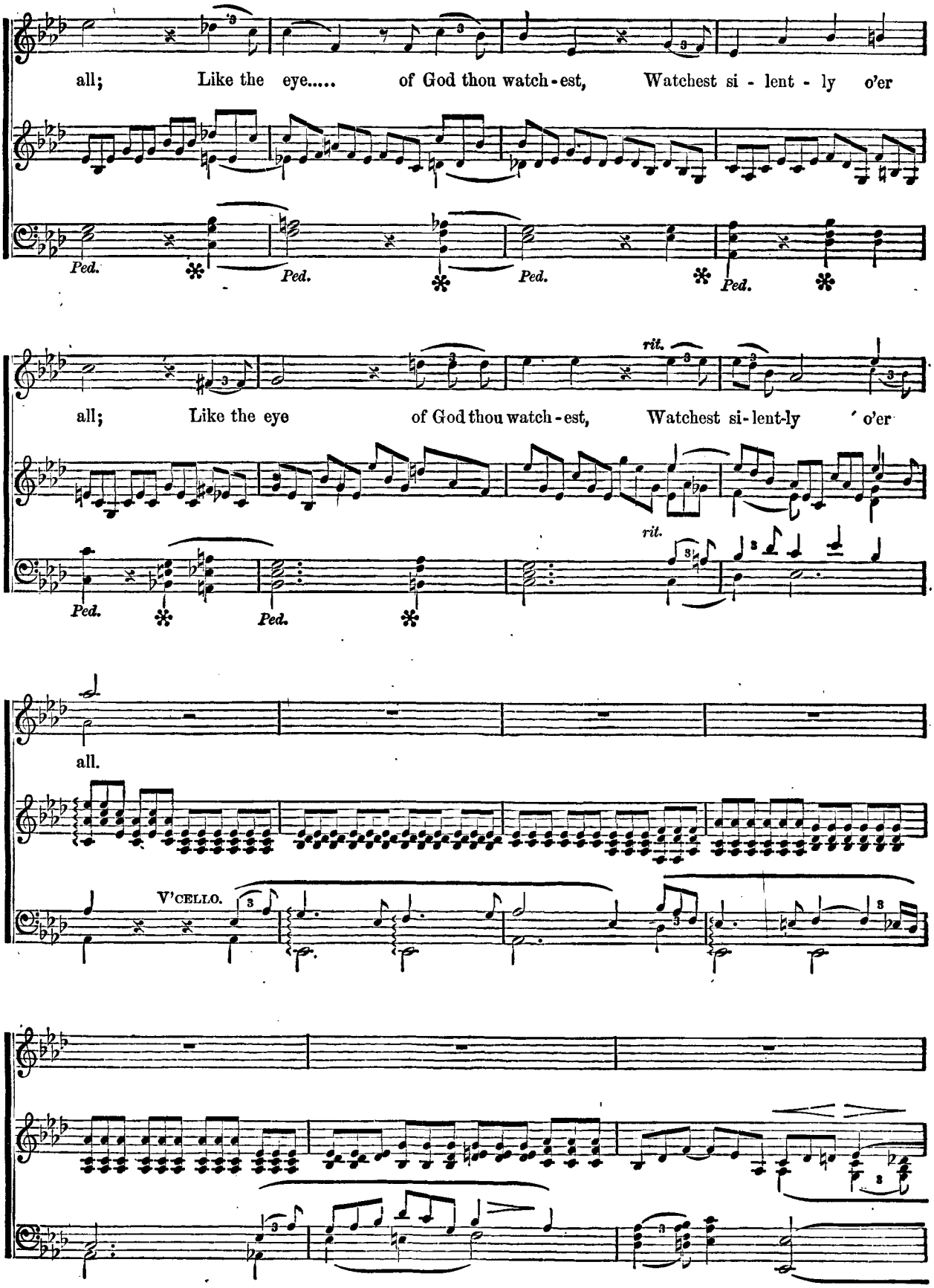
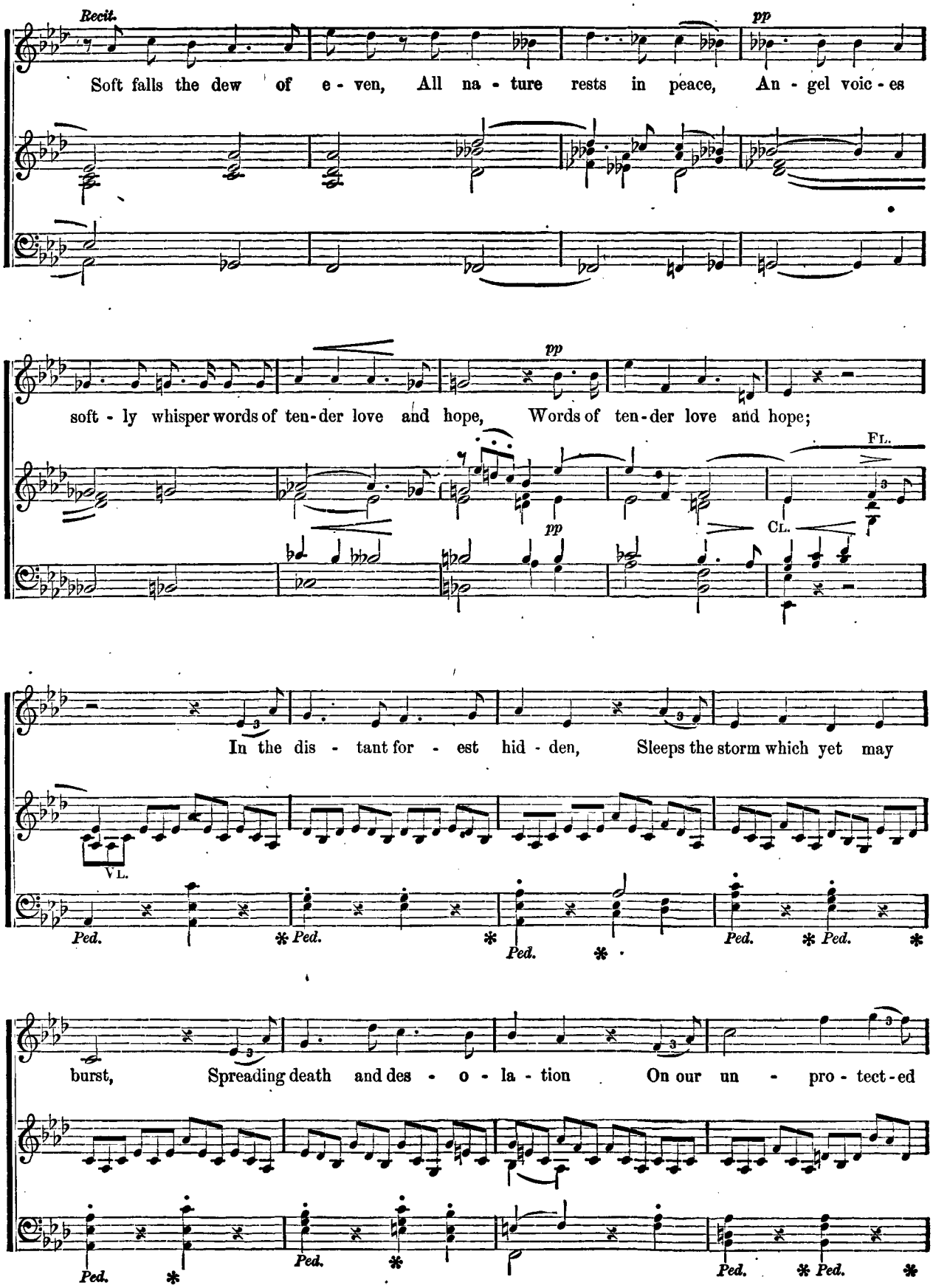
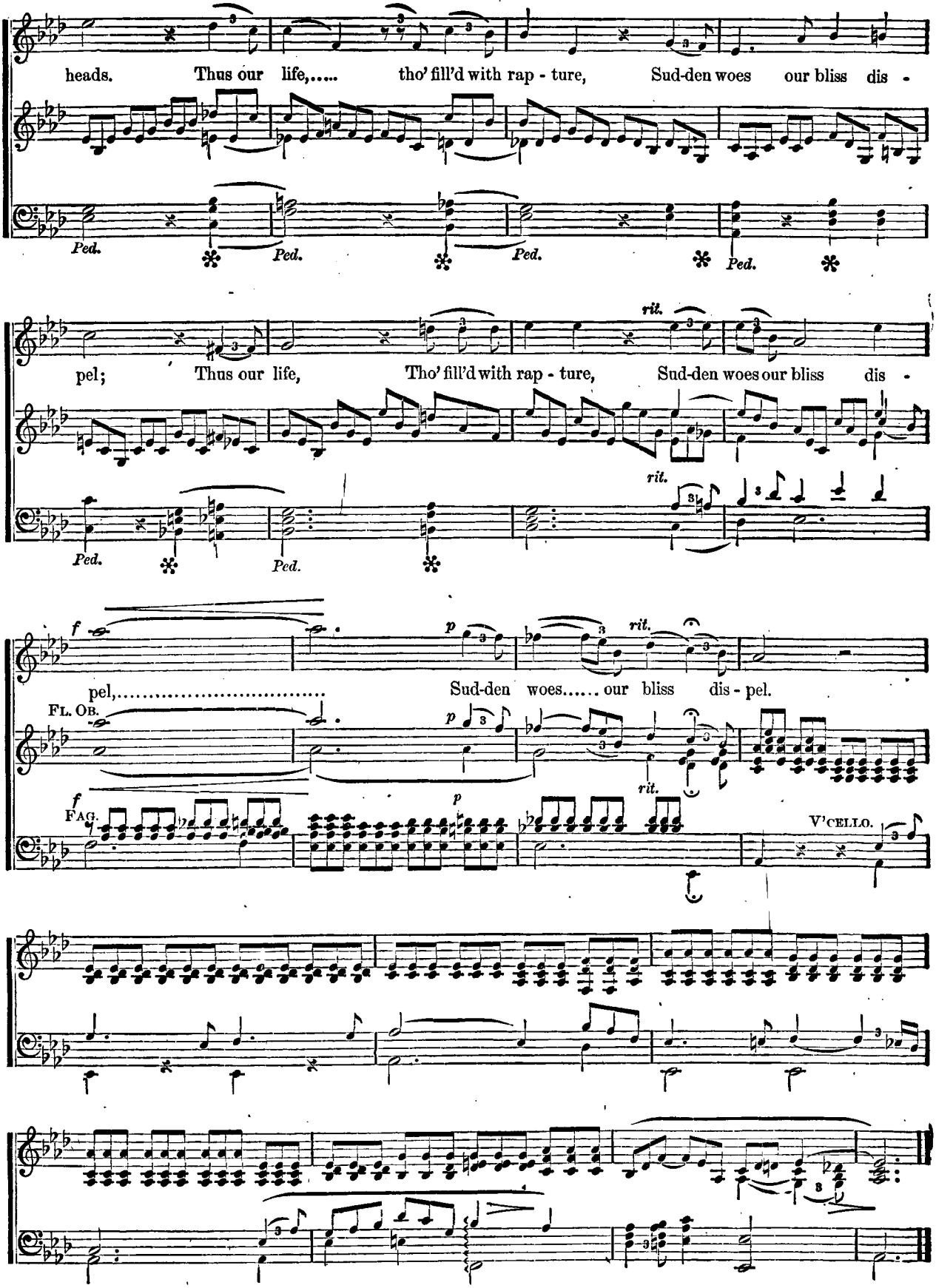
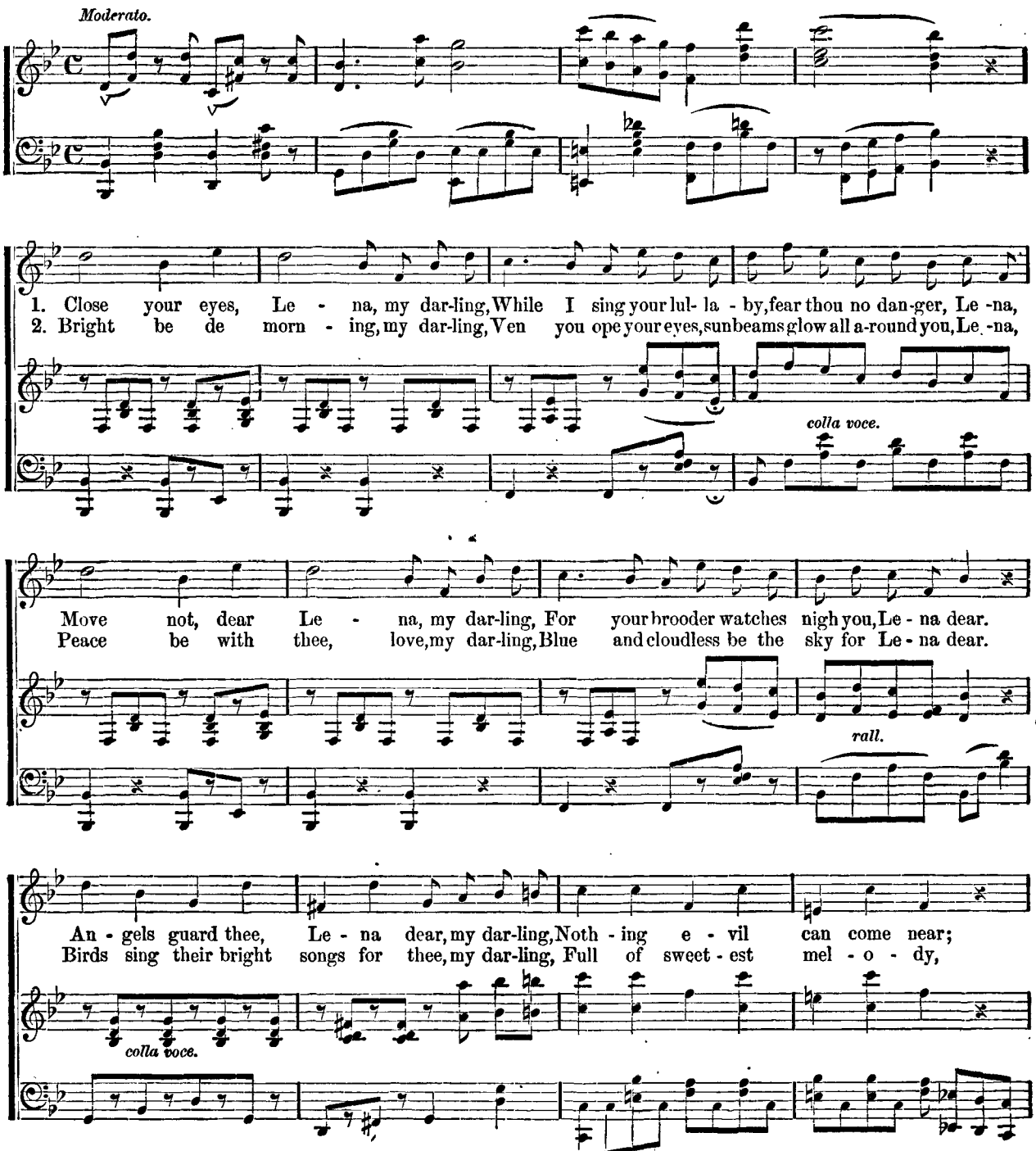

all; Like the eye..... of God thou watch-est, Watchest si - lent - ly o'er
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
all; Like the eye of God thou watch-est, Watchest si-lent-ly o'er
rit.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
all.
V'CELLO.

Recit.
pp
Soft falls the dew of e - ven, All na - ture rests in peace, An - gel voic - es
pp
soft - ly whisper words of ten-der love and hope, Words of ten-der love and hope;
Fl.
pp
Cl.
In the dis - tant for - est hid - den, Sleeps the storm which yet may
Vl.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
burst, Spreading death and des - o - la - tion On our un - pro - tect-ed
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

heads. Thus our life,..... tho' fill'd with rap - ture, Sud-den woes our bliss dis -
pel; Thus our life, Tho' fill'd with rap - ture, Sud-den woes our bliss dis -
pel,..... Sud-den woes..... our bliss dis - pel.
Fl. Ob.
Fag.
V'cello.
Ped.
rit.

CLOSE YOUR EYES, LENA, MY DARLING.

THERE was a time when this charming Lullaby was familiar throughout the length and breadth of this country, wherever songs were sung or tunes were hummed or whistled. It was the time when Emmet's delicious impersonation of the happy hearted German youth in "Fritz, Our Cousin German" had taken the country by storm, as a characterization essentially new and altogether delightful and refreshing. The career of JOSEPH K. EMMET was varied, meteoric in its sudden rise and fall, and very sad in its ending—the going out in darkness of a life that could not withstand the temptations of prosperity. He was born March 13, 1841, in St. Louis, and began life as a drummer in a regimental band.

He died June 15, 1891. The "Lullaby" was written and composed by Emmet himself, and was introduced into one of the first of the "Fritz" productions.

Moderato.
1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul- la - by, fear thou no dan-ger, Le -na,
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes, sunbeams glow all a-round you, Le -na,
colla voce.
Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling, For your brooder watches nigh you, Le - na dear.
Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling, Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le - na dear.
rall.
An - gels guard thee, Le - na dear, my dar-ling, Noth - ing e - vil can come near;
Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my dar-ling, Full of sweet - est mel - o - dy,
colla voce.

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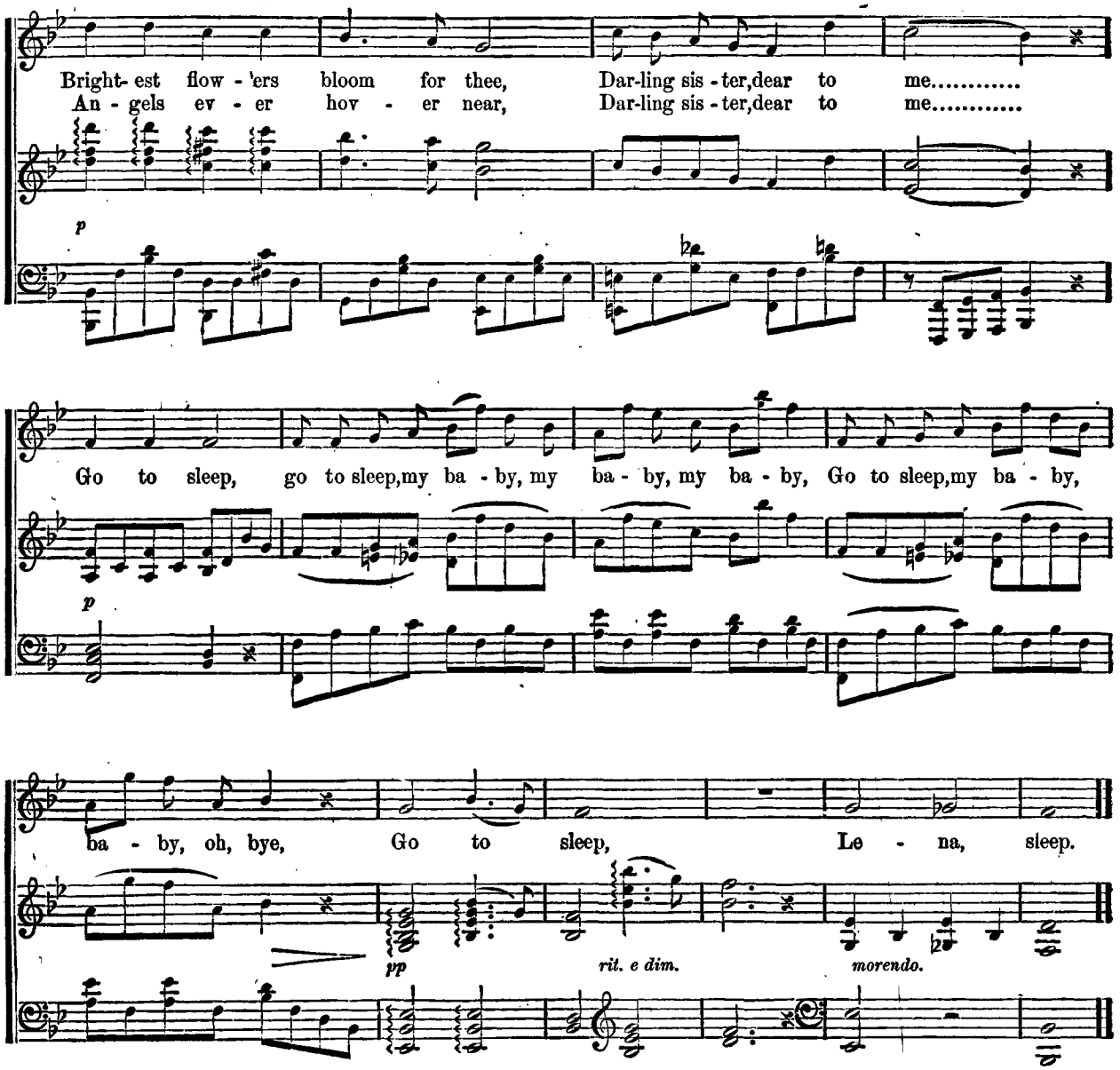
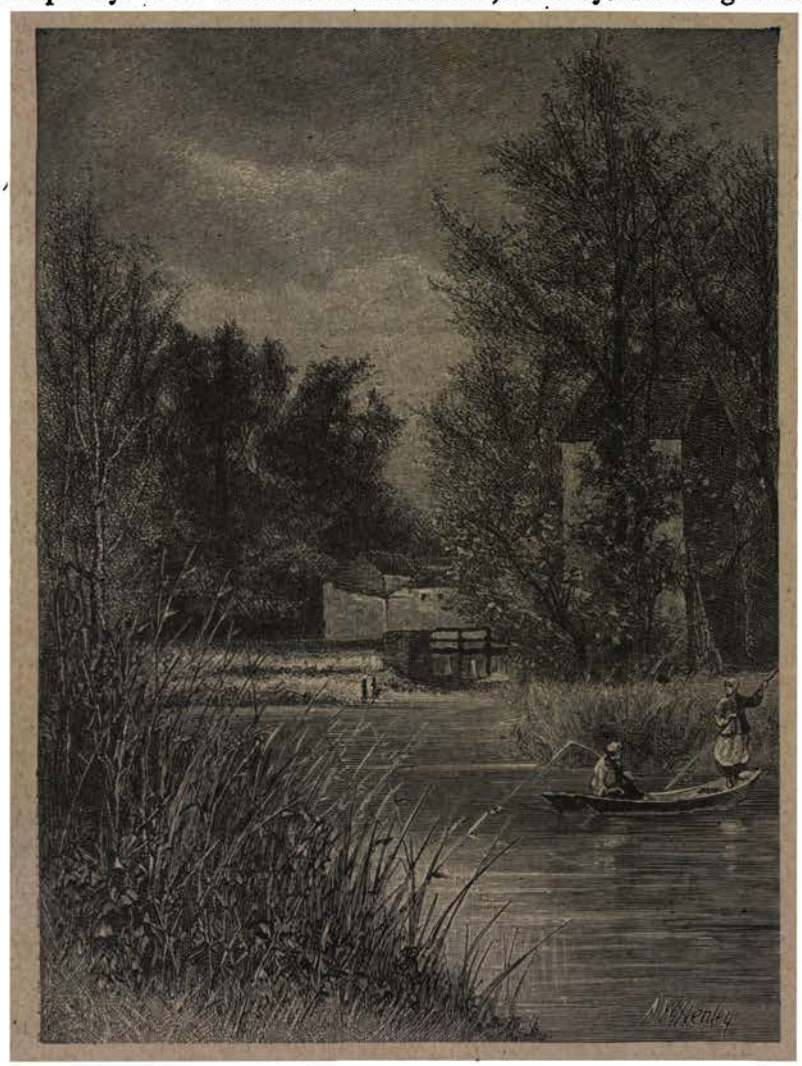

Bright- est flow - 'ers bloom for thee, Dar-ling sis - ter,dear to me.....
An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar-ling sis - ter,dear to me.....
p
Go to sleep, go to sleep,my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by, Go to sleep,my ba - by,
p
ba - by, oh, bye, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.
pp
rit. e dim.
morendo.

Close your eyes, Lena, my darling,
While I sing your lullaby, fear thou no danger, Lena,
Move not, dear Lena, my darling,
For your brooder watches nigh you, Lena dear.
Angels guard thee, Lena dear, my darling,
Nothing evil can come near;
Brightest flowers bloom for thee,
Darling sister, dear to me.
Go to sleep, *etc.*

Bright be de morning, my darling,
Ven you ope your eyes, sunbeams glow all around you, Lena,
Peace be with thee, love, my darling,
Blue and cloudless be the sky for Lena dear.
Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling,
Full of sweetest melody,
Angels ever hover near,
Darling sister, dear to me.
Go to sleep, *etc.*

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

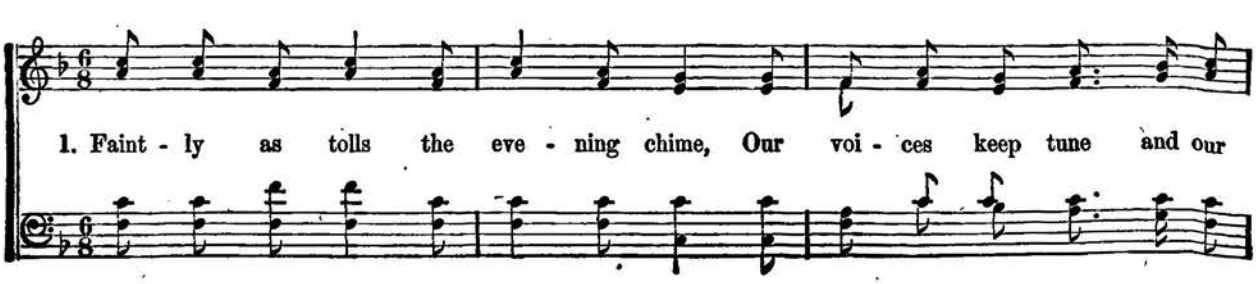
THE following song of TOM MOORE'S was written during his journey down the river St. Lawrence. He says, in regard to its composition: "I wrote these words to an air which boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavorable, that they were obliged to row all the way; and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and, at night, forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks, that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties. Our voyageurs had good voices, and sang perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins:



'Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux Cavaliers tres-bien montés.'

And the refrain to every verse was,

'A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.'

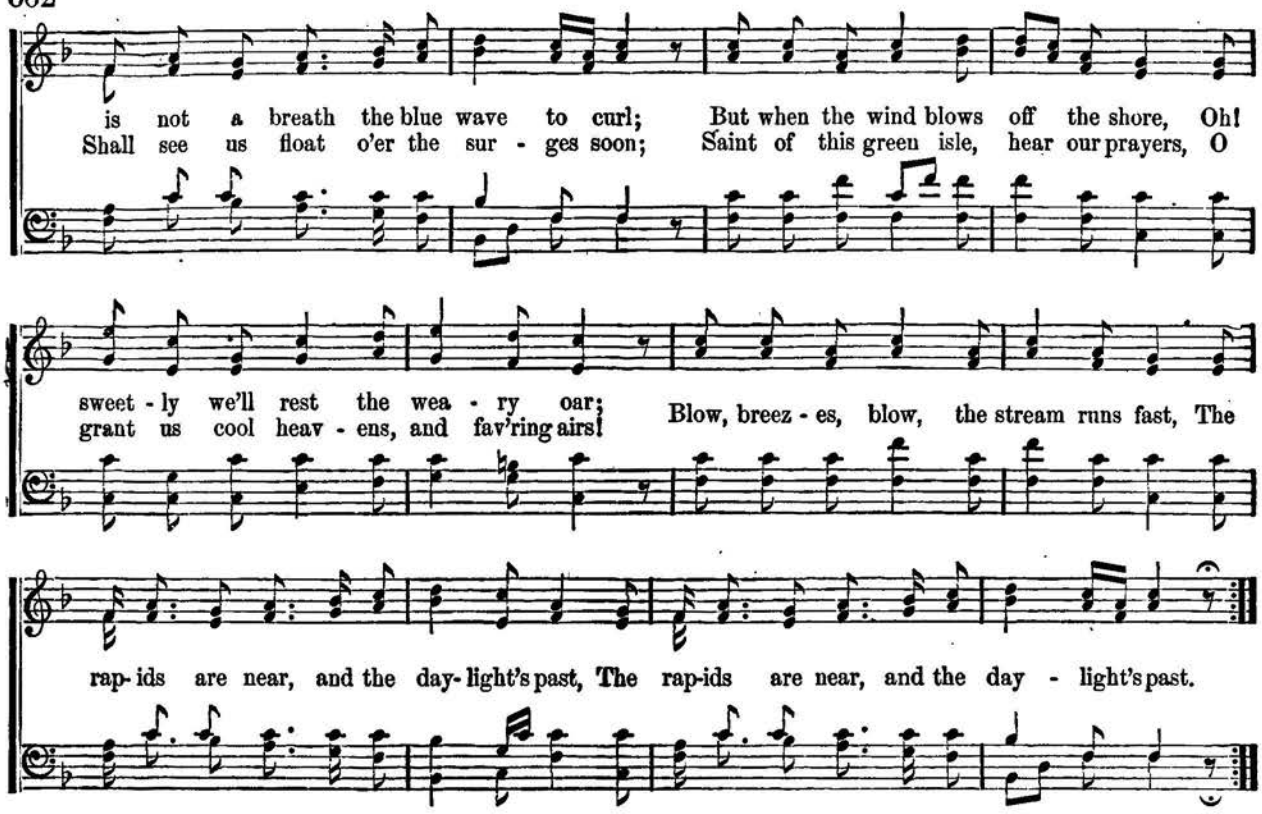
I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common or trifling; but I remember when we have entered at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all these new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage. The stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs who go the Grande Portage by the Utawas river. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in his account of the Fur Trade, says: 'At the rapid of St. Ann, they are obliged to take out a part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers.'"

oars keep time, Our voic - es keep tune, and our oars keep time;

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn;

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,

The rap-ids are near, and the

day - light's past, The rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past.

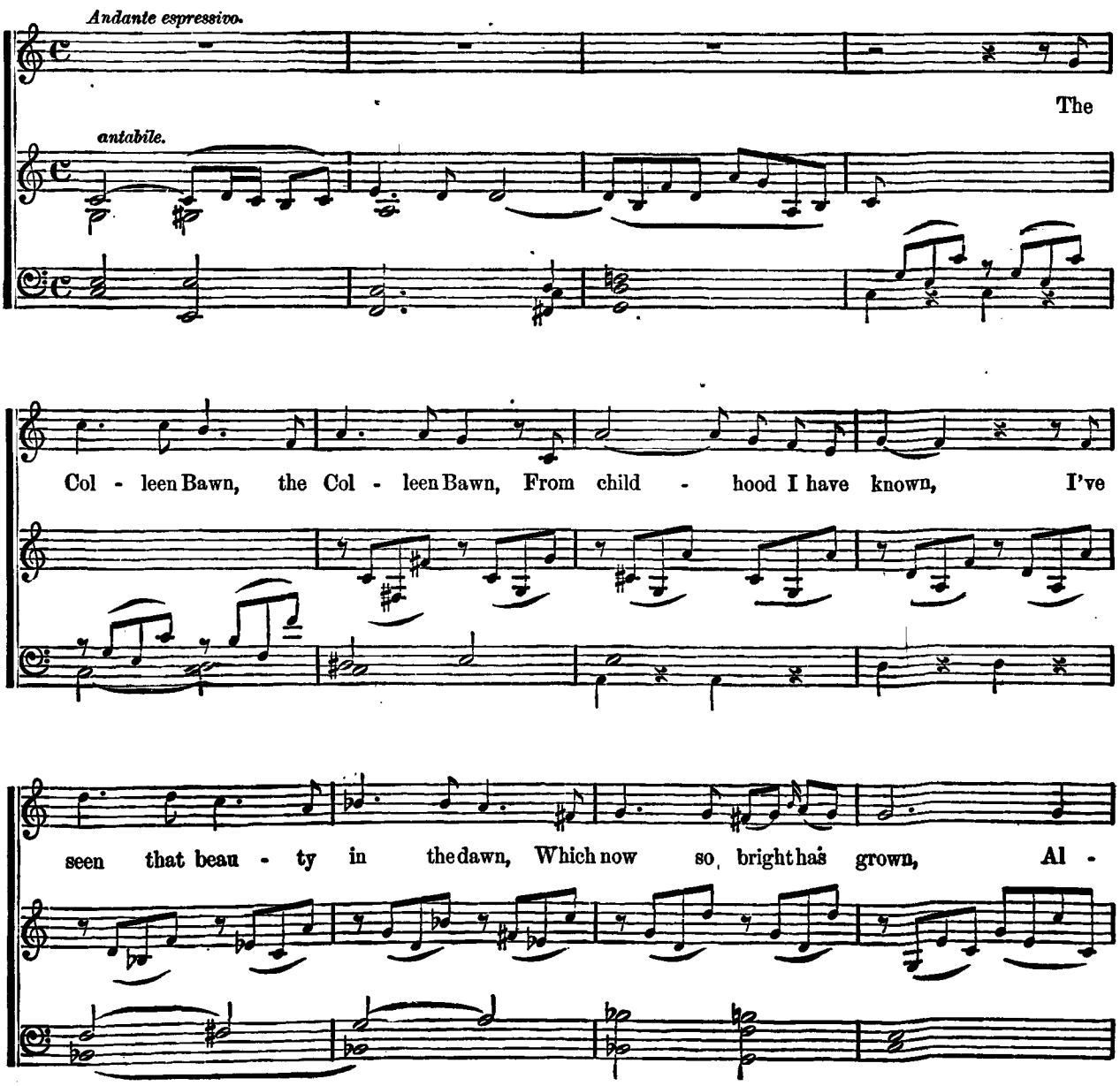
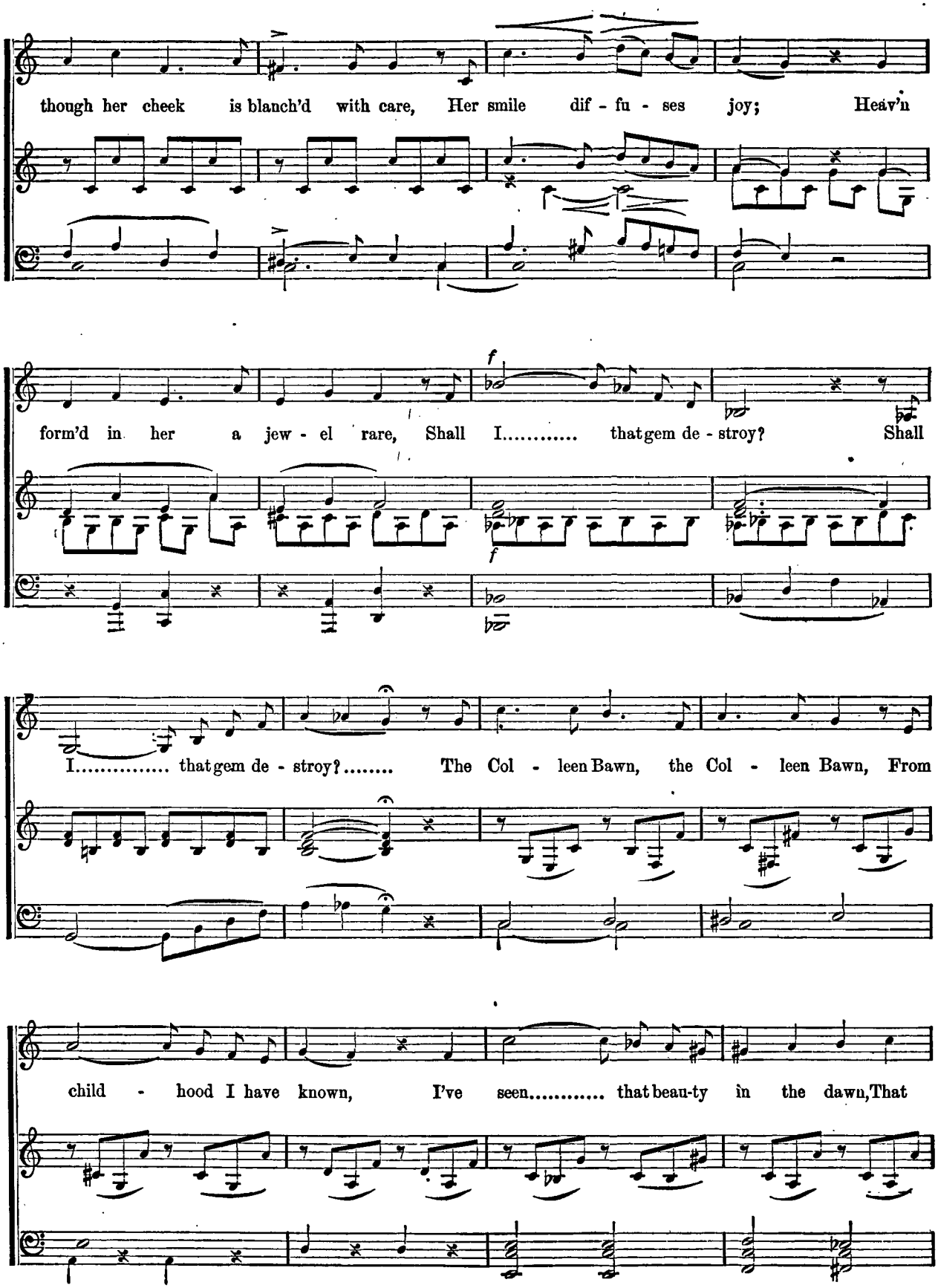
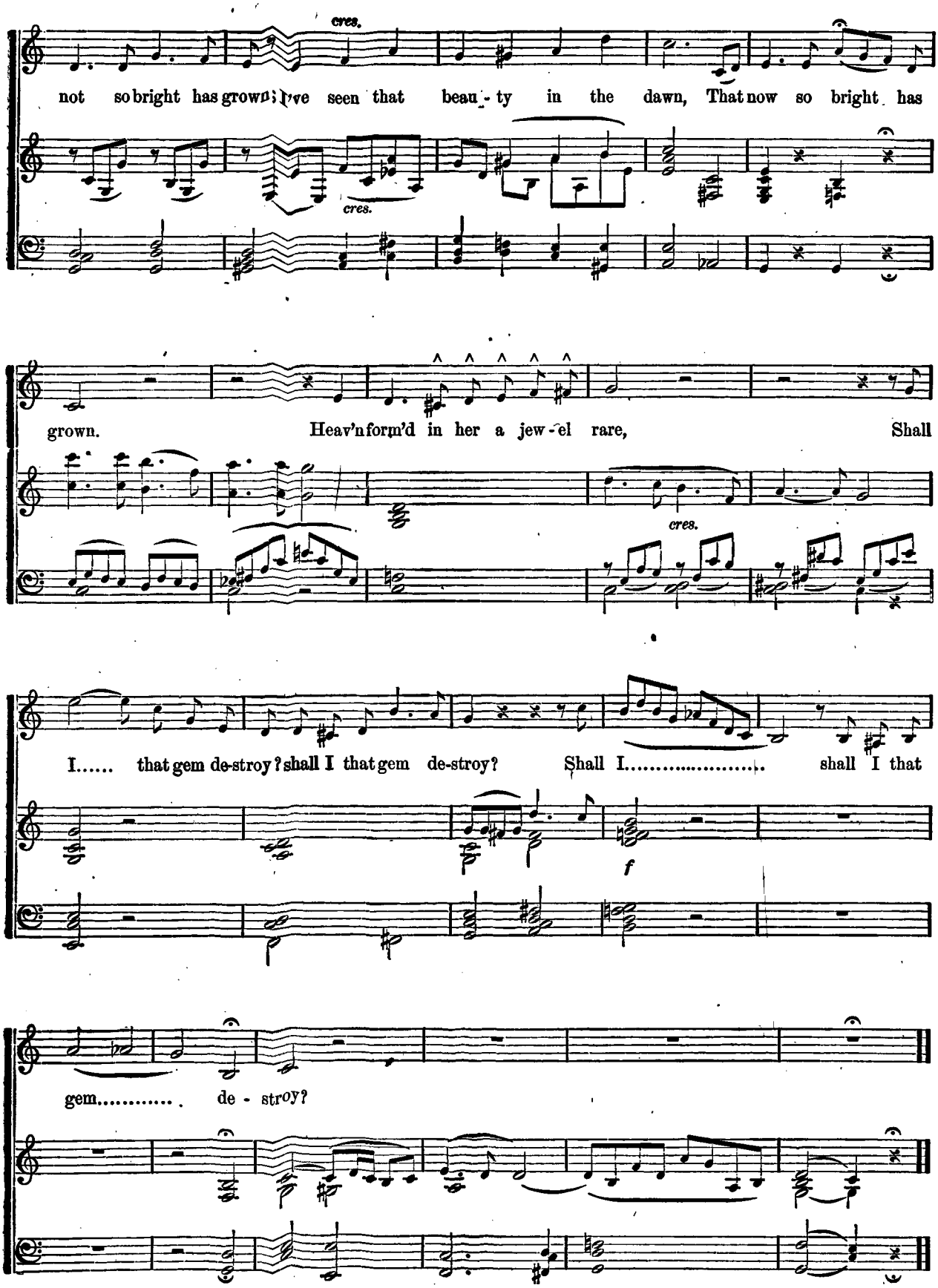
2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
3. U - ta - wa's tide, this tremb- ling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon,

is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!
Shall see us float o'er the sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, O
sweet - ly we'll rest the wea - ry oar;
grant us cool heav - ens, and fav'ring airs! Blow, breez - es, blow, the stream runs fast, The
rap- ids are near, and the day- light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest the weary oar;
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon,
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
O grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

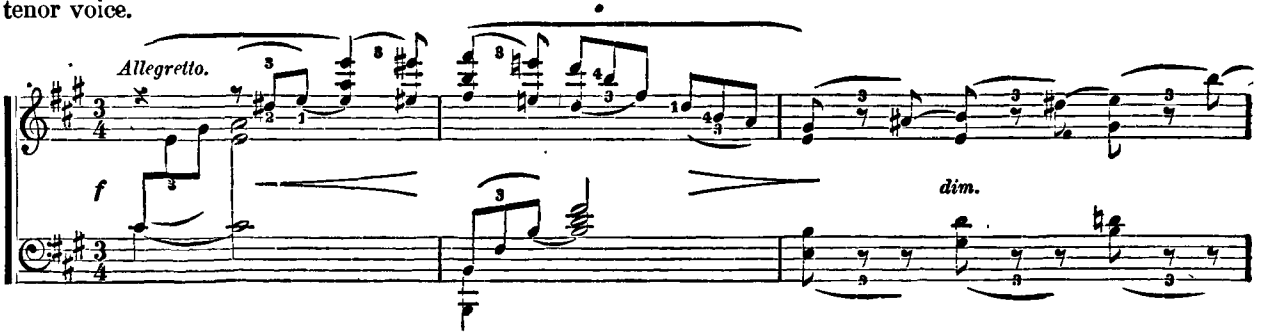
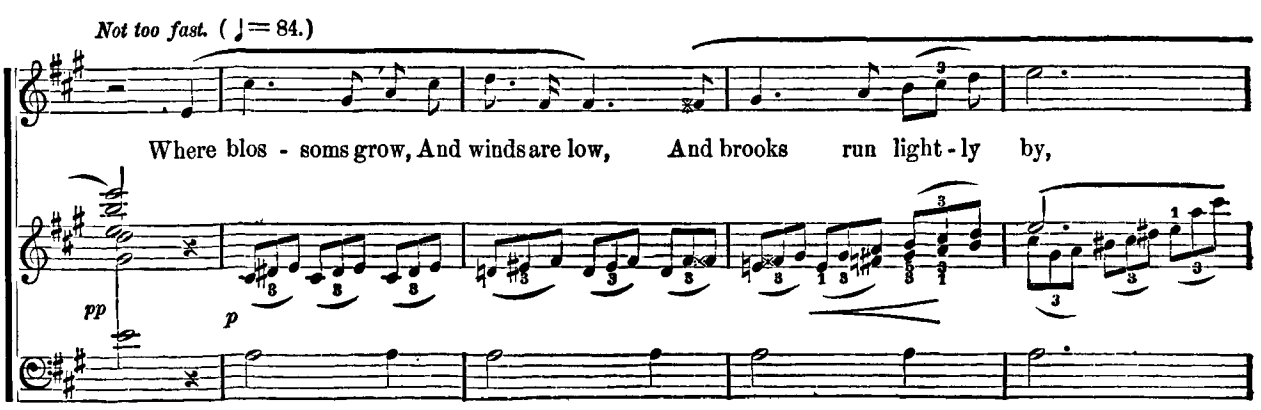
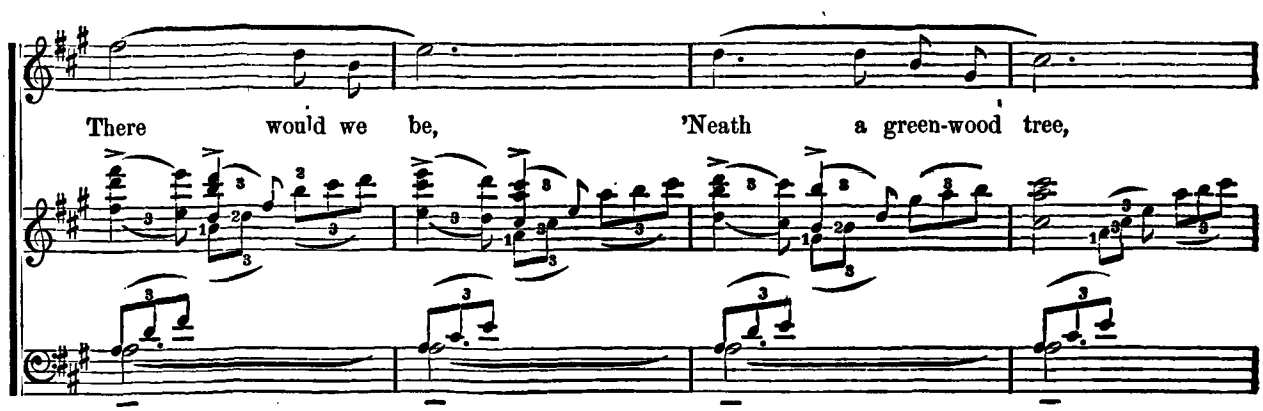
THE COLLEEN BAWN.

ALTHOUGH born a German—in Stuttgart, in 1804—SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, the composer of this song, was one of the fathers of English modern music, and was regarded as the dean of the fraternity of composers and conductors, among whom he lived and worked to the great age of eighty-one, dying in 1885. He studied with Von Weber, and served as Kapellmeister in Vienna and in Naples before his coming to London, where he became a conductor of theatre and opera orchestras. In 1850–51 he made the American tour with Jenny Lind, and on his return to England, conducted the Italian opera for Colonel Mapleson's first troupe. He established a series of popular concerts in London and directed the work of the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool. He was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1871, in recognition of his services and attainments. He composed many English operas, among which was "The Lily of Killarney," produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1862, and on the Continent as "The Rose of Erin." The following song is from his opera "The Colleen Bawn," founded on the play of the same name by Dion Boucicault.

Andante espressivo.
antabile.
The
Col - leen Bawn, the Col - leen Bawn, From child - hood I have known, I've
seen that beau - ty in the dawn, Which now so bright has grown, Al -

though her cheek is blanch'd with care, Her smile dif - fu - ses joy; Heav'n
form'd in her a jew - el rare, Shall I..... that gem de - stroy? Shall
I..... that gem de - stroy?..... The Col - leen Bawn, the Col - leen Bawn, From
child - hood I have known, I've seen..... that beau-ty in the dawn, That

cres.
not so bright has grown; I've seen that beau - ty in the dawn, That now so bright has
cres.
grown. Heav'n form'd in her a jew - el rare, Shall
cres.
I..... that gem de-stroy? shall I that gem de-stroy? Shall I..... shall I that
f
gem..... de - stroy?

BY AND BY.

SONG FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY, the writer of this pretty song, was born in Groveland, N. Y., in 1849. After leaving school he taught for a time; was admitted to the bar in Massachusetts, and later practised in New York and California. In San Francisco his attention was called to the needs of a good librarian for the Free Public Library, and he accepted the position soon after his arrival in that City. Later he became librarian of the Newberry Library of Chicago. Mr. Cheney has written many beautiful songs; among them a number contained in the volumes entitled "Thistle Drift," and "Wood-Blooms."

"By and By" has been happily set to music by SUMNER SALTER, editor of *The Pianist* and librarian of The Manuscript Society of the United States. He was born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1856; was educated at Amherst; studied music in Boston; was organist of prominent churches in several cities; and settled in New York in 1889. The music of "By and By" is sung with charming effect by either a soprano or a tenor voice.



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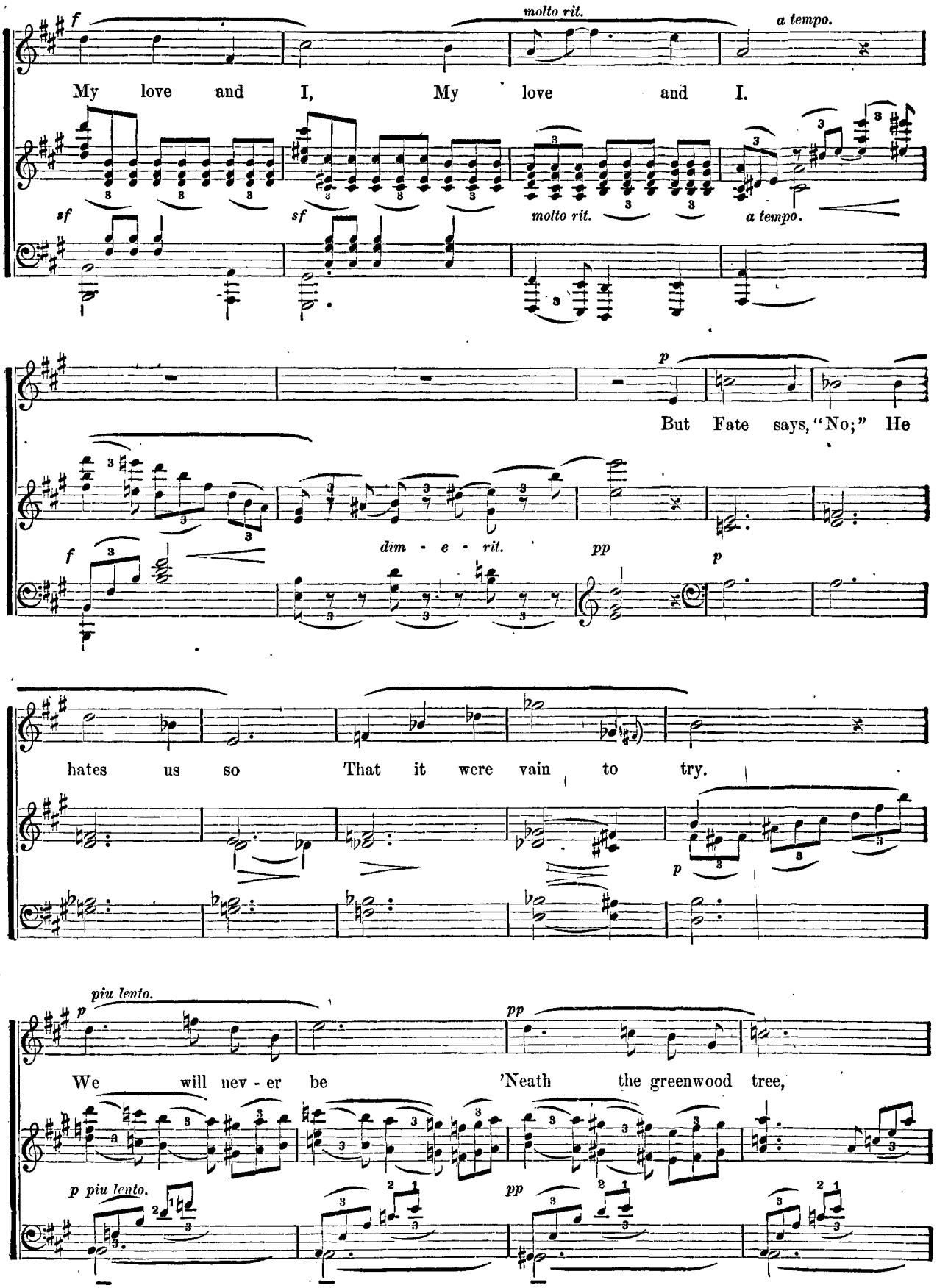
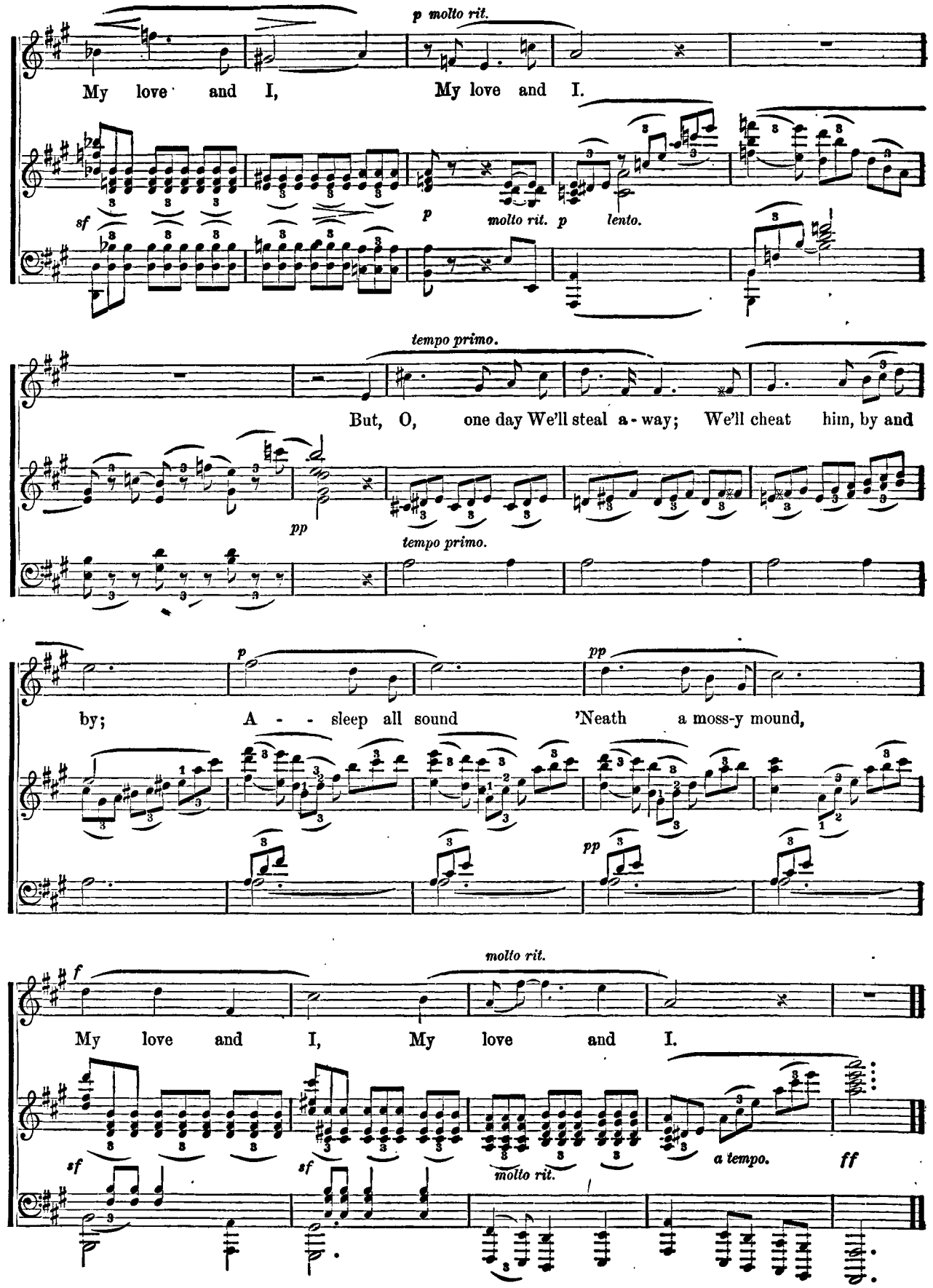
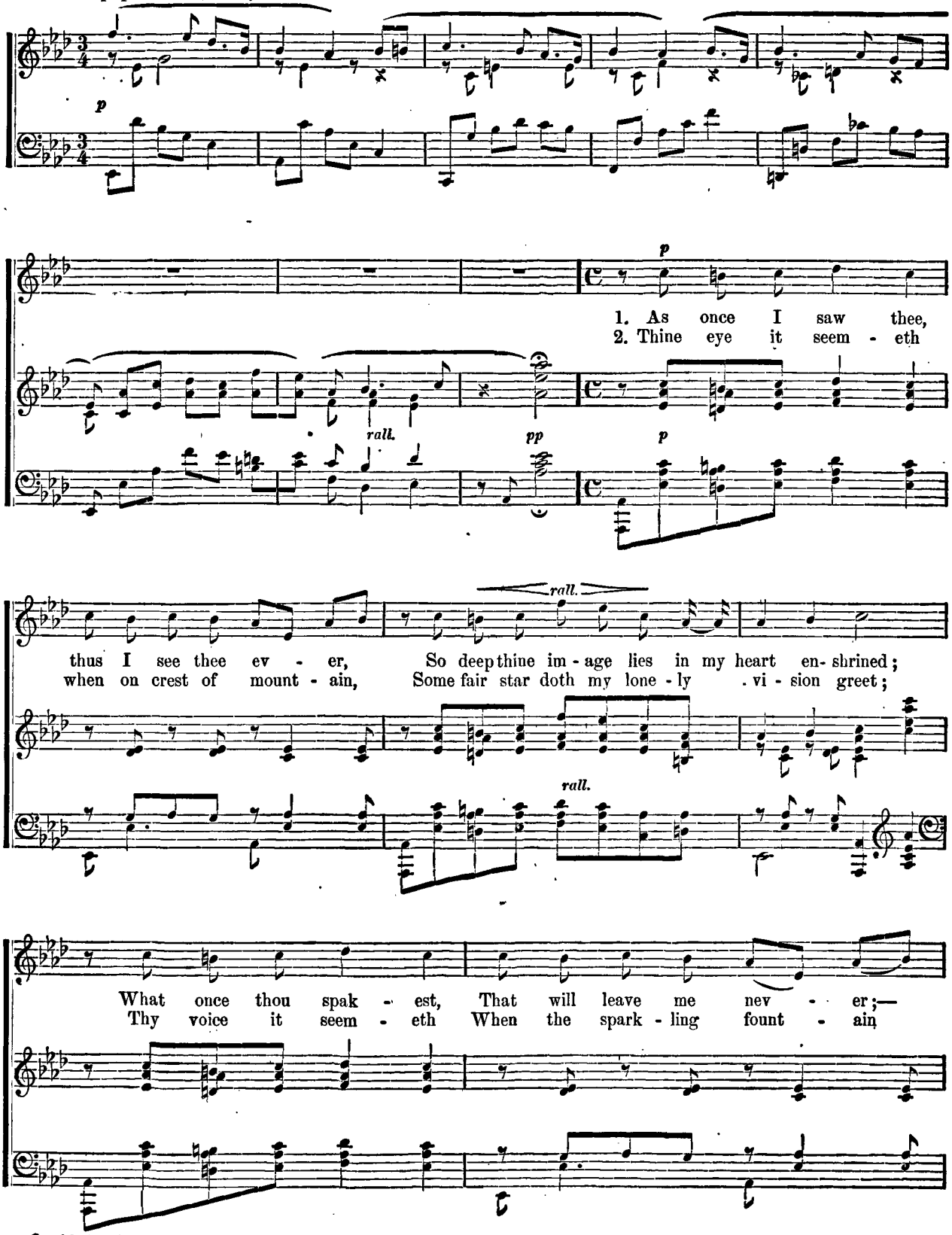

molto rit.
a tempo.
My love and I, My love and I.
sf
sf
molto rit.
a tempo.
But Fate says, "No;" He
dim - e - rit.
pp
hates us so That it were vain to try.
piu lento.
We will nev - er be 'Neath the greenwood tree,
p piu lento.
pp

p molto rit.
My love and I, My love and I.
sf
p
molto rit. p lento.
tempo primo.
But, O, one day We'll steal a - way; We'll cheat him, by and
pp
tempo primo.
p
pp
by; A - - sleep all sound 'Neath a moss-y mound,
pp
f
molto rit.
My love and I, My love and I.
sf
sf
molto rit.
a tempo.
ff

AS ONCE I SAW THEE.

THIS popular song is by PAUL AMBROSE.

p
1. As once I saw thee,
2. Thine eye it seem - eth
rall.
pp
p
thus I see thee ev - er,
when on crest of mount - ain,
So deep thine im - age lies in my heart en- shrined;
Some fair star doth my lone - ly vi - sion greet;
rall.
rall.
What once thou spak - est,
Thy voice it seem - eth
That will leave me nev - er;—
When the spark - ling fount - ain

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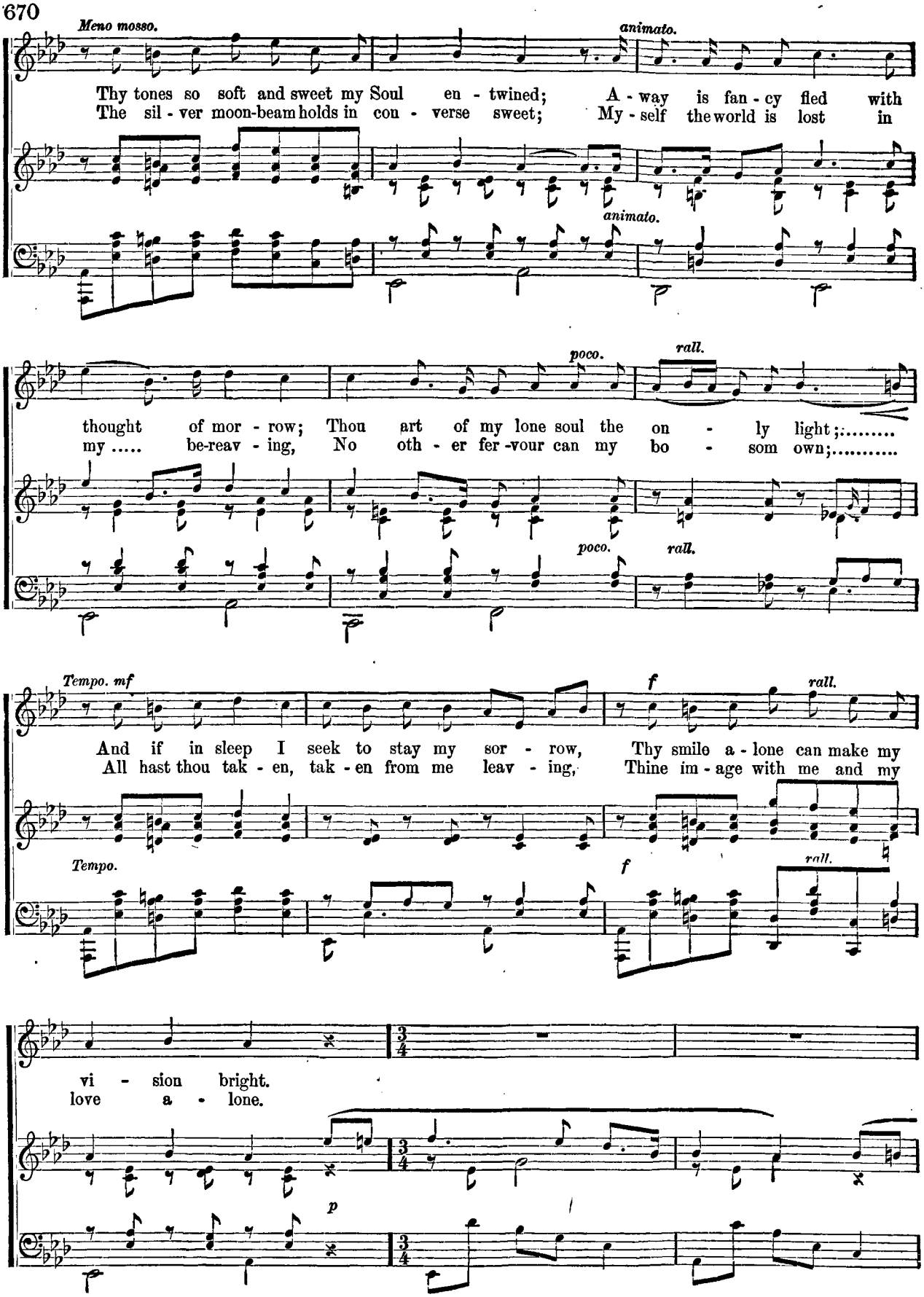
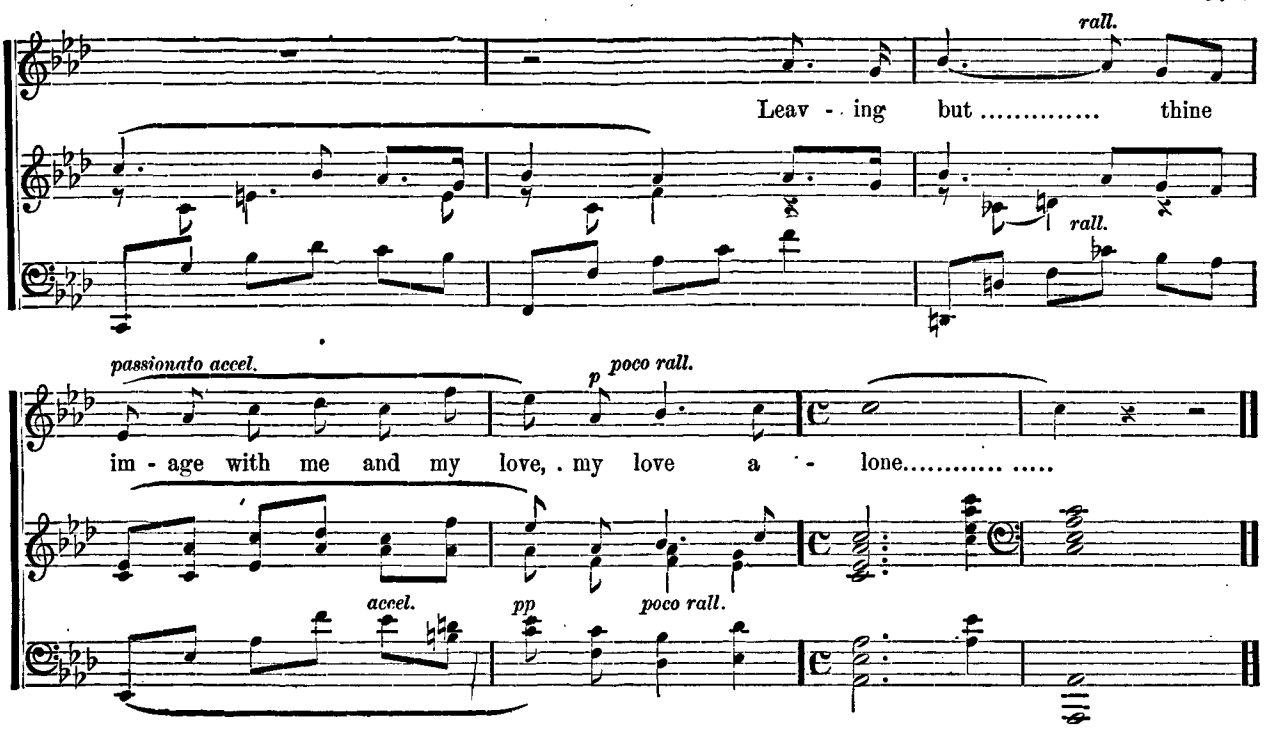
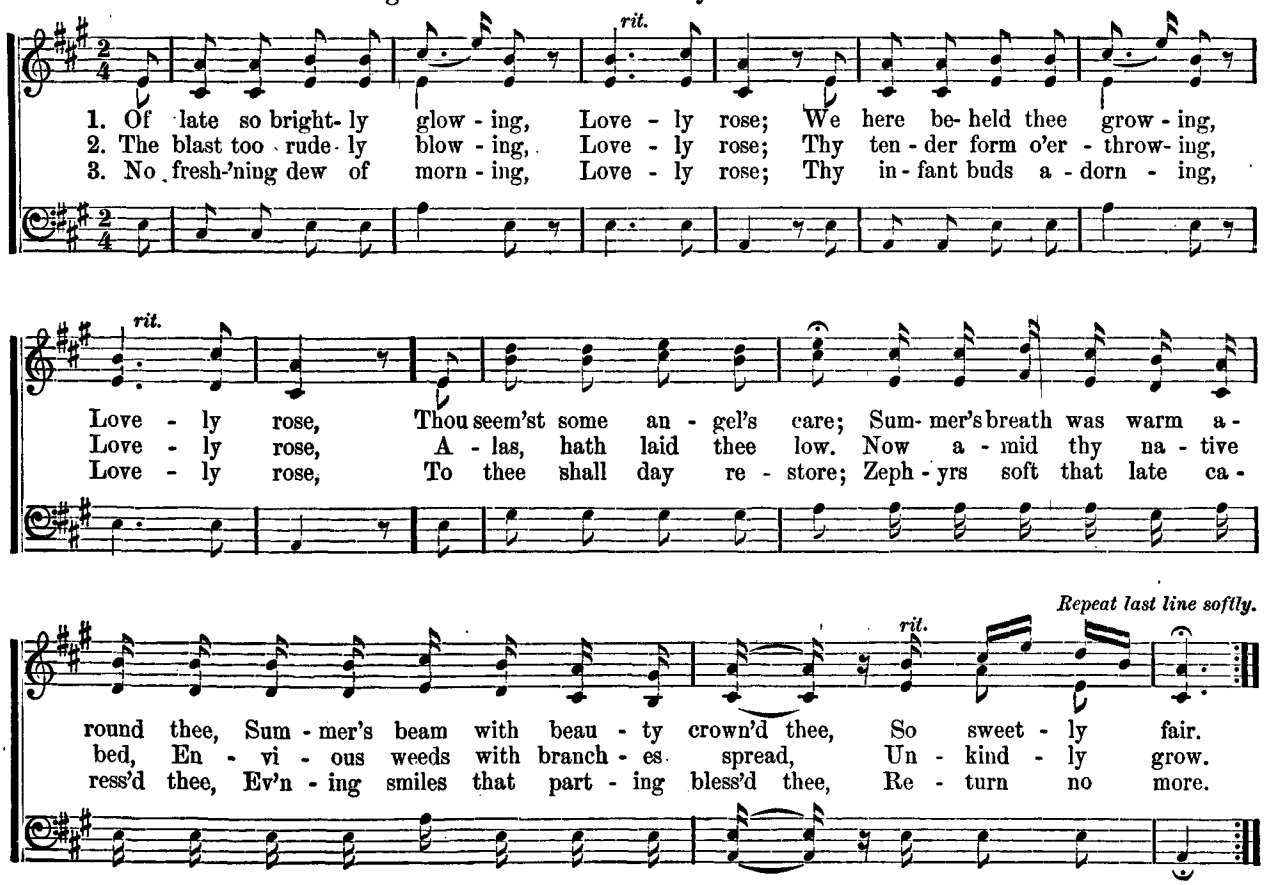

Meno mosso.
animato.
Thy tones so soft and sweet my Soul en - twined; A - way is fan - cy fled with
The sil - ver moon-beam holds in con - verse sweet; My - self the world is lost in
animato.
poco.
rall.
thought of mor - row; Thou art of my lone soul the on - ly light;.....
my ..... be-reav - ing, No oth - er fer -vour can my bo - som own;.....
poco.
rall.
Tempo. mf
f
rall.
And if in sleep I seek to stay my sor - row, Thy smile a - lone can make my
All hast thou tak - en, tak - en from me leav - ing, Thine im - age with me and my
Tempo.
f
rall.
vi - sion bright.
love a - lone.
p



LOVELY ROSE.

THE air of this familiar song is an old Venetian melody.

rit.
1. Of late so bright- ly glow - ing, Love - ly rose; We here be- held thee grow - ing,
2. The blast too rude- ly blow - ing, Love - ly rose; Thy ten - der form o'er - throw- ing,
3. No fresh-'ning dew of morn - ing, Love - ly rose; Thy in - fant buds a - dorn - ing,
rit.
Love - ly rose, Thou seem'st some an - gel's care; Sum- mer's breath was warm a-
Love - ly rose, A - las, hath laid thee low. Now a - mid thy na - tive
Love - ly rose, To thee shall day re - store; Zeph - yrs soft that late ca-
Repeat last line softly.
rit.
round thee, Sum - mer's beam with beau - ty crown'd thee, So sweet - ly fair.
bed, En - vi - ous weeds with branch - es spread, Un - kind - ly grow.
ress'd thee, Ev'n - ing smiles that part - ing bless'd thee, Re - turn no more.

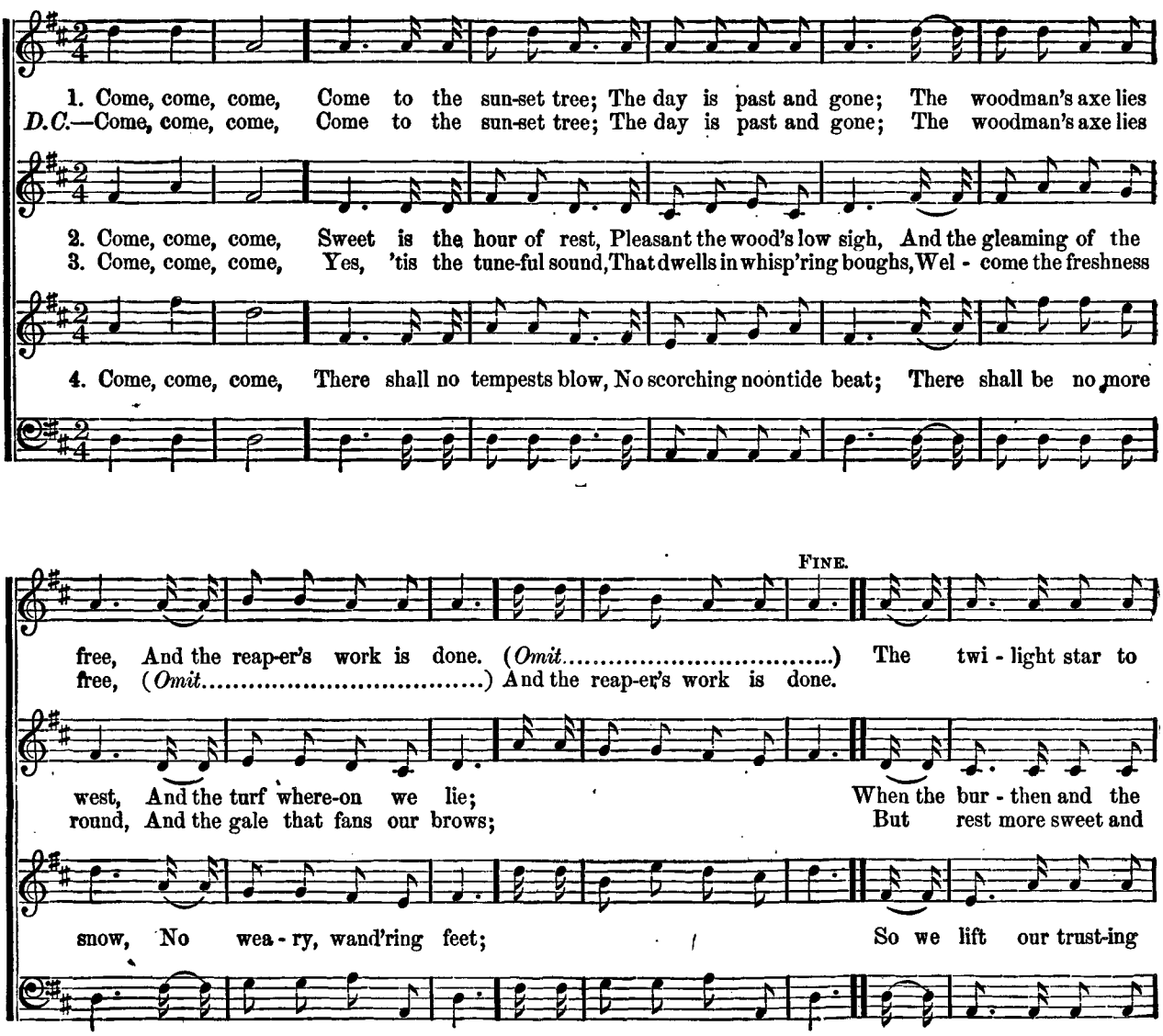
TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

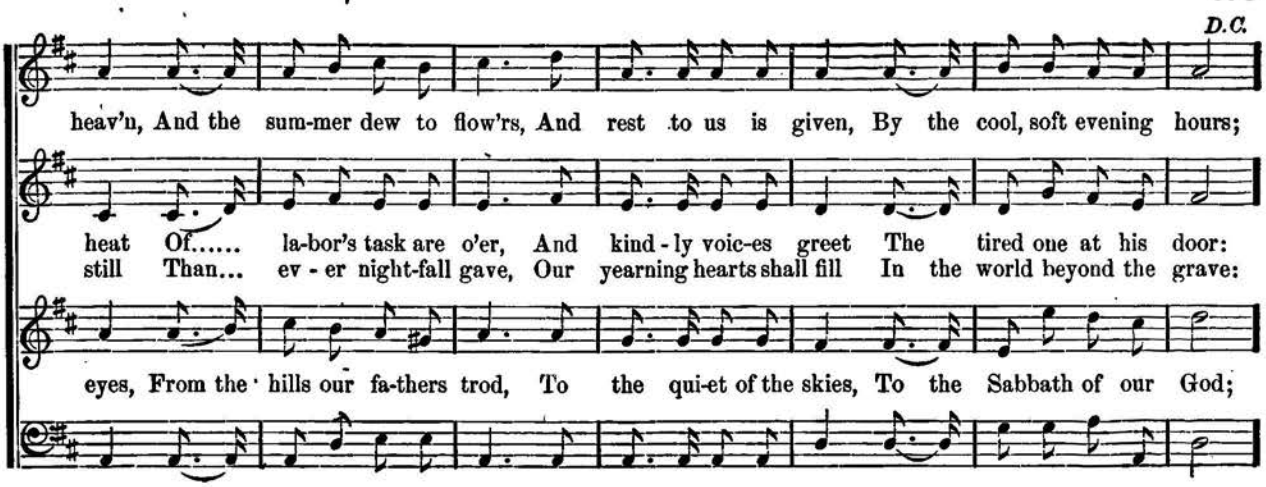
FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, England, September 21, 1794. Her early days were passed amid the beautiful scenery of north Wales, which fostered her imaginative nature. When eighteen years old, she married Captain Hemans, who had but lately returned, with shattered health, from the hard-fought fields of Spain, and the fever-stricken ranks of the Walcheren Expedition. Six years later, he left her with a family of five little boys, and went to reside in Italy. They never met again.

Mrs. Hemans was beautiful, with a fine and graceful form, blue eyes, and a profusion of auburn hair. It was on her portrait, painted by our countryman, Benjamin West, that she composed the poem which closes with the lines:

"Yet, look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be,
That when my song and soul are gone
Shall seek my form in thee,
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest."

The sister who set many of Mrs. Hemans' words to music was twice married. Her name was Hughes at the time she wrote the biography of the poetess.


1. Come, come, come, Come to the sun-set tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies
D.C.—Come, come, come, Come to the sun-set tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies
2. Come, come, come, Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleasant the wood's low sigh, And the gleaming of the
3. Come, come, come, Yes, 'tis the tune-ful sound, That dwells in whisp'ring boughs, Wel - come the freshness
4. Come, come, come, There shall no tempests blow, No scorching noontide beat; There shall be no more
FINE.
free, And the reap-er's work is done. (Omit.....) The twi - light star to
free, (Omit.....) And the reap-er's work is done.
west, And the turf where-on we lie; When the bur - then and the
round, And the gale that fans our brows; But rest more sweet and
snow, No wea - ry, wand'ring feet; So we lift our trust-ing


D.C.
heav'n, And the sum-mer dew to flow'rs, And rest to us is given, By the cool, soft evening hours;
heat Of..... la-bor's task are o'er, And kind-ly voic-es greet The tired one at his door:
still Than... ev-er night-fall gave, Our yearning hearts shall fill In the world beyond the grave:
eyes, From the hills our fa-thers trod, To the qui-et of the skies, To the Sabbath of our God;

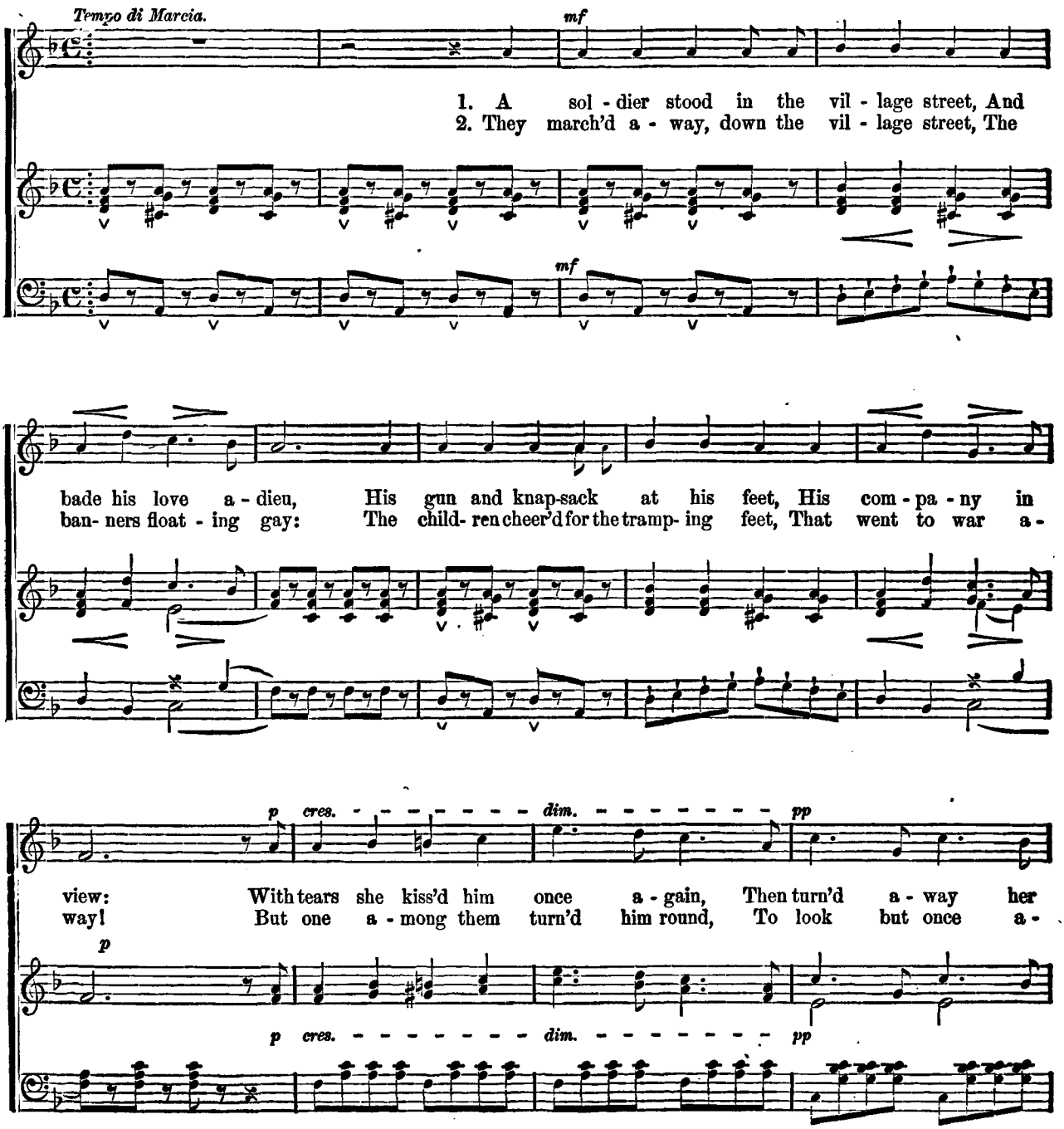
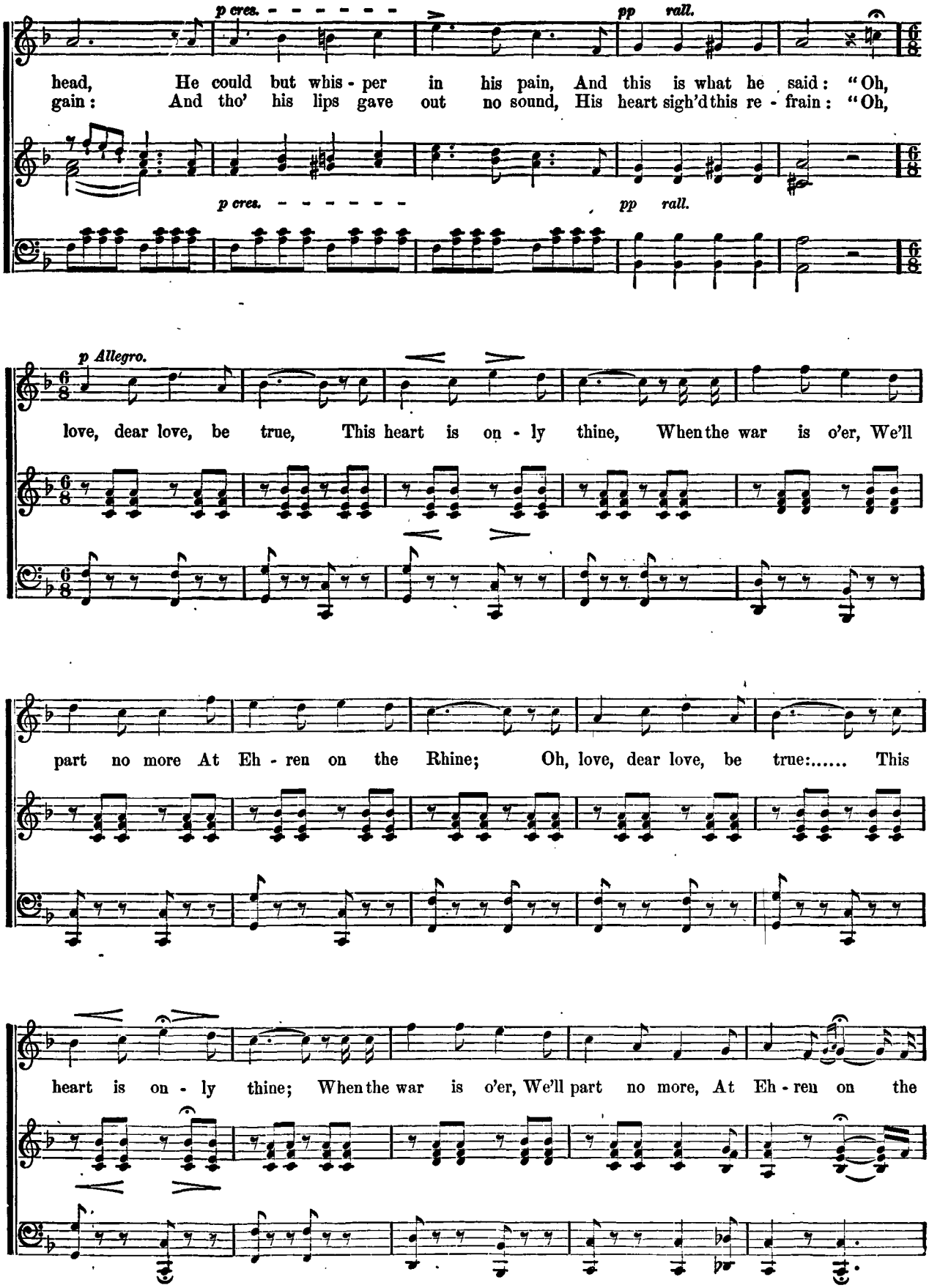
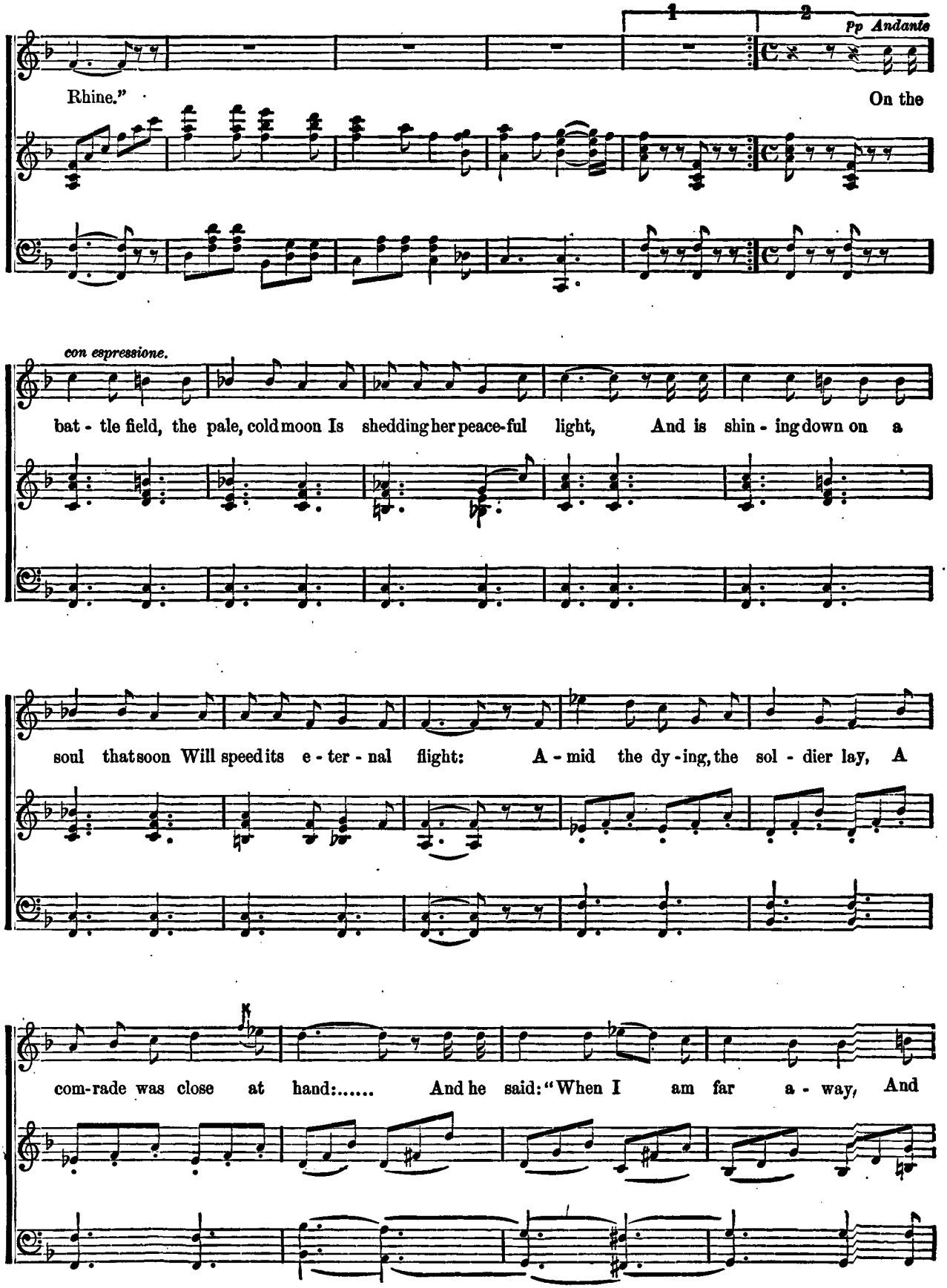
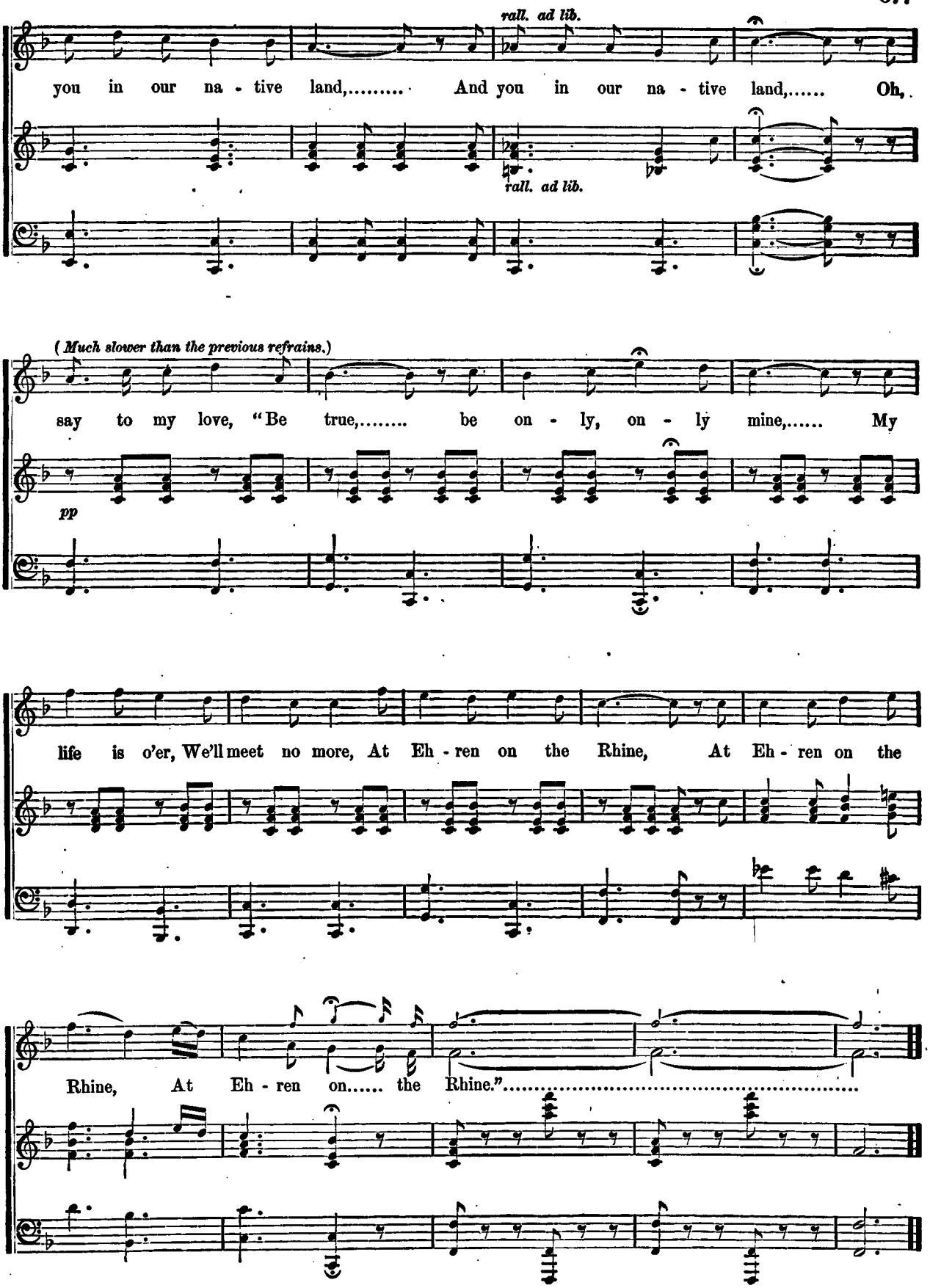
Come, come, come,
Come to the sunset tree;
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given,
By the cool, soft evening hours;
Come, come, come, *etc.*

Come, come, come,
Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;
When the burthen and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door:
Come, come, come, *etc.*

Come, come, come,
Yes, 'tis the tuneful sound,
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave:
Come, come, come, *etc.*

Come, come, come,
There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide beat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God;
Come, come, come, *etc.*

EHREN ON THE RHINE.

ONE of the songs upon which the reputation of its composer is chiefly based, this is the production, both words and music, of WILLIAM MARSHALL HUTCHISON, the Scottish writer of music to whom we are indebted for the setting to Weatherly's "Pierrot". The tender sadness of the theme, the recurring refrain giving character to the composition, and the easy flow of the melody, are obvious elements in its popularity. Besides songs, Hutchison has written much dance music of an engaging sort, though that appears chiefly under various assumed names.

Tempo di Marcia.
mf
1. A sol - dier stood in the vil - lage street, And
2. They march'd a - way, down the vil - lage street, The
mf
bade his love a - dieu, His gun and knap-sack at his feet, His com - pa - ny in
ban- ners float - ing gay: The child- ren cheer'd for the tramp- ing feet, That went to war a -
p cres. dim. pp
view: With tears she kiss'd him once a - gain, Then turn'd a - way her
way! But one a - mong them turn'd him round, To look but once a -
p
p cres. dim. pp

p cres.
pp rall.
head, He could but whis - per in his pain, And this is what he said: "Oh,
gain: And tho' his lips gave out no sound, His heart sigh'd this re - frain: "Oh,
p cres.
pp rall.
p Allegro.
love, dear love, be true, This heart is on - ly thine, When the war is o'er, We'll
part no more At Eh - ren on the Rhine; Oh, love, dear love, be true:..... This
heart is on - ly thine; When the war is o'er, We'll part no more, At Eh - ren on the

1
2
Pp Andante
Rhine."
On the
con espressione.
bat - tle field, the pale, cold moon Is shedding her peace-ful light, And is shin - ing down on a
soul that soon Will speed its e - ter - nal flight: A - mid the dy - ing, the sol - dier lay, A
com-rade was close at hand:..... And he said: "When I am far a - way, And

rall. ad lib.
you in our na - tive land,..... And you in our na - tive land,..... Oh,
rall. ad lib.
(Much slower than the previous refrains.)
say to my love, "Be true,..... be on - ly, on - ly mine,..... My
pp
life is o'er, We'll meet no more, At Eh - ren on the Rhine, At Eh - ren on the
Rhine, At Eh - ren on..... the Rhine."

G. VAN DER BOS, PINX

THE DEBUT.

A FATHER'S LULLABY.

C. MORTIMER WISKE, the composer of this graceful and tender cradle song, has for many years been prominently identified with the musical interests of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he makes his home, and has been an important factor in musical New York. A native of Troy, N. Y., where he was born in 1853, he developed a talent for music at so early a period that at the age of twelve, he was appointed organist in a neighboring town, returning at sixteen to Troy, to assume direction of the music in a church there. In his twentieth year he began in Brooklyn the musical work with which he is identified. He has been especially successful in the direction of amateur societies, vocal and instrumental, many of which he organized. Among these were the Brooklyn Choral Society, the Amphion, Euterpe, Cæcilia, and others of Brooklyn, and the Orpheus of New York, besides several in important musical centers in the metropolitan vicinity. For several years he was chorus master for Theodore Thomas, and was prominently connected with the great Wagner festival of 1884. He held several important church positions, and was active in organizing and producing concerts for public entertainment and instruction. His compositions include many original and adapted works for chorus singing, numerous anthems and songs; and instrumental music for both organ and piano.

C. MORTIMER WISKE.

1st. TENOR.

Moderato.

mf *mf* *f*

1. Lie at peace, my lit - tle one, Let no fears a - larm thee,
2. Though my voice, O lit - tle one, Knows no sooth - ing meas - ure,

2nd. TENOR.

mf *mf* *f* *rit.*

1st. BASS.

1. Lie at peace, my lit - tle one, Let no fears a - larm thee,
2. Though my voice, O lit - tle one, Knows no sooth - ing meas - ure,

2nd. BASS.

mf *mf* *rit.*

Accom. ad lib.

mf *mf* *f* *rit.*

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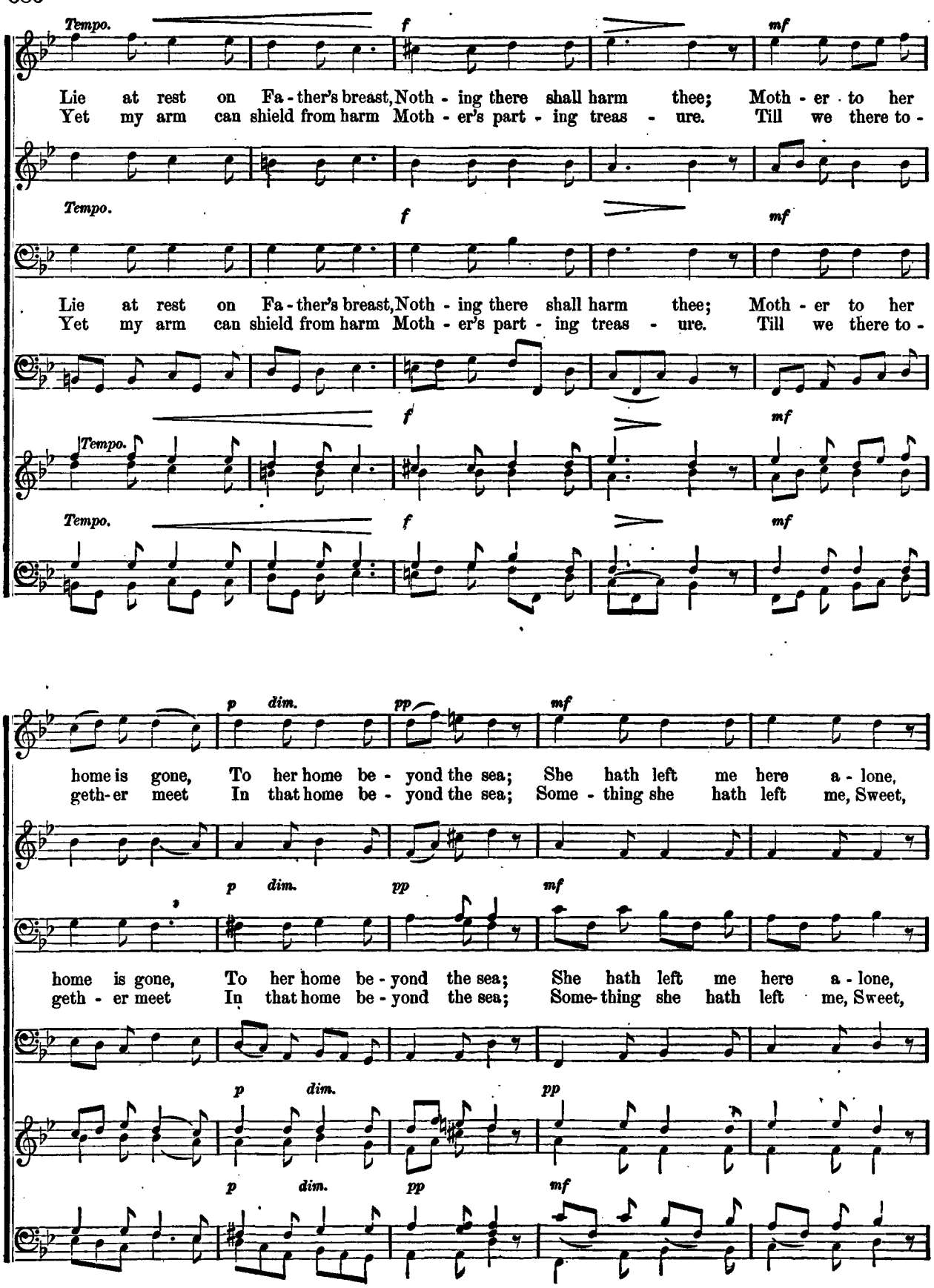
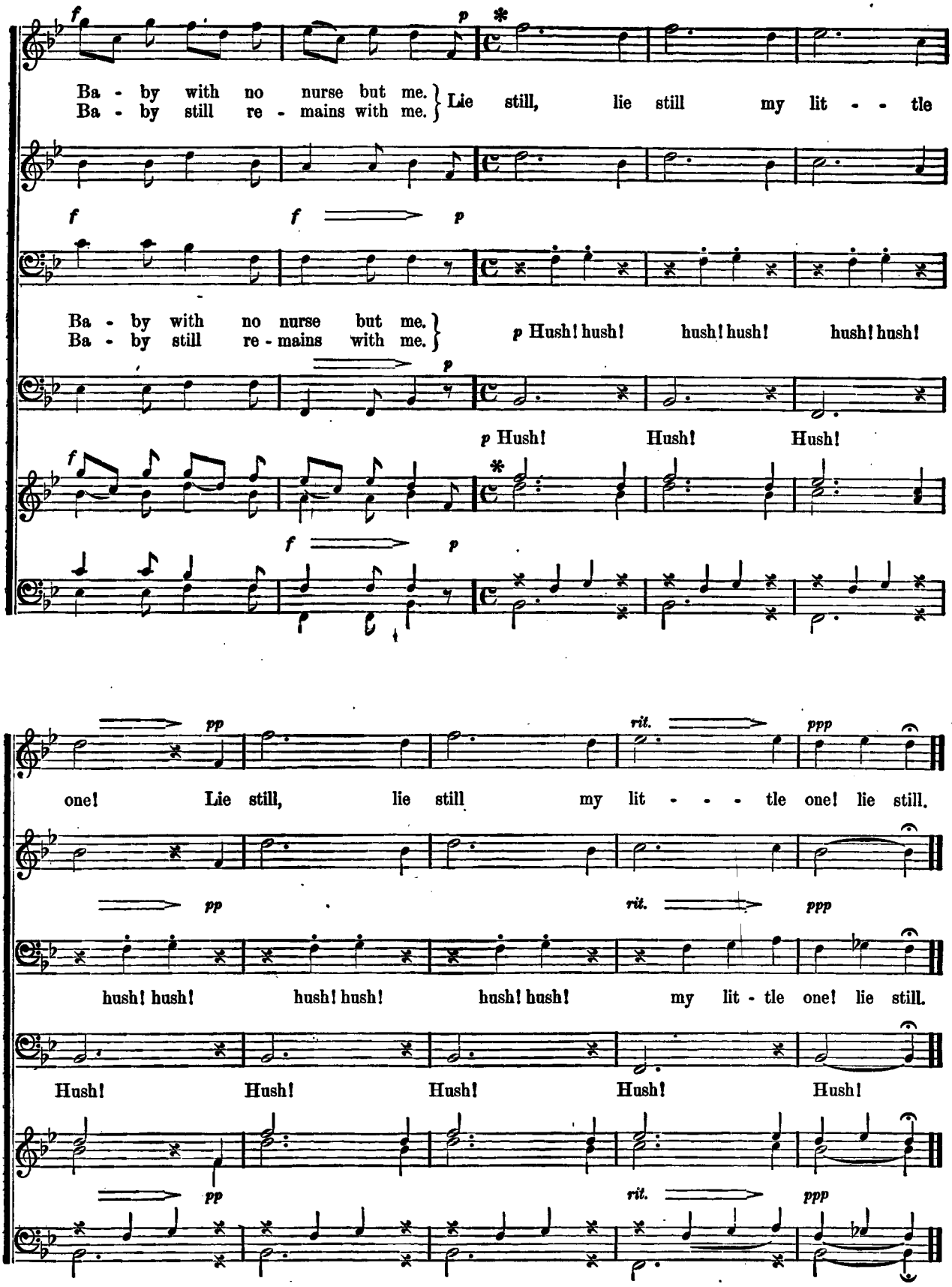
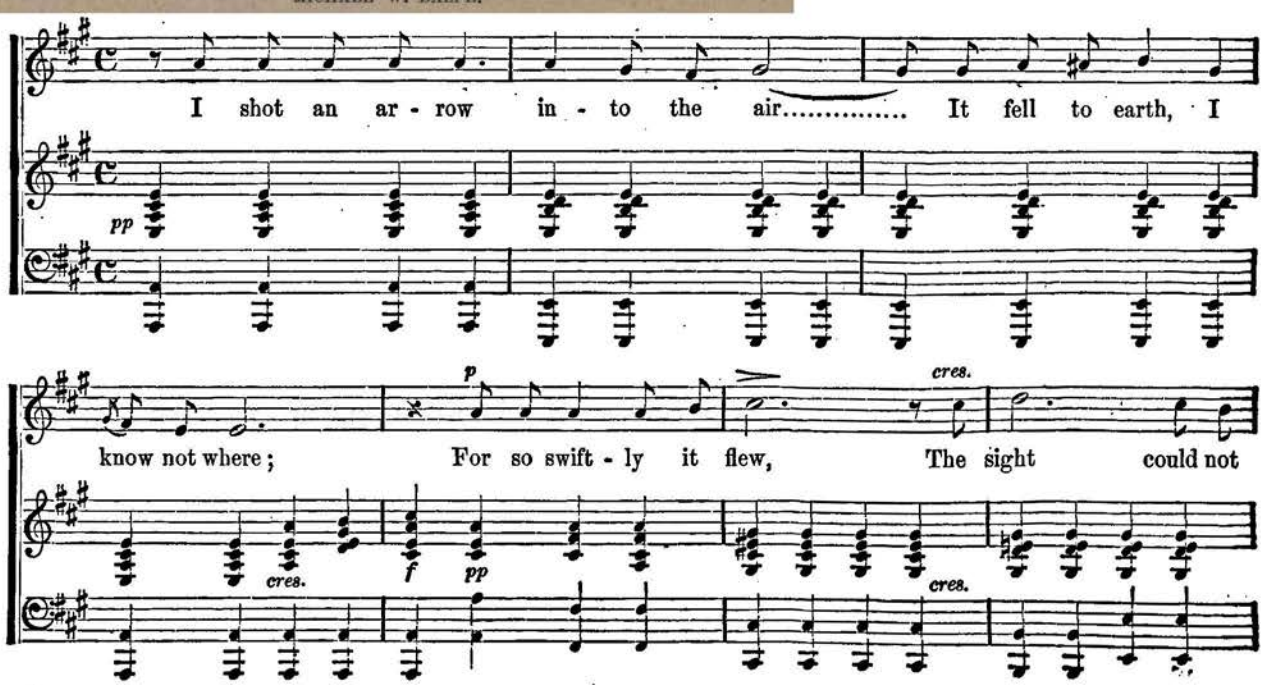
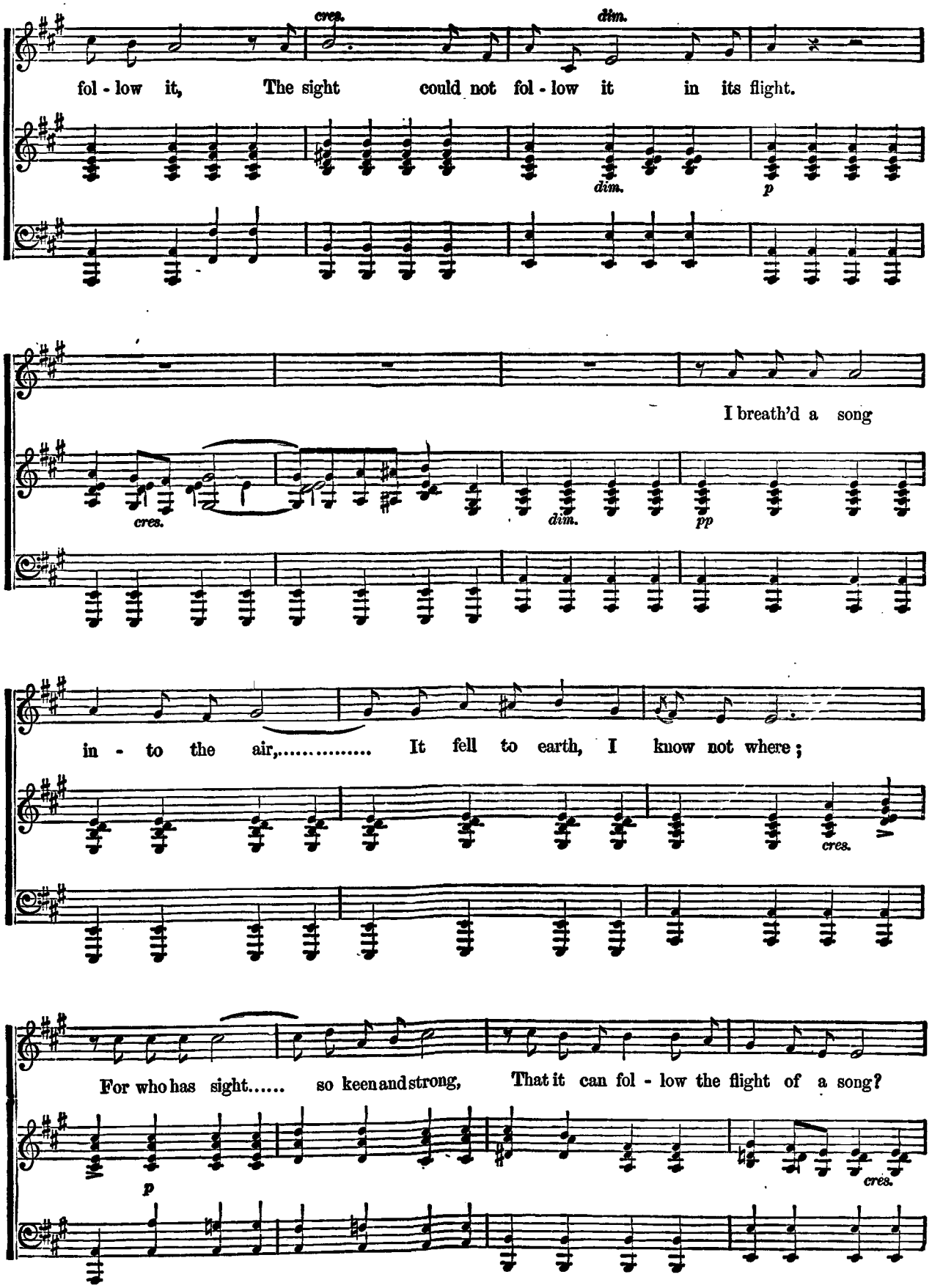
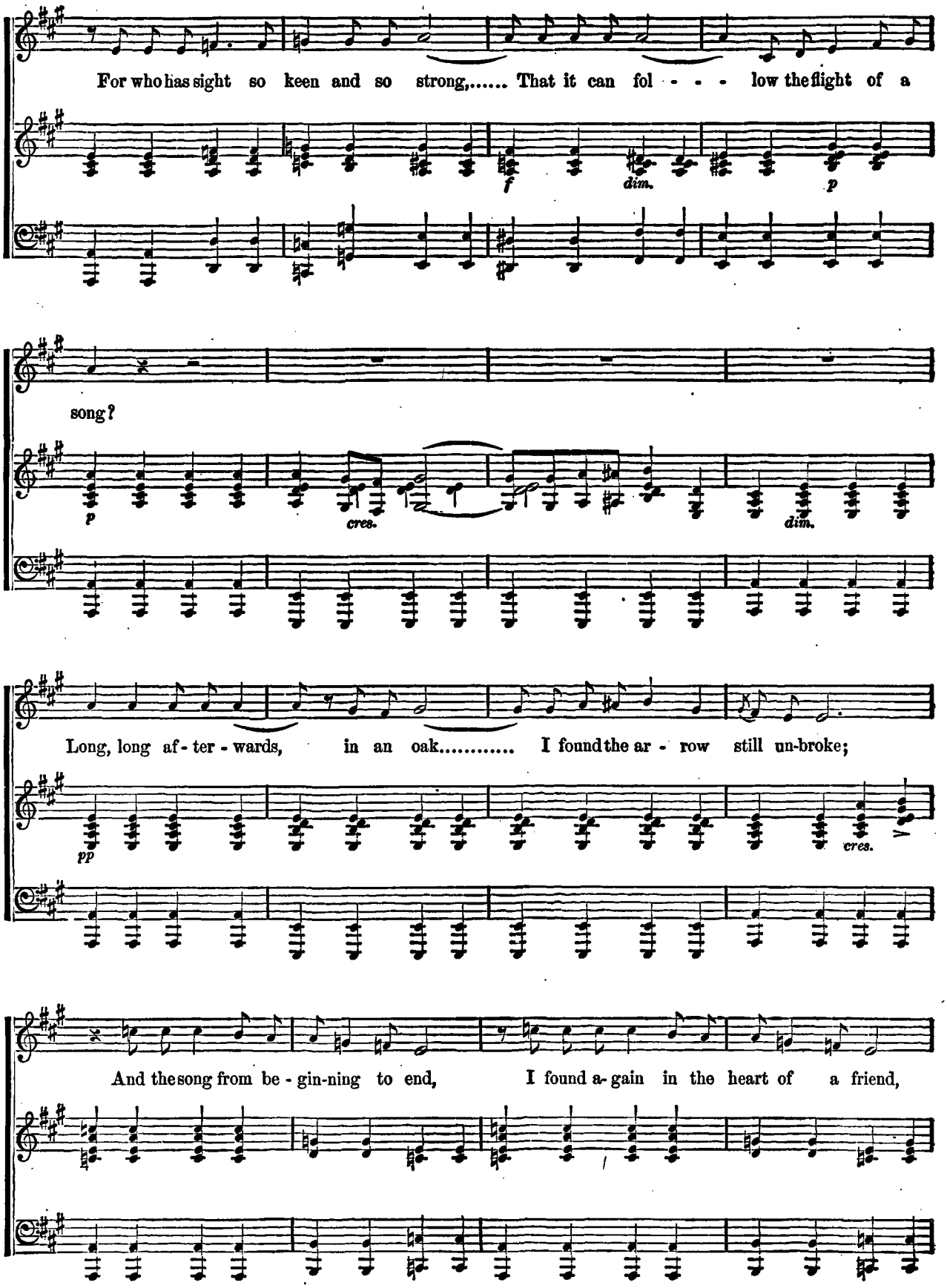
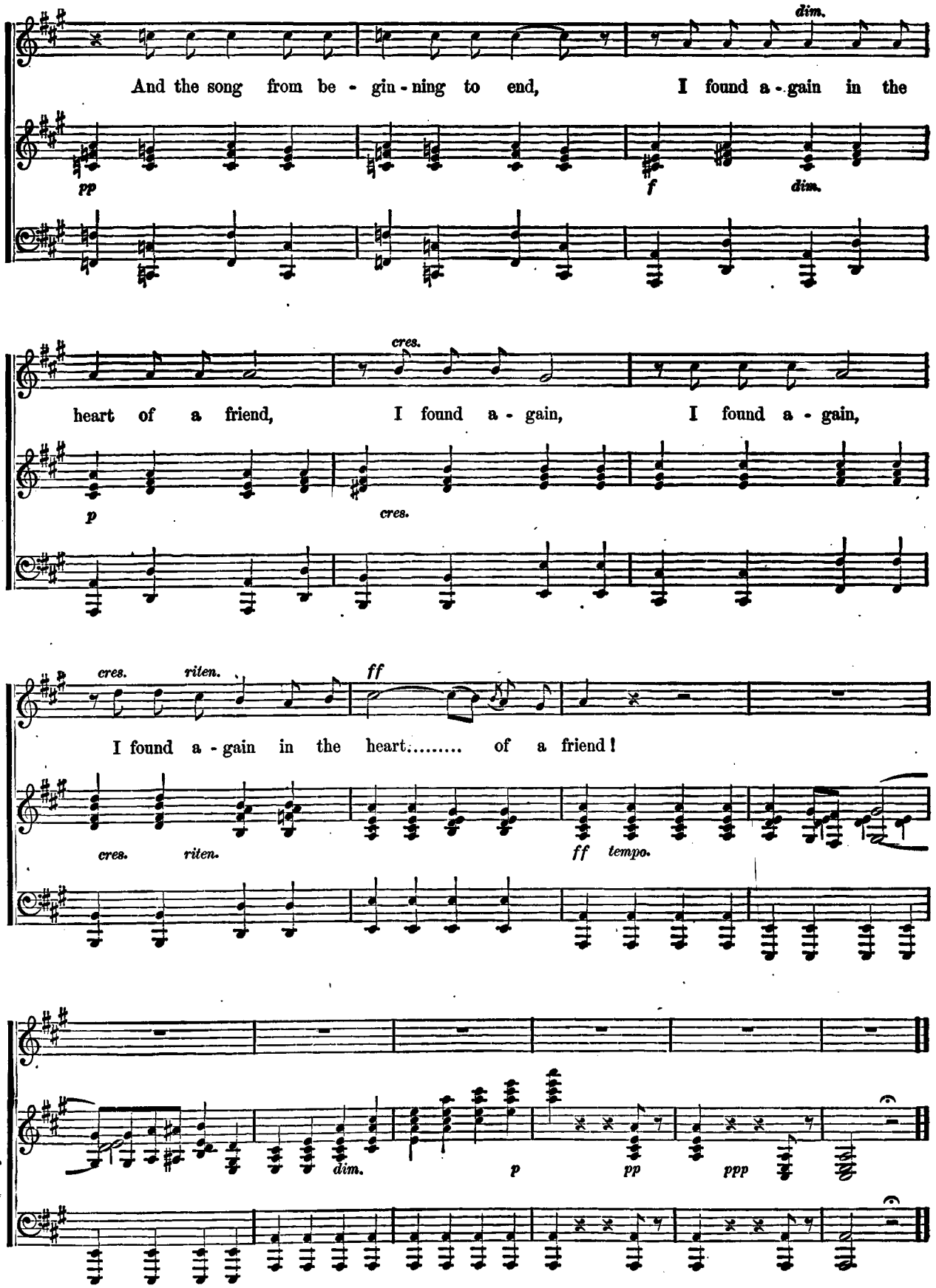

Tempo.
f
mf
Lie at rest on Fa - ther's breast, Noth - ing there shall harm thee; Moth - er to her
Yet my arm can shield from harm Moth - er's part - ing treas - ure. Till we there to -
Tempo.
f
mf
Lie at rest on Fa - ther's breast, Noth - ing there shall harm thee; Moth - er to her
Yet my arm can shield from harm Moth - er's part - ing treas - ure. Till we there to -
Tempo.
f
mf
Tempo.
f
mf
p dim.
pp
mf
home is gone, To her home be - yond the sea; She hath left me here a - lone,
geth - er meet In that home be - yond the sea; Some - thing she hath left me, Sweet,
p dim.
pp
mf
home is gone, To her home be - yond the sea; She hath left me here a - lone,
geth - er meet In that home be - yond the sea; Some - thing she hath left me, Sweet,
p dim.
pp
mf
p dim.
pp
mf

Ba - by with no nurse but me.
Ba - by still re - mains with me.
Lie still, lie still my lit - - tle
Ba - by with no nurse but me.
Ba - by still re - mains with me.
Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!
Hush! Hush! Hush!
one! Lie still, lie still my lit - - - tle one! lie still.
hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! my lit - tle one! lie still.
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

* The quarters should be sung in the same time as the previous eighths.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

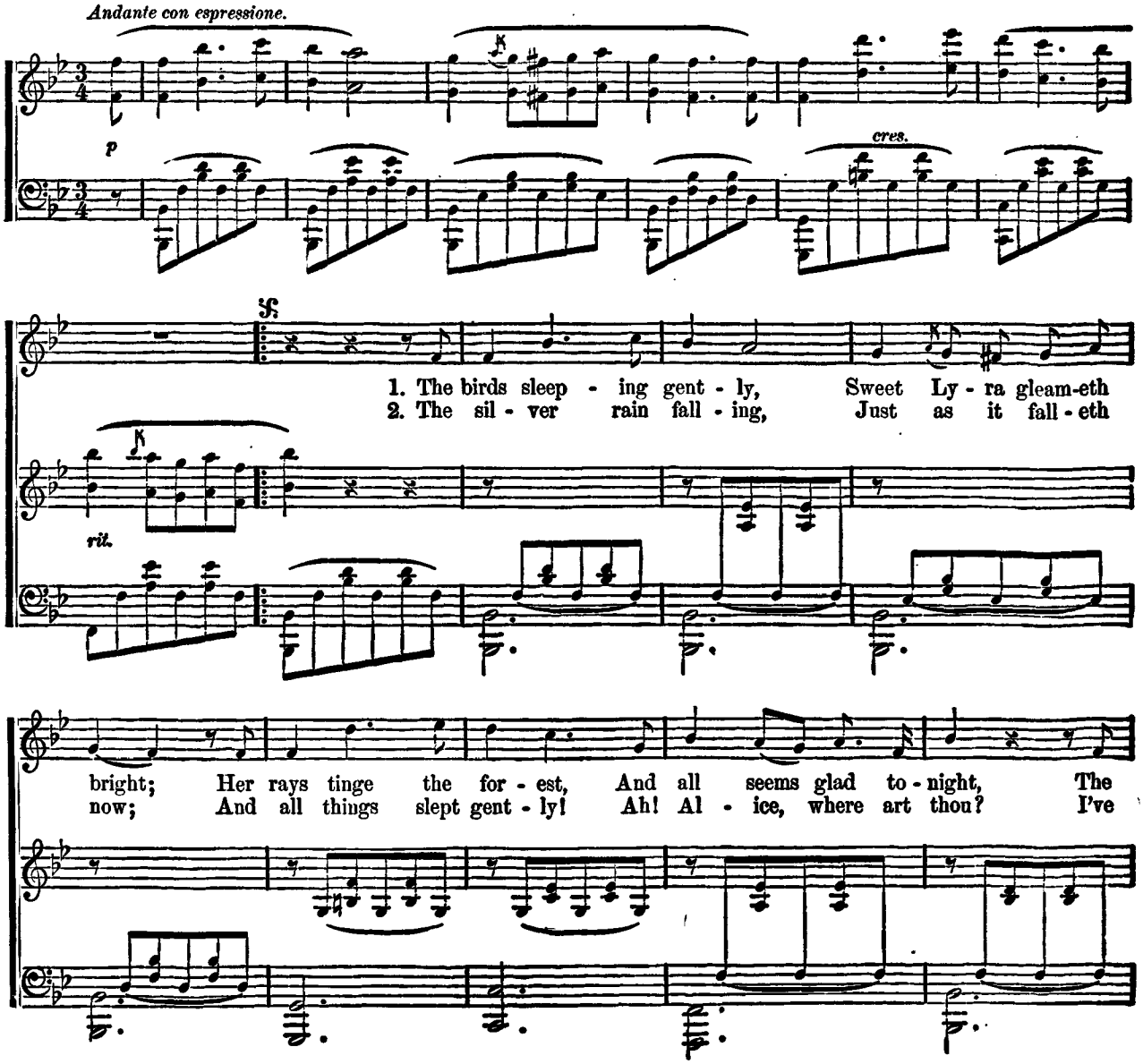
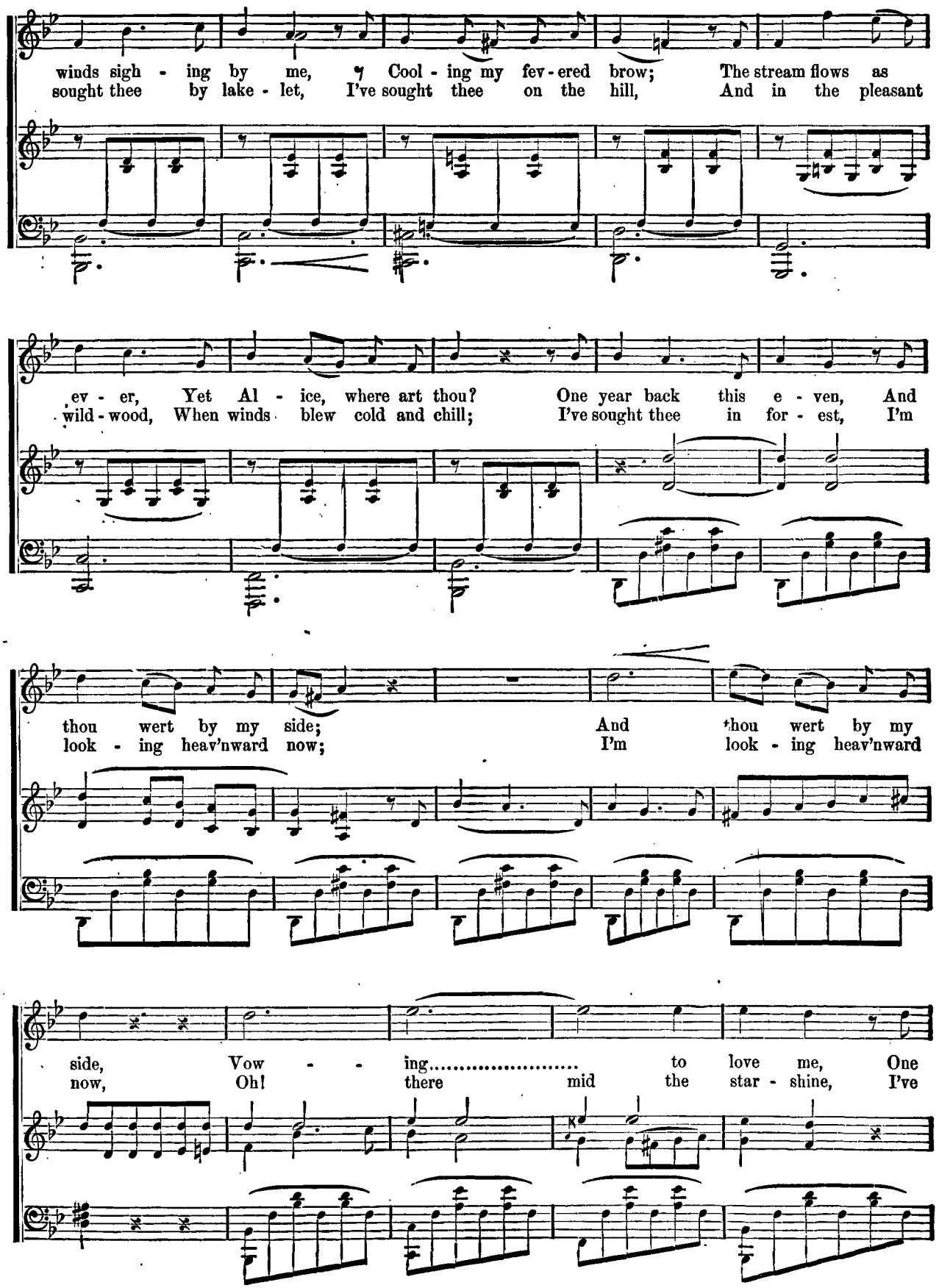
MICHAEL W. BALFE.

THE words of this song were written by LONGFELLOW. The composer of the music, MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE, was born in Dublin, Ireland, May 15, 1808. At the age of eight, he played a concerto on the violin at a public concert, and a year later he wrote a ballad, "The Lover's Mistake," which Madame Vestris introduced into the opera of "Paul Pry." In 1823 he went to London with Charles Edward Horn, as an articled pupil. He was soon engaged as principal violinist at the Drury lane oratories, and in the orchestra under Thomas Cooke. He was also cultivating his rich baritone voice. Count Mazzara, fancying he resembled a son whom his wife had lost, took young Balfe to Rome, where the Countess received him tenderly. He studied in Rome, Milan, and Paris, and in the latter city, appeared as Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," and made a great success. He came to the United States with his wife, and sang in opera, and, returning to London, appeared in his own first opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." From that time he devoted himself especially to composition and produced his well-known operas, of which "The Bohemian Girl" is the most popular. Balfe died in London, October 20, 1870.

cres.
dim.
fol - low it, The sight could not fol - low it in its flight.
dim.
p
I breath'd a song
cres.
dim.
pp
in - to the air,..... It fell to earth, I know not where;
cres.
For who has sight..... so keen and strong, That it can fol - low the flight of a song?
p
cres.

For who has sight so keen and so strong,..... That it can fol - - - - low the flight of a
f
dim.
p
song?
p
cres.
dim.
Long, long af - ter - wards, in an oak..... I found the ar - row still un-broke;
pp
cres.
And the song from be - gin-ning to end, I found a- gain in the heart of a friend,

dim.
And the song from be - gin - ning to end, I found a - gain in the
pp
f
dim.
cres.
heart of a friend, I found a - gain, I found a - gain,
p
cres.
cres. riten.
ff
I found a - gain in the heart..... of a friend!
cres. riten.
ff tempo.
dim.
p
pp
ppp

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

ROMANCE.

FAMILIAR wherever song-music is known, this is the most strikingly and the most permanently popular production of JOSEPH ASCHER, the brilliant composer and pianist, who sacrificed a highly promising career to the fascinations of Parisian society, while he was pianist to the Empress Eugenie. The words were written by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY, an Irish composer, poet and *litterateur*, who achieved a fair measure of success in many fields. The son of an officer in the British army, he was born at Mullingar, Ireland, in 1817, and died in London in 1885. While a boy he was a pupil in music of the celebrated Mercadante, at Lisbon. He composed some excellent songs, of which the best known is "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree," a mass, and several other works. But his chief contribution to song writing was the composition of words for the music of others, "Mary Blane" and "Alice, Where Art Thou?" being the most celebrated of these. During his eventful life he saw some service in the army, travelled extensively in foreign lands, and for forty years was an officer or a newspaper correspondent with nearly every British army that engaged in foreign wars. He was the travelling companion, in Brazil and Chili, of the eccentric and restless composer, William Vincent Wallace, and was at one time engaged by the President of Paraguay as an engineer officer. His later years were spent in London, in literary and musical pursuits, and he was London correspondent of American newspapers. The sale of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" ran up into the hundreds of thousands, although, when it was first produced the manuscript was refused by several music publishers, who were unwilling to take it at the modest price of £5.


Andante con espressione.
p
cres.
1. The birds sleep - ing gent - ly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam-eth
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing, Just as it fall - eth
rit.
bright; Her rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to - night, The
now; And all things slept gent - ly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've

winds sigh - ing by me, Cool - ing my fev - ered brow; The stream flows as
sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill, And in the pleasant
ev - er, Yet Al - ice, where art thou? One year back this e - ven, And
wild - wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for - est, I'm
thou wert by my side; And thou wert by my
look - ing heav'nward now; I'm look - ing heav'nward
side, Vow - - ing..... to love me, One
now, Oh! there mid the star - shine, I've

year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side; Vow - ing to
sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'nward now; Oh!..... there a

love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.
mid the starshine, Al - ice, I know art thou.

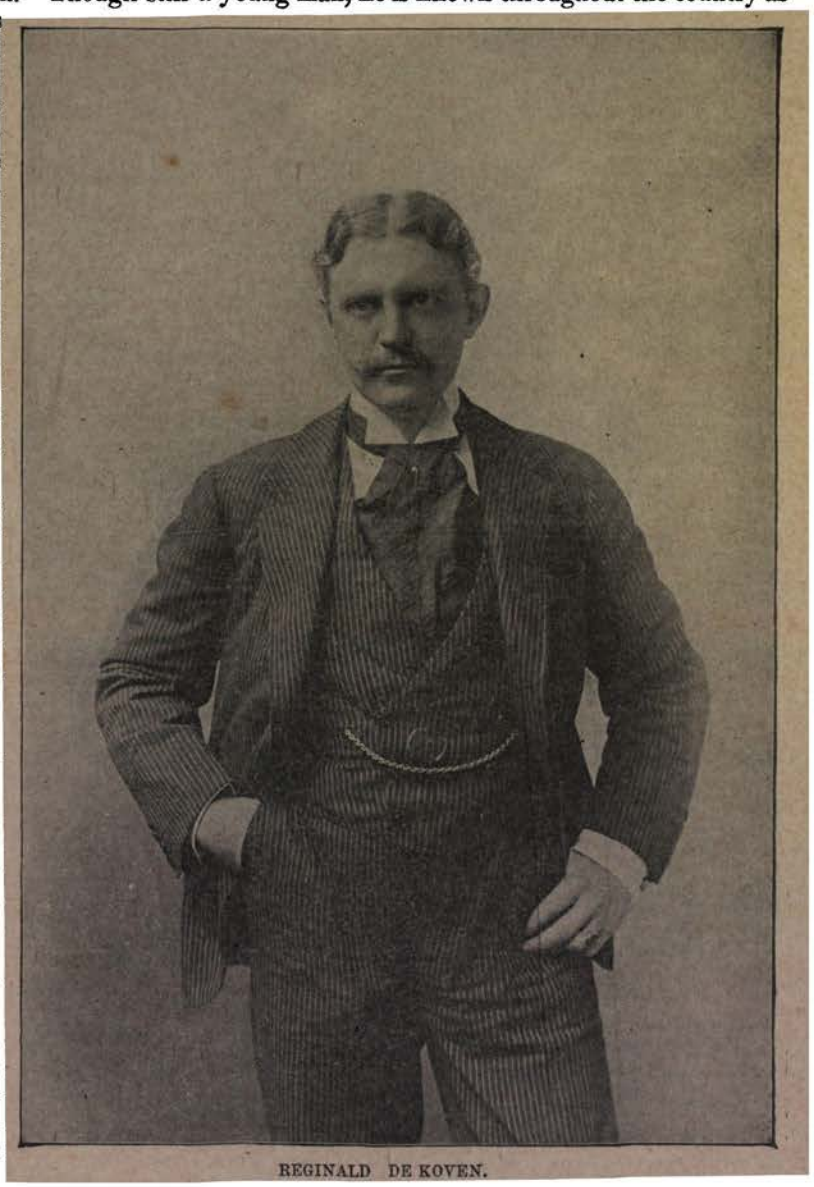
Last time.

Last time.

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.

CRADLE SONG.

As a distinct and noteworthy element among American musicians of the younger school, REGINALD DEKOVEN, within a very few years since he began his musical career, has acquired an enviable reputation in the fields of composition and musical criticism. Though still a young man, he is known throughout the country as the composer of several successful operas—one of which, "Robin Hood," reached its two-thousandth performance within five years after its first production; his lyric songs, which were graceful, scholarly, and characteristically original, were sung everywhere; and the musical critiques which he contributes to the periodical and daily press are regarded as the expression of sound and discriminating opinions on the current music of the day. To assiduous musical study he had added a broad and liberal general culture, and these, with an engaging personality, and good social standing, stimulated an exceptional interest in the career of this composer of many delightful works.



REGINALD DE KOVEN.

He first came before the public as a composer in 1881, when he was in his twenty-second year. At this time appeared "Marjorie Daw," of which he wrote both words and music. During the next fifteen years he composed industriously, producing more than one hundred songs, half a dozen operas and many minor works.

Reginald deKoven was born in Middletown, Conn., in 1859. His musical ability was early recognized; and when fourteen years of age he was sent to Germany, where he studied the piano under Wilhelm Spidl at Stuttgart. After a short period of devotion to musical studies he abandoned his original intention of becoming a professional pianist and entered St. John's College, Oxford, England; from which institution he graduated with honors in 1879. He then returned to the continent, resumed the study of the piano in Stuttgart, counterpoint in Frankfurt, and singing in Florence under the renowned Vannuccini.

His first operatic venture was "Cupid, Hymen & Co.," which was never publicly performed; but the "Begum," which followed, was produced under Col. McCaull's management and was highly successful. This so encouraged the young composer that he returned to Europe and studied operatic composition for a long time under Richard Genee in Vienna; and while under Genee's instruction he composed "Don Quixote." In June, 1890, his greatest work, and the work that has been called the greatest American opera, "Robin Hood," was finished, and this was followed by "The Knickerbockers," "The Fencing Master," in 1892 and "The Algerian," in 1893; and in the following year "Rob Roy" and "The Tzigane" appeared, making a total of six successful operatic productions in as many years. Among his principal songs are: "Oh! Promise Me;" "A Winter's Lullaby;" "Persian Love Song;" "Little Doris;" "Indian

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Love Song;" "My Love Will Come To-day;" and "Cradle Song." The words of the latter are by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In 1884 Mr. DeKoven married the eldest daughter of Senator Farwell of Chicago, a lady of marked literary attainments. The home of the DeKovens is thus one of culture and refinement,—a literary and musical centre. In 1891 he became musical critic of the New York *World*.

Allegretto. Marcato il movimento.

mf con delicatezza.

Ere the moon be - gins to rise,

Or a star to shine,..... All the blue - bells

close their eyes; So close thine,..... Thine, dear,

f *dim.* *rall.* *p*

Ped. ✻

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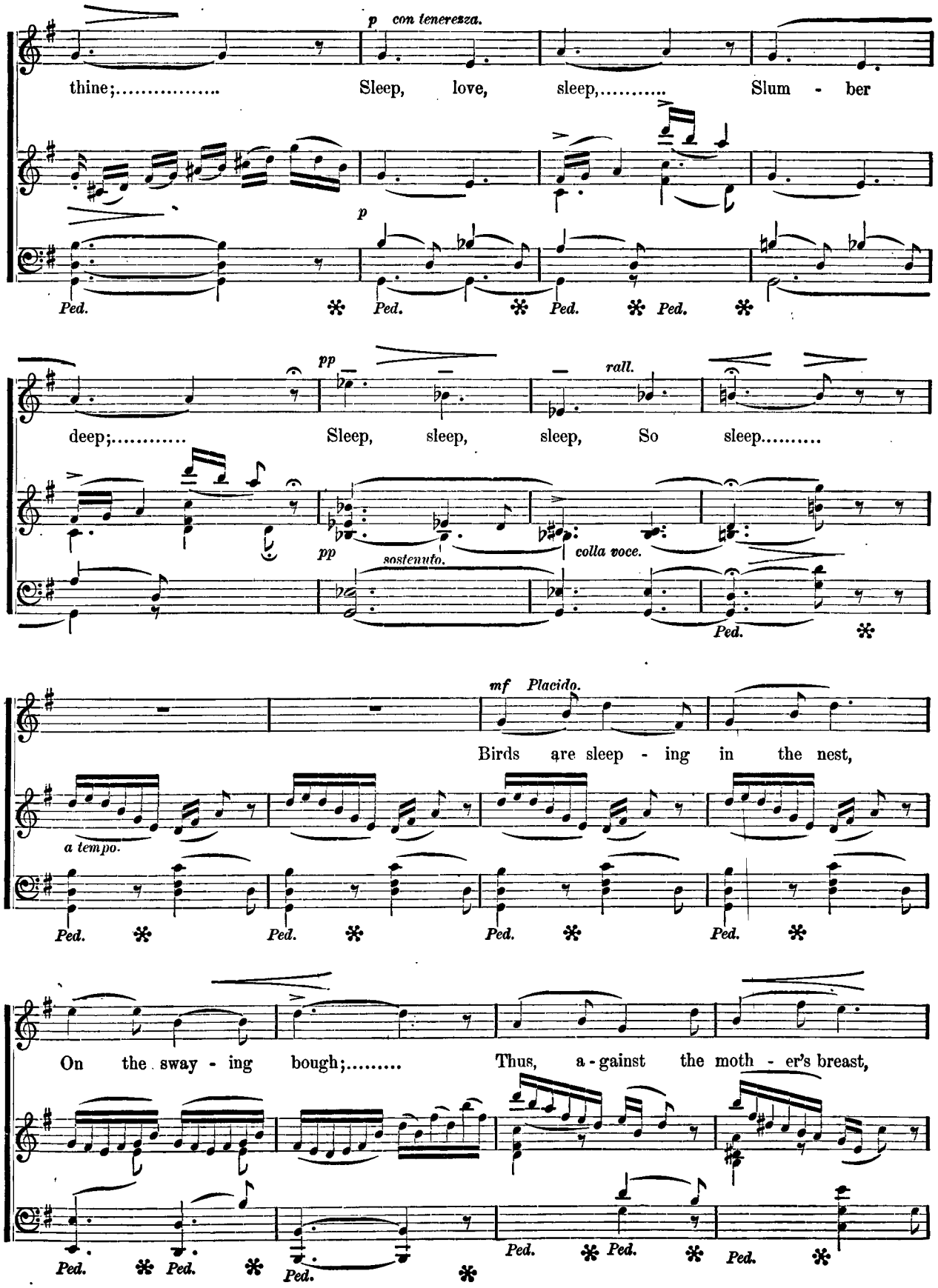
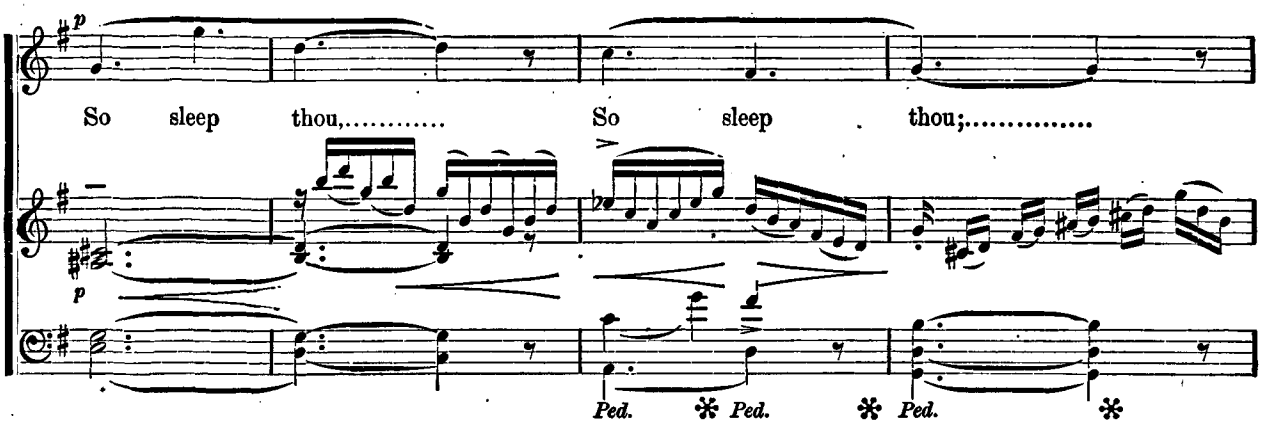
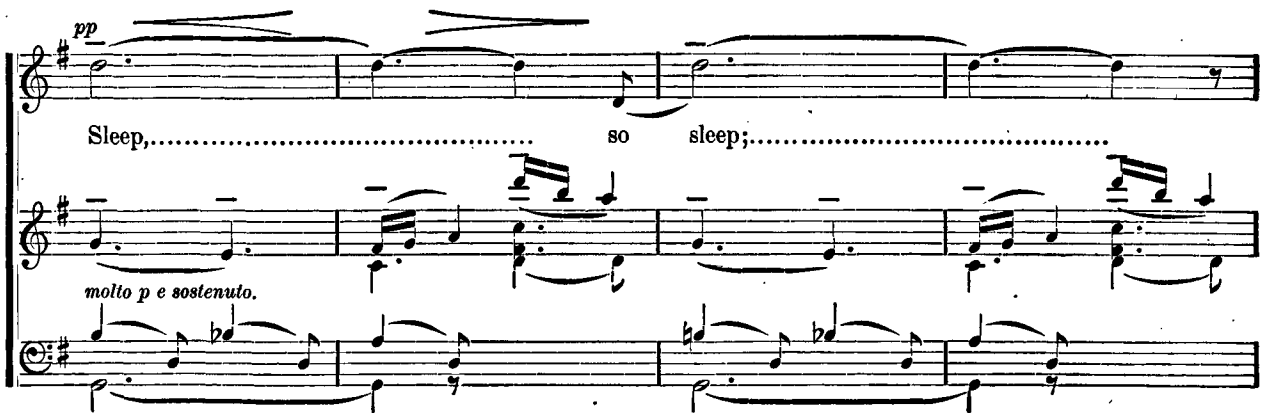
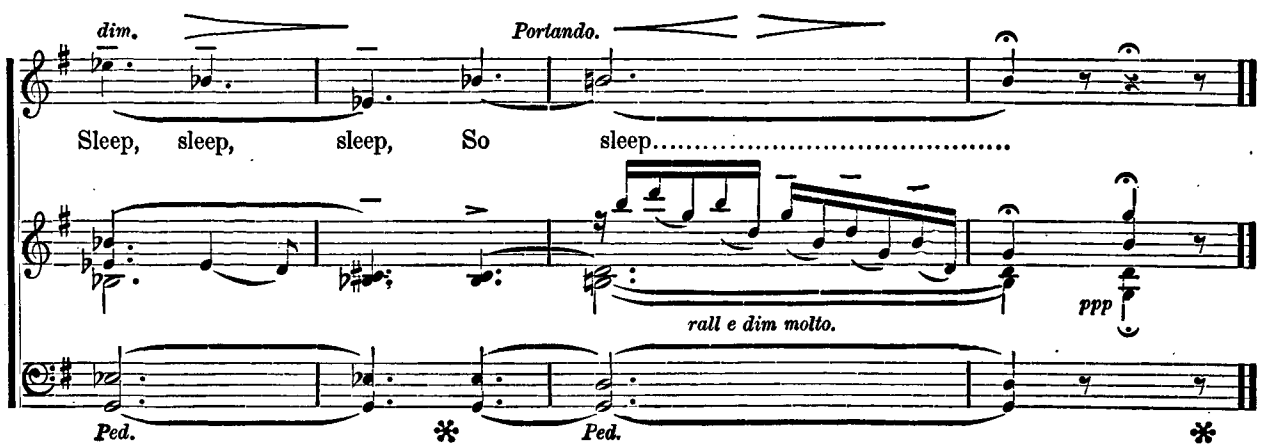

p con tenerezza.
thine;..... Sleep, love, sleep,..... Slum - ber
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
pp
rall.
deep;..... Sleep, sleep, sleep, So sleep.....
pp sostenuto.
colla voce.
Ped.
mf Placido.
Birds are sleep - ing in the nest,
a tempo.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
On the sway - ing bough;..... Thus, a - gainst the moth - er's breast,
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.



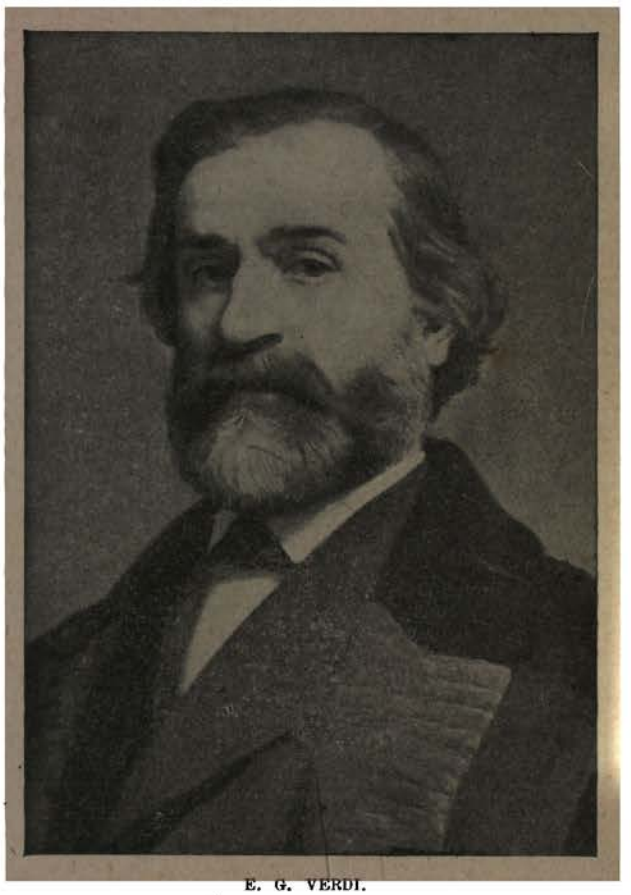


Ere the moon begins to rise,
Or a star to shine,
All the bluebells close their eyes;
So close thine,
Thine, dear, thine;
Sleep, love, sleep,
Slumber deep;
So sleep.

Birds are sleeping in the nest,
On the swaying bough;
Thus, against the mother's breast,
So sleep thou,
So sleep thou;
Sleep, so sleep;
So sleep.

AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

ONE of the most delicious and favorite numbers in GUISEPPE VERDI'S most popular opera "Trovatore" is the extremely tuneful serenade, in which Manrico sings farewell to Leonora from the tower in which he is confined; while she, unknown to him, listens without the wall, having come to save him by giving her hand to her rival, the Count di Luna, by whom he has been imprisoned. The English version of the words of this song, replete with passion and pathos, were written by CHARLES JEFFERYS, the veteran composer of songs, of whose work several examples appear in these pages.



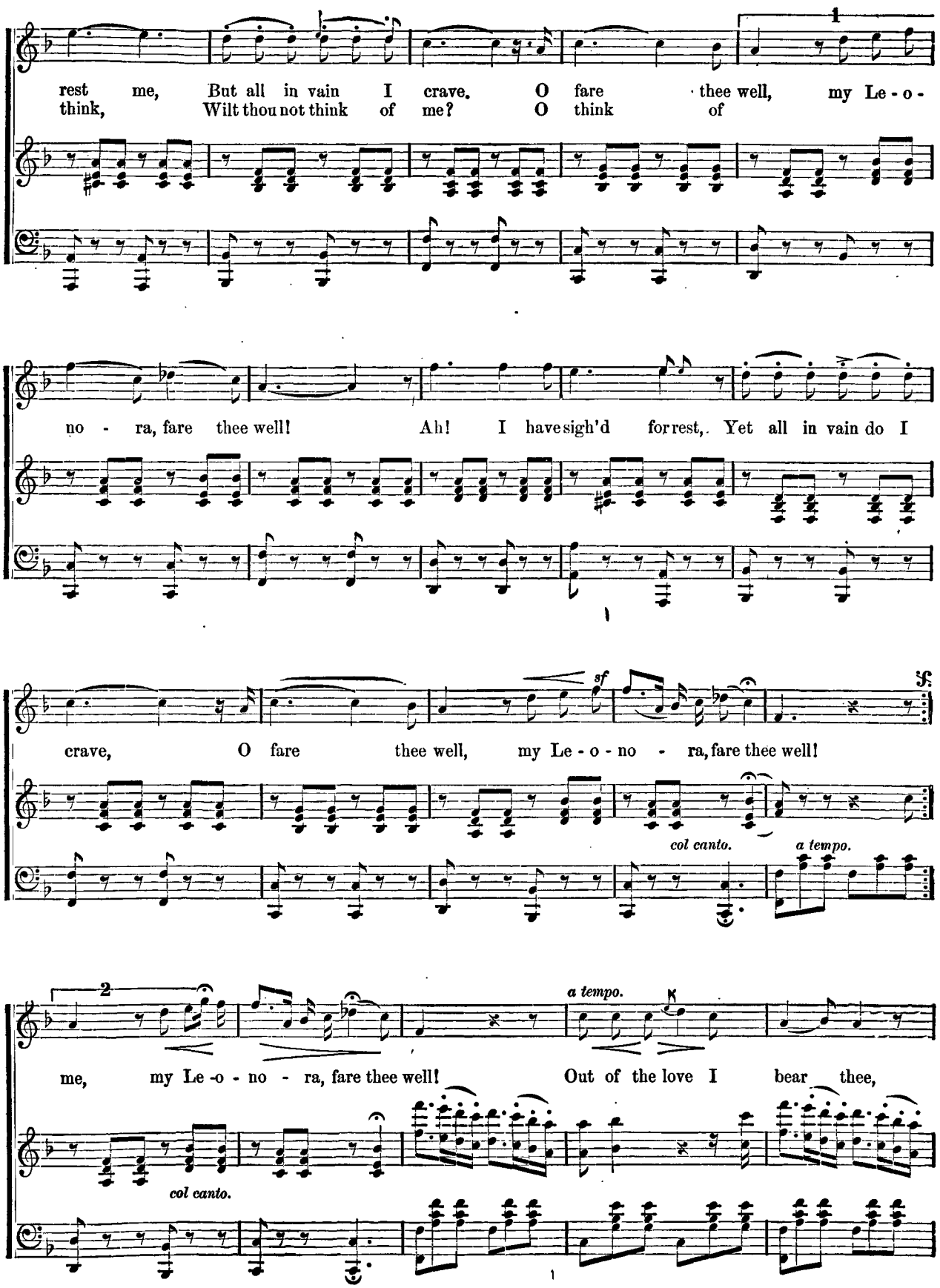
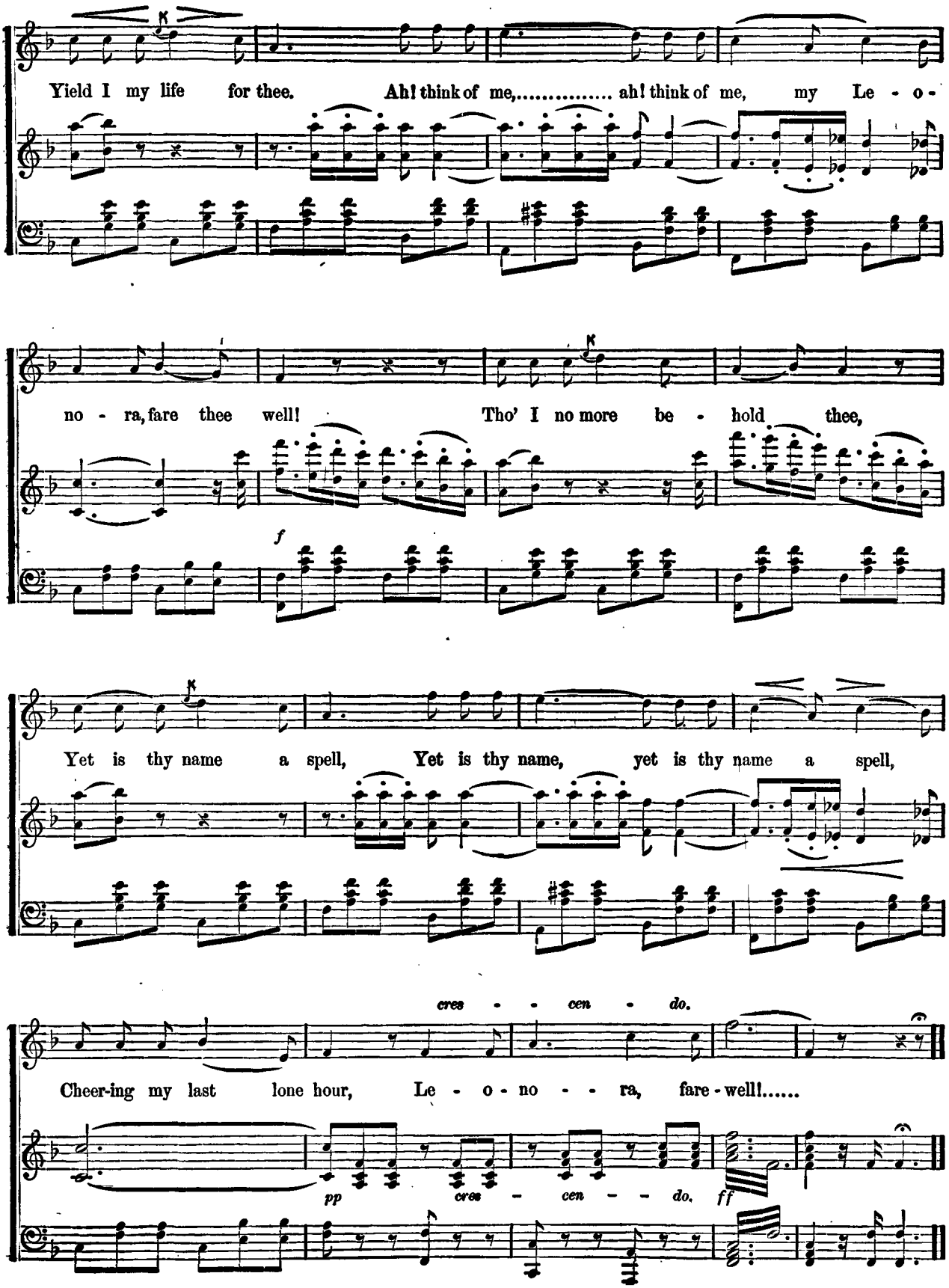
E. G. VERDI.

Andante sostenuto.

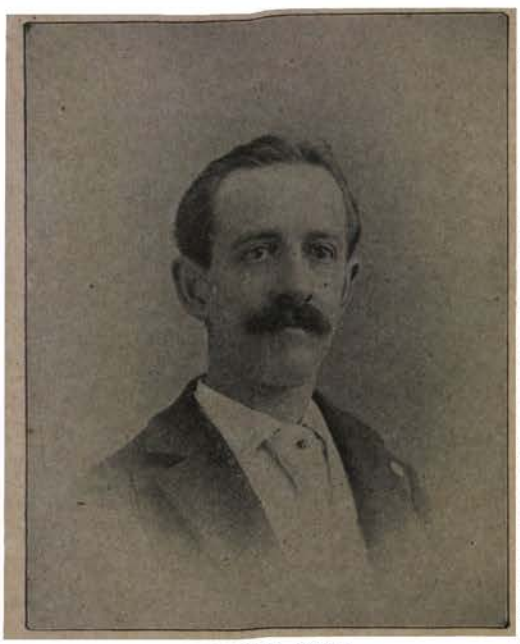
dolce e legato.
mf

dolce.

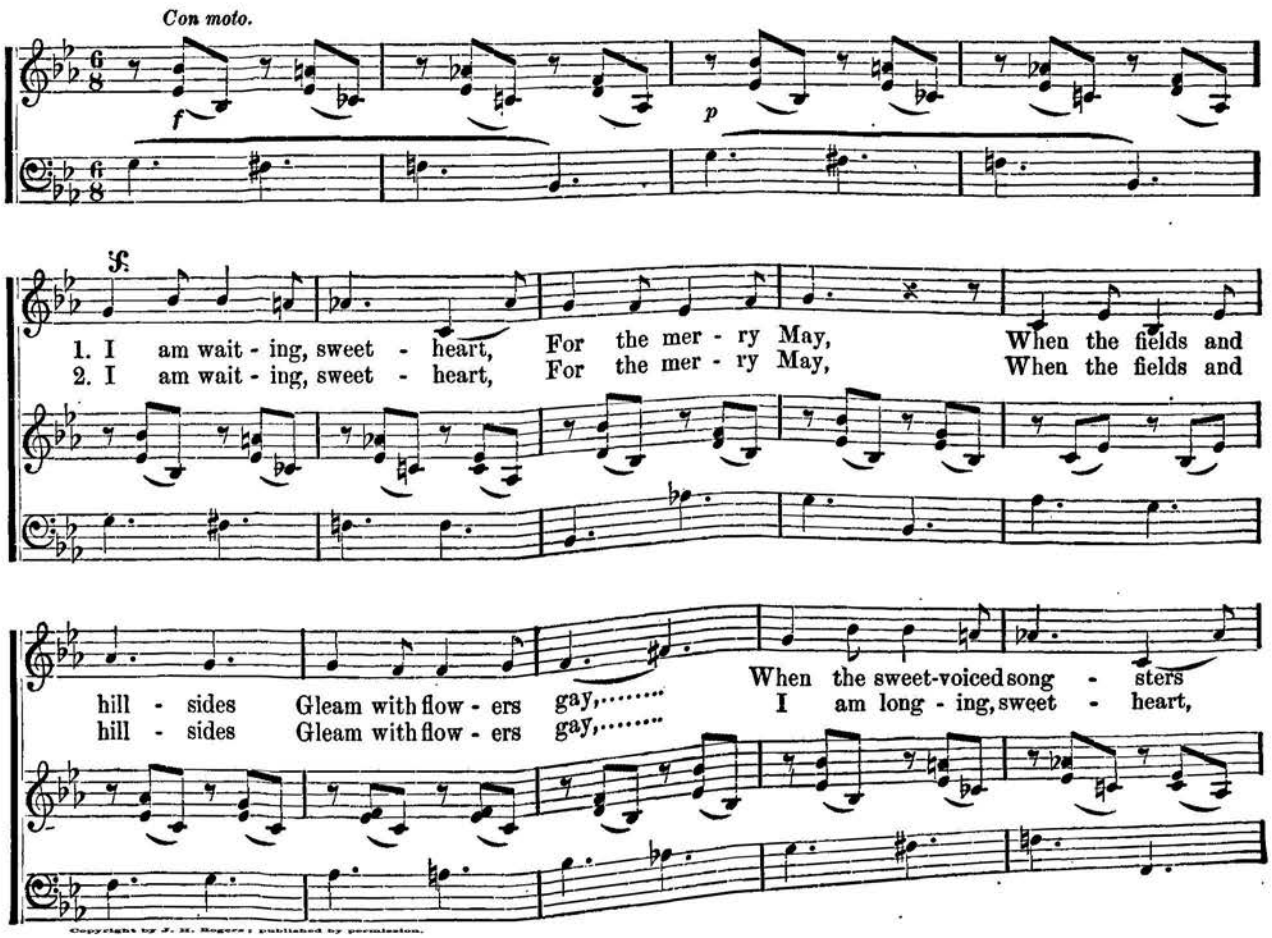
1. Ah..... ..... I have sigh'd to
2. Out..... of the love I

rest.....me Deep in the qui - et grave,— sigh'd to
bear.....thee, Yield I my life for thee; Wilt thou not

rest me, But all in vain I crave. O fare thee well, my Le - o -
think, Wilt thou not think of me? O think of
no - ra, fare thee well! Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I
crave, O fare thee well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well!
sf
col canto.
a tempo.
me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well! Out of the love I bear thee,
a tempo.
col canto.

Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of me,..... ah! think of me, my Le - o -
no - ra, fare thee well! Tho' I no more be - hold thee,
f
Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,
cres - - cen - do.
Cheer-ing my last lone hour, Le - o - no - - ra, fare - well!.....
pp
cres - cen - do.
ff

A SONG OF MAY.



WILSON G. SMITH.

SWEETNESS and easy flow of melody, and a severe simplicity of harmonious arrangement, are prominently characteristic of nearly all the vocal music of the young American educator and composer to whom we are indebted for the setting to WILLIAM GARDNER'S beautiful "Song of May." WILSON G. SMITH, whose name is identified with the advancement of music in Ohio, is a native of Elyria, and a graduate of the public schools of Cleveland, his adopted city. He studied music under Otto Singer in Cincinnati; and under Kiel, Moskowski, Oscar Raif, Scharwenka, and other eminent German masters, in Berlin. The composition of several songs and a few instrumental pieces was followed by "Hommage a Grieg," consisting of arietta, capriccio, romanza, humoresque and mazurka. This important work revealed to the musical world a peculiar characteristic of the young composer's genius, in his ability to catch the spirit and individuality of others without servile imitation of their mere eccentricities; and a hearty commendation from the Scandinavian master to whom it was dedicated encouraged the American to publish his "Hommage a Schumann," "Hommage a Chopin" and "Hommage a Schubert;" of each of which it has been said that it might have been written by the master himself. Another noteworthy achievement of this resourceful instrumentalist is a series of three two-piano transcriptions for concert use; in which a waltz (Les Sylphes) by Bachmann, a Menuetto by Grieg, and the Valse a la Tyrolienne of Raff, have been amplified, enforced and embellished with remarkable success. His songs, among the best of which are "A Song of May," "If I but Knew," and Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume," are the work of a musician who possesses a genius for the invention of melody and a fine sense of harmonic propriety.

Con moto.
f
p
1. I am wait - ing, sweet - heart, For the mer - ry May, When the fields and
2. I am wait - ing, sweet - heart, For the mer - ry May, When the fields and
hill - sides Gleam with flow - ers gay,.....
hill - sides Gleam with flow - ers gay,.....
When the sweet-voiced song - sters
I am long - ing, sweet - heart,

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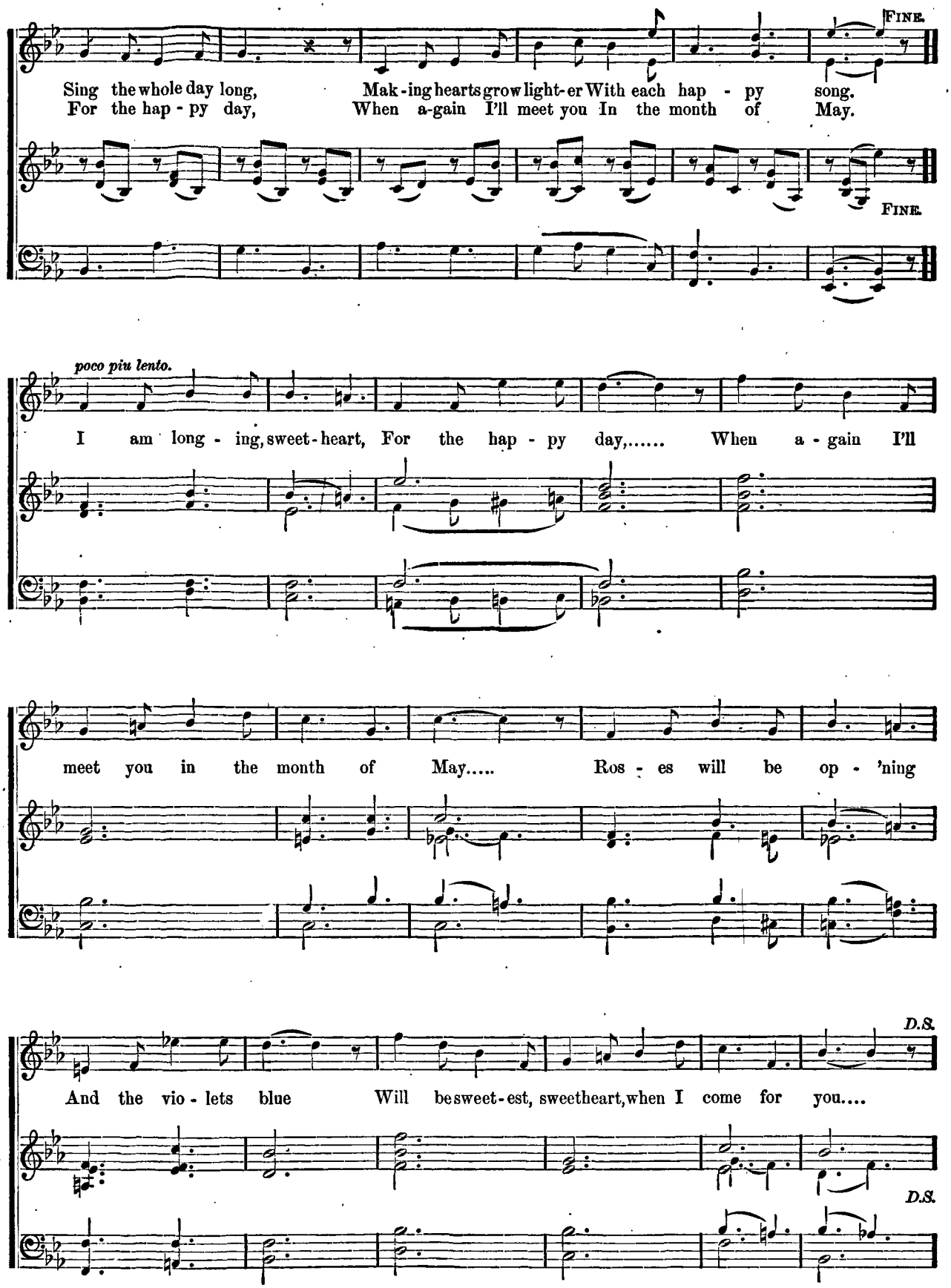
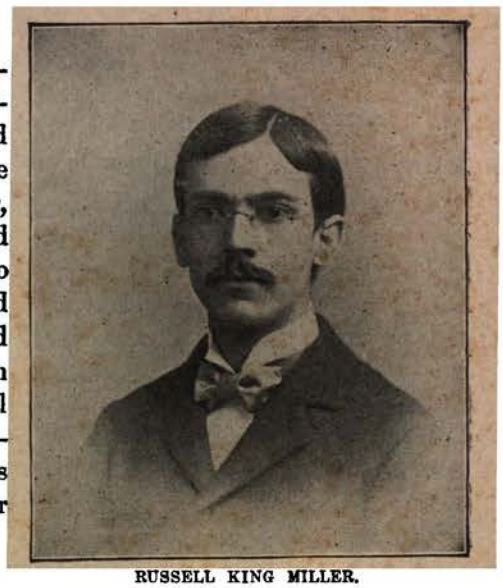
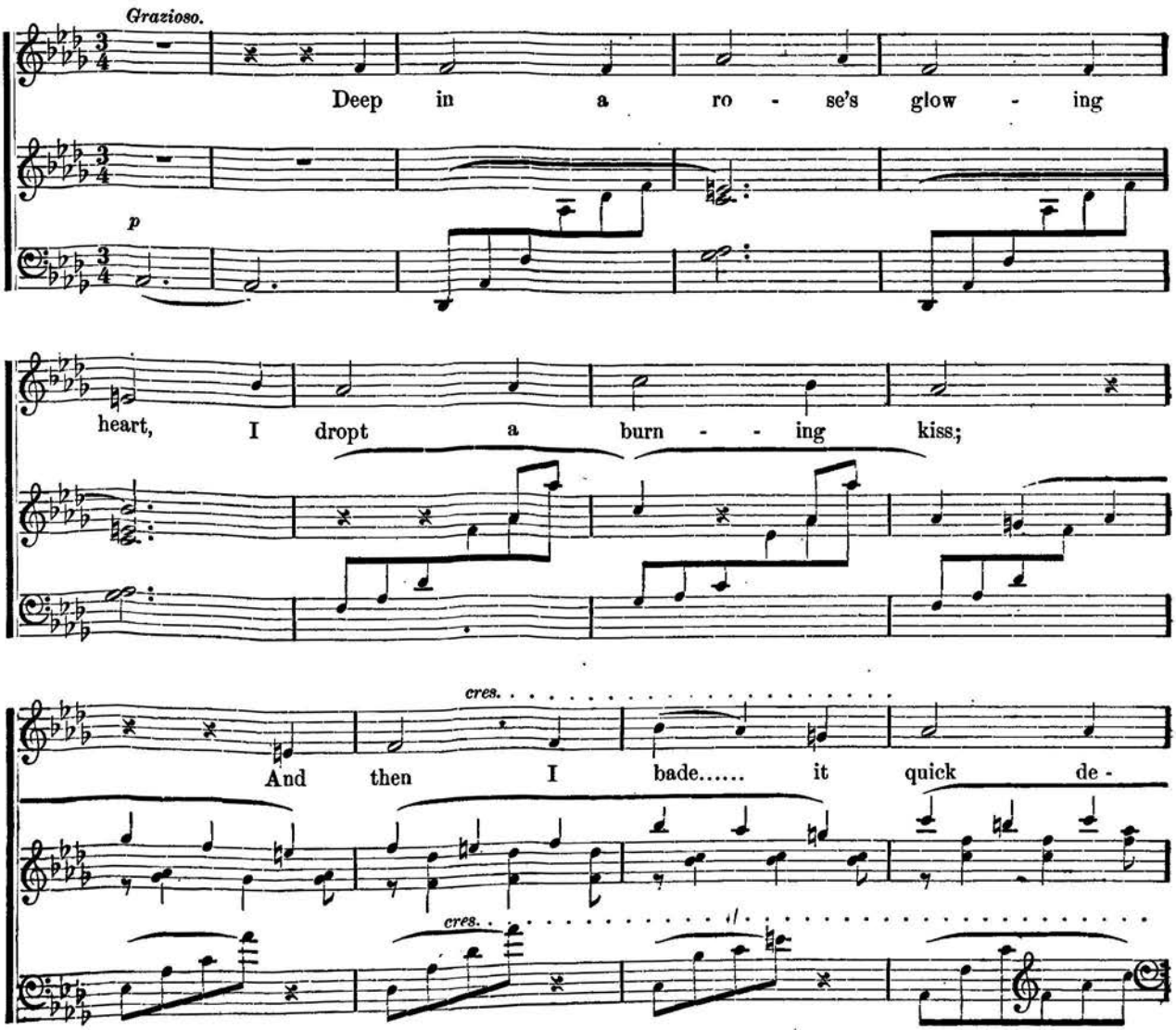

FINE.
Sing the whole day long, Mak-ing hearts grow light-er With each hap - py song.
For the hap - py day, When a-gain I'll meet you In the month of May.
FINE.
poco piu lento.
I am long - ing, sweet-heart, For the hap - py day,..... When a - gain I'll
meet you in the month of May..... Ros - es will be op - 'ning
D.S.
And the vio - lets blue Will be sweet-est, sweetheart, when I come for you....
D.S.

THE ROSE.



RUSSELL KING MILLER.

RUSSELL KING MILLER, a noted American organist and composer, who has for many years been identified with the musical progress of Philadelphia, was born in that city in 1871. He entered Princeton college in 1888; but left it after two years to pursue the study of music. After studying piano with Constantine Steinberg, and composition with Dr. Clarke, he came to New York 1891 and entered the composition class of Philip Scharwenka. He also studied the organ under Samuel P. Warren. In 1893 he returned to Philadelphia and accepted the position of organist in the Holland Memorial Presbyterian Church. He has made a speciality of organ and composition; his organ recitals have commanded universal admiration. He is an active and prominent member of the Manuscript Society of the United States. His published compositions include a "Symphonic Scherzo," several piano pieces, and a number of very popular songs—"The Rose" being, perhaps, the best.

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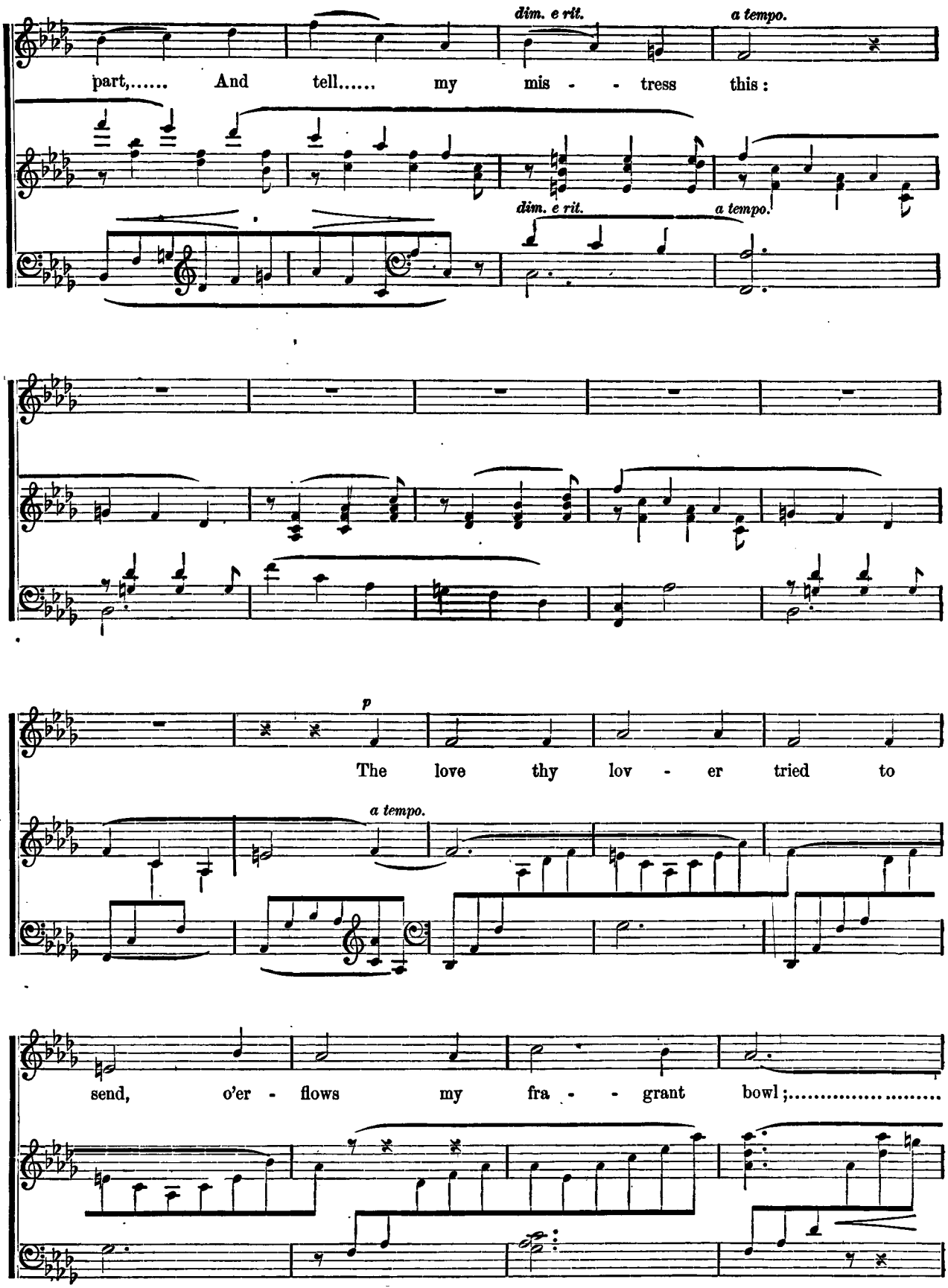
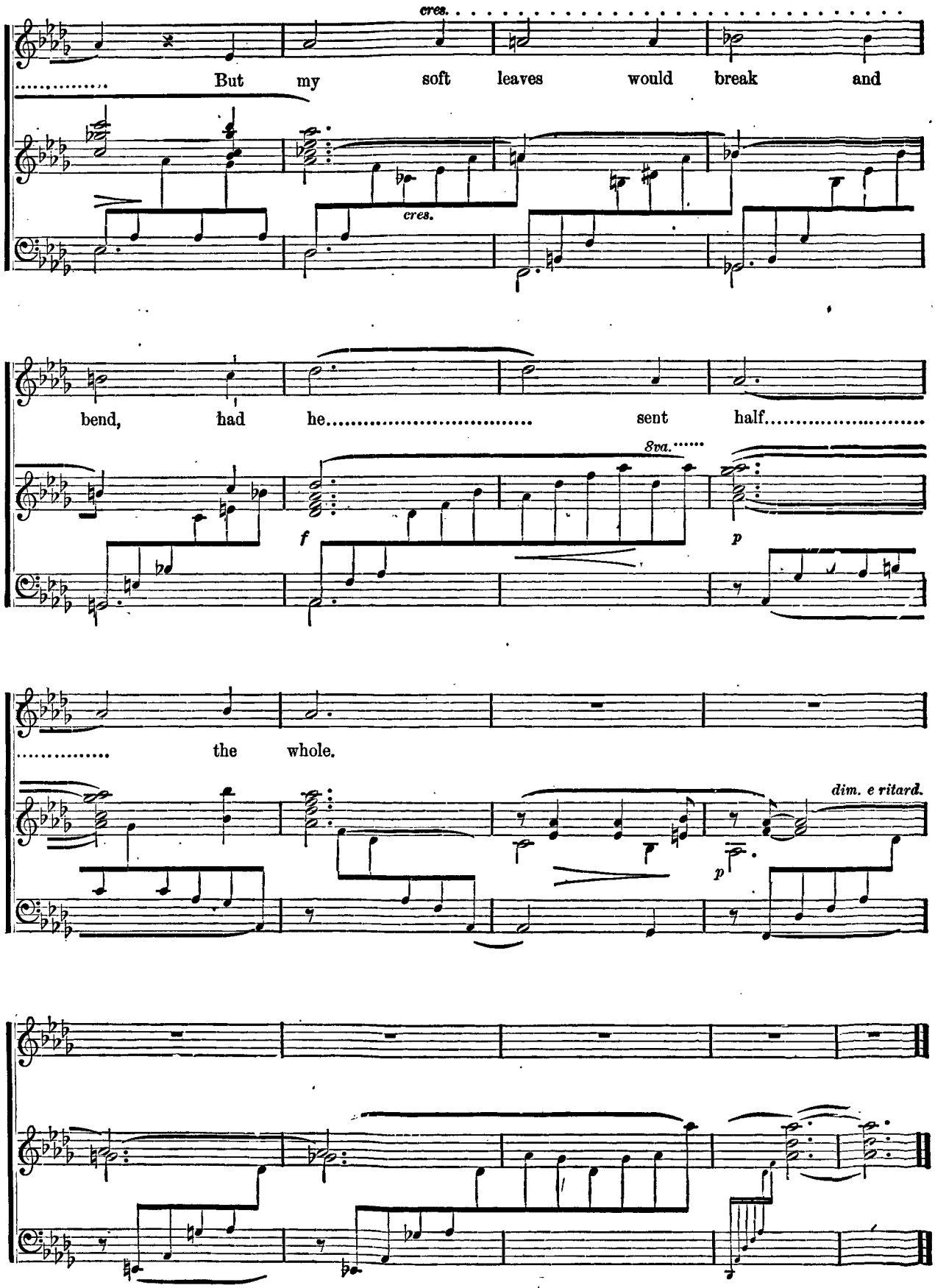
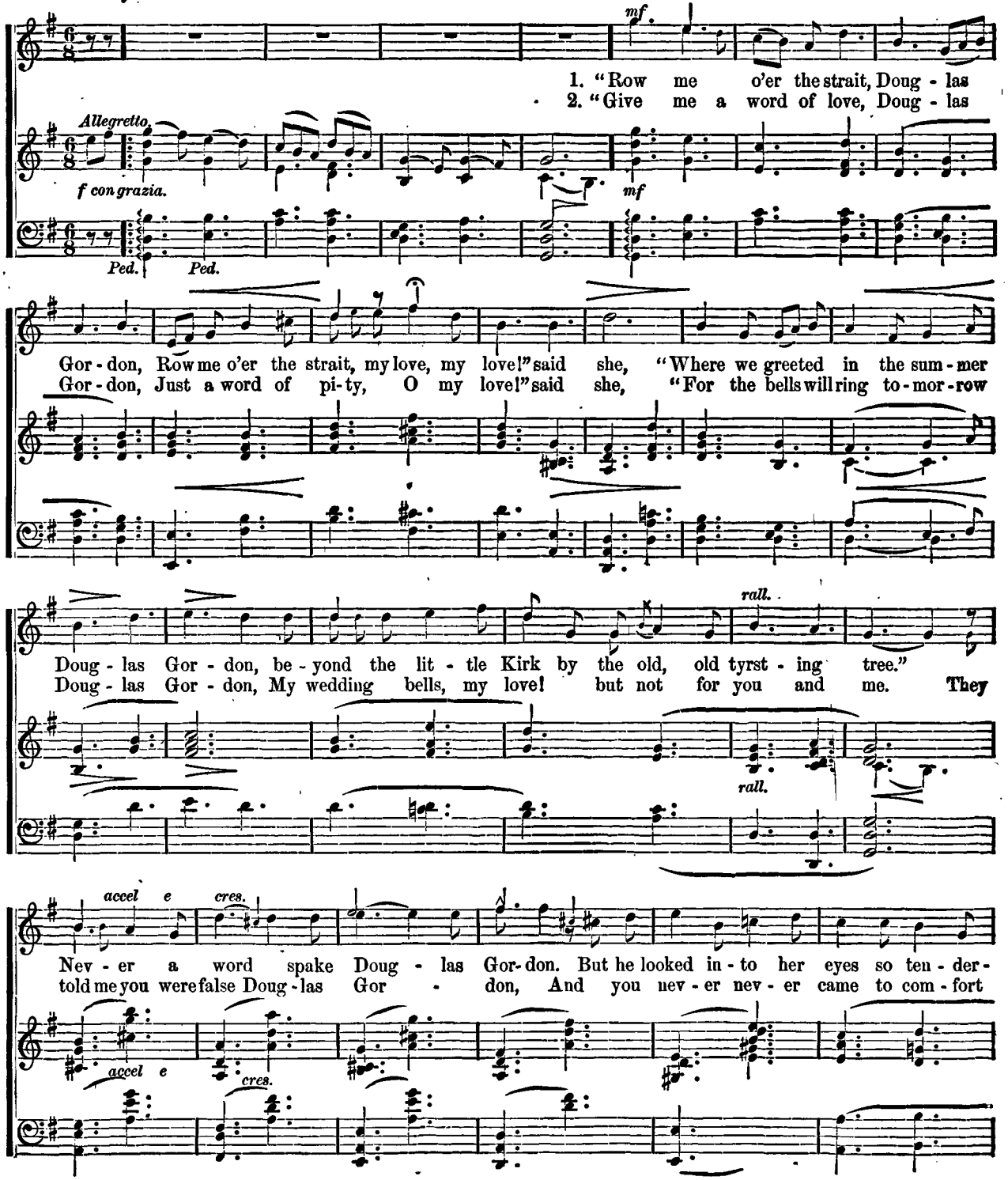
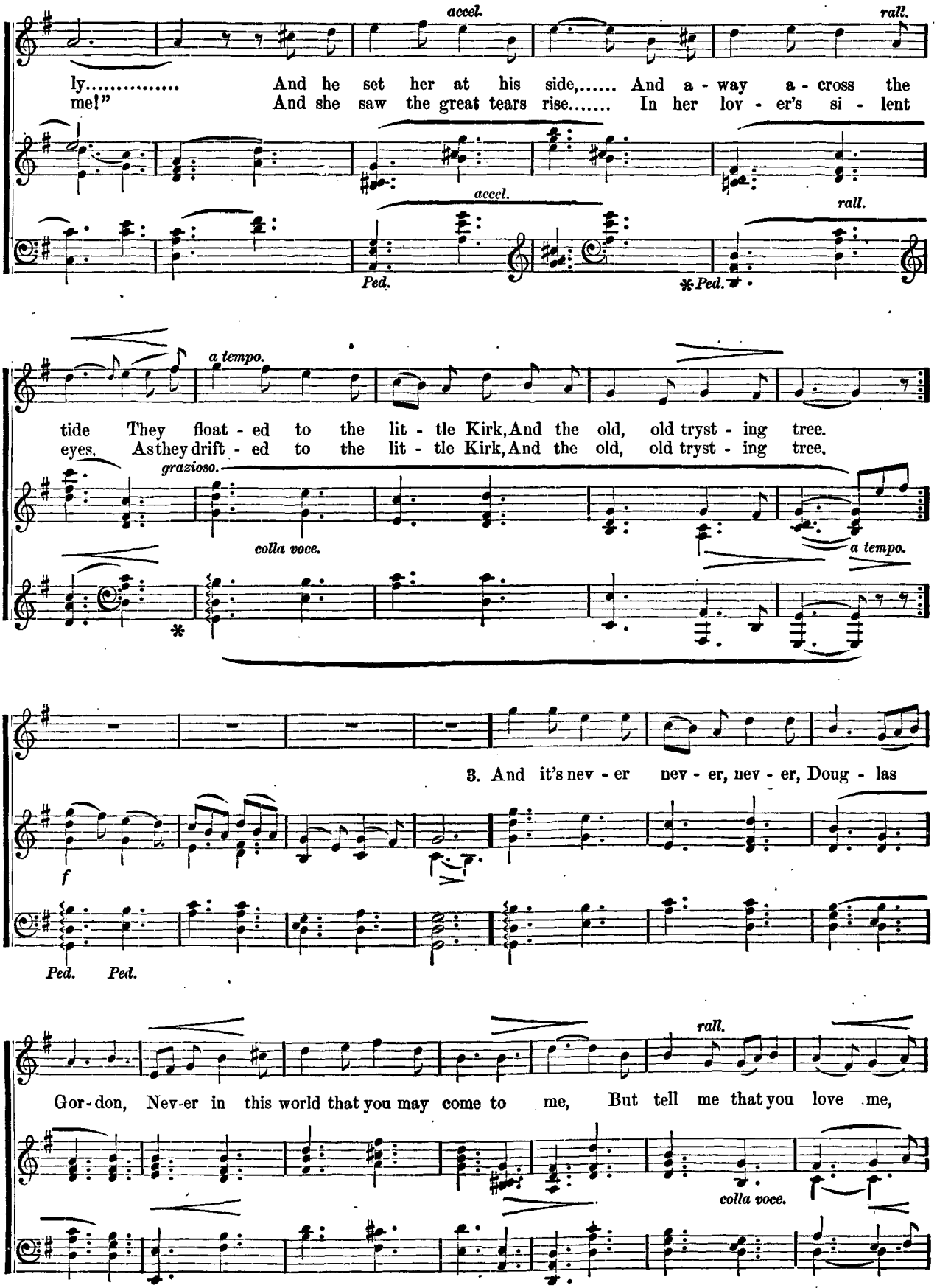
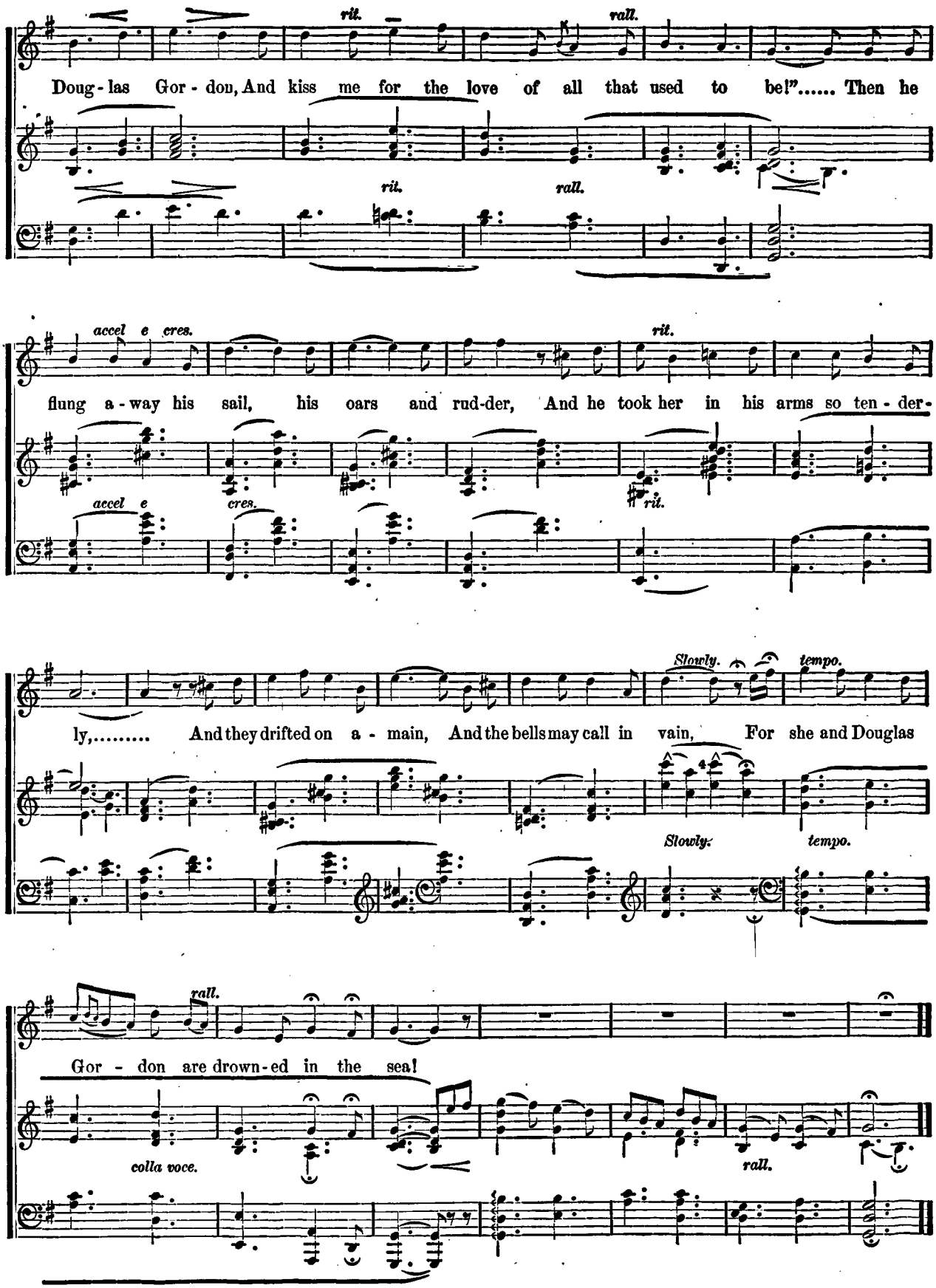

dim. e rit.
a tempo.
part,..... And tell..... my mis - - tress this:
dim. e rit.
a tempo.
p
The love thy lov - er tried to
a tempo.
send, o'er - flows my fra - - grant bowl;.....

R a 41
80082


cres.
But my soft leaves would break and
cres.
bend, had he sent half
8va.
f
p
the whole.
dim. e ritard.
p

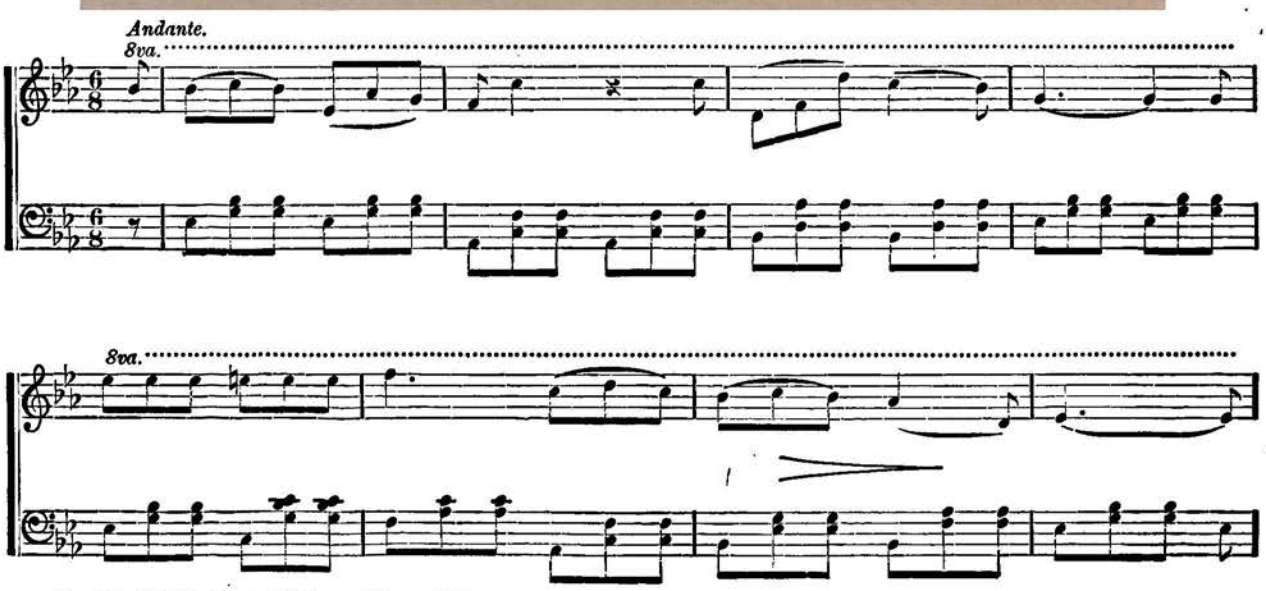
SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

ONE of the younger musicians of England, LAWRENCE KELLIE, has made a gratifying success with the characteristic drawing-room ballads of which he is the composer. They are so thoroughly individual as almost to constitute a distinct style of song, of which he is regarded as the inventor. A fine singer himself, and occasionally appearing in concerts, although in a non-professional way, he has introduced many of his own songs to the public by singing them. Some of his love songs have attained a degree of popularity that has amounted almost to a craze. "Douglas Gordon," the words of which are by FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY, is probably the best known of his compositions. Others are "I Had a Flower," "Love's Nocturne," "You Ask Me Why I Love."

mf
1. "Row me o'er the strait, Doug - las
2. "Give me a word of love, Doug - las
Allegretto.
f con grazia.
mf
Ped. Ped.
Gor - don, Row me o'er the strait, my love, my love!" said she, "Where we greeted in the sum - mer
Gor - don, Just a word of pi - ty, O my love!" said she, "For the bells will ring to - mor - row
rall.
Doug - las Gor - don, be - yond the lit - tle Kirk by the old, old tyrst - ing tree."
Doug - las Gor - don, My wedding bells, my love! but not for you and me. They
rall.
accel e
cres.
Nev - er a word spake Doug - las Gor - don. But he looked in - to her eyes so ten - der -
told me you were false Doug - las Gor - don, And you nev - er nev - er came to com - fort
accel e
cres.

accel.
rall.
ly..... And he set her at his side,..... And a - way a - cross the
me!" And she saw the great tears rise..... In her lov - er's si - lent
accel.
rall.
Ped.
*Ped.
a tempo.
tide They float - ed to the lit - tle Kirk, And the old, old tryst - ing tree.
eyes, As they drift - ed to the lit - tle Kirk, And the old, old tryst - ing tree.
grazioso.
colla voce.
a tempo.
*
3. And it's nev - er nev - er, nev - er, Doug - las
f
Ped. Ped.
rall.
Gor - don, Nev-er in this world that you may come to me, But tell me that you love me,
colla voce.

rit.
rall.
Doug-las Gor-don, And kiss me for the love of all that used to be!"..... Then he
rit.
rall.
accel e cres.
rit.
flung a-way his sail, his oars and rud-der, And he took her in his arms so ten-der-
accel e
cres.
rit.
Slowly.
tempo.
ly,..... And they drifted on a-main, And the bells may call in vain, For she and Douglas
Slowly.
tempo.
rall.
Gor-don are drown-ed in the sea!
colla voce.
rall.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

PROBABLY no American composer has given celebrity to a greater variety of names than SEPTIMUS WINNER, the composer of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "What is Home without a Mother," "Ten Little Injuns," and numerous other fireside favorites. The names of "Alice Hawthorne," "Mark Mason," "Paul Stenton," etc. have been used by him in his busy life of song-writing; and under the *nom de plume* "EASTBURN," to whom is ascribed "How the Gates Came Ajar," we may recognize the same industrious composer. The subject of this song was suggested by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' striking book, "The Gates Ajar," and the words were composed by HELEN L. BOSTWICK.



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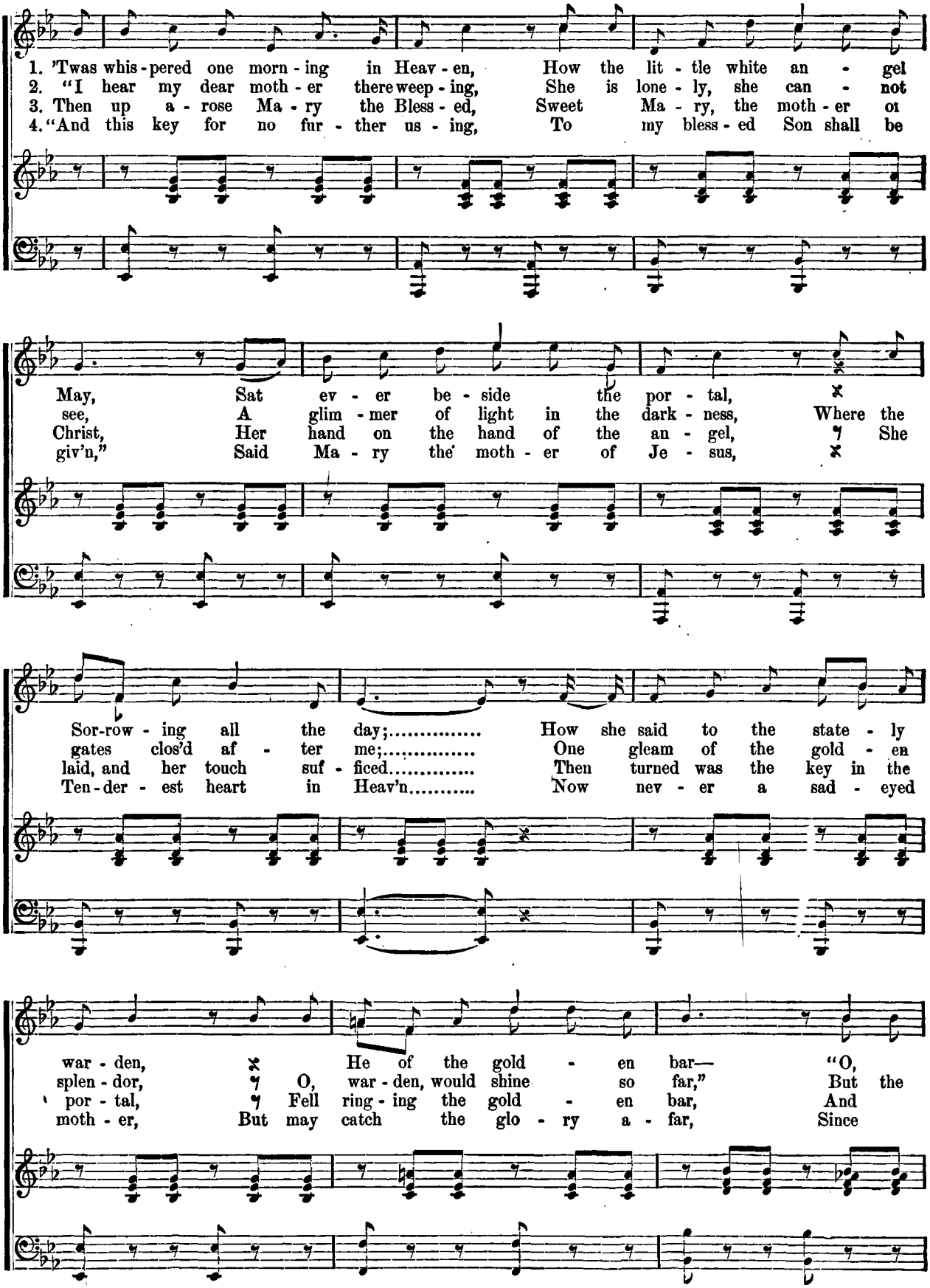
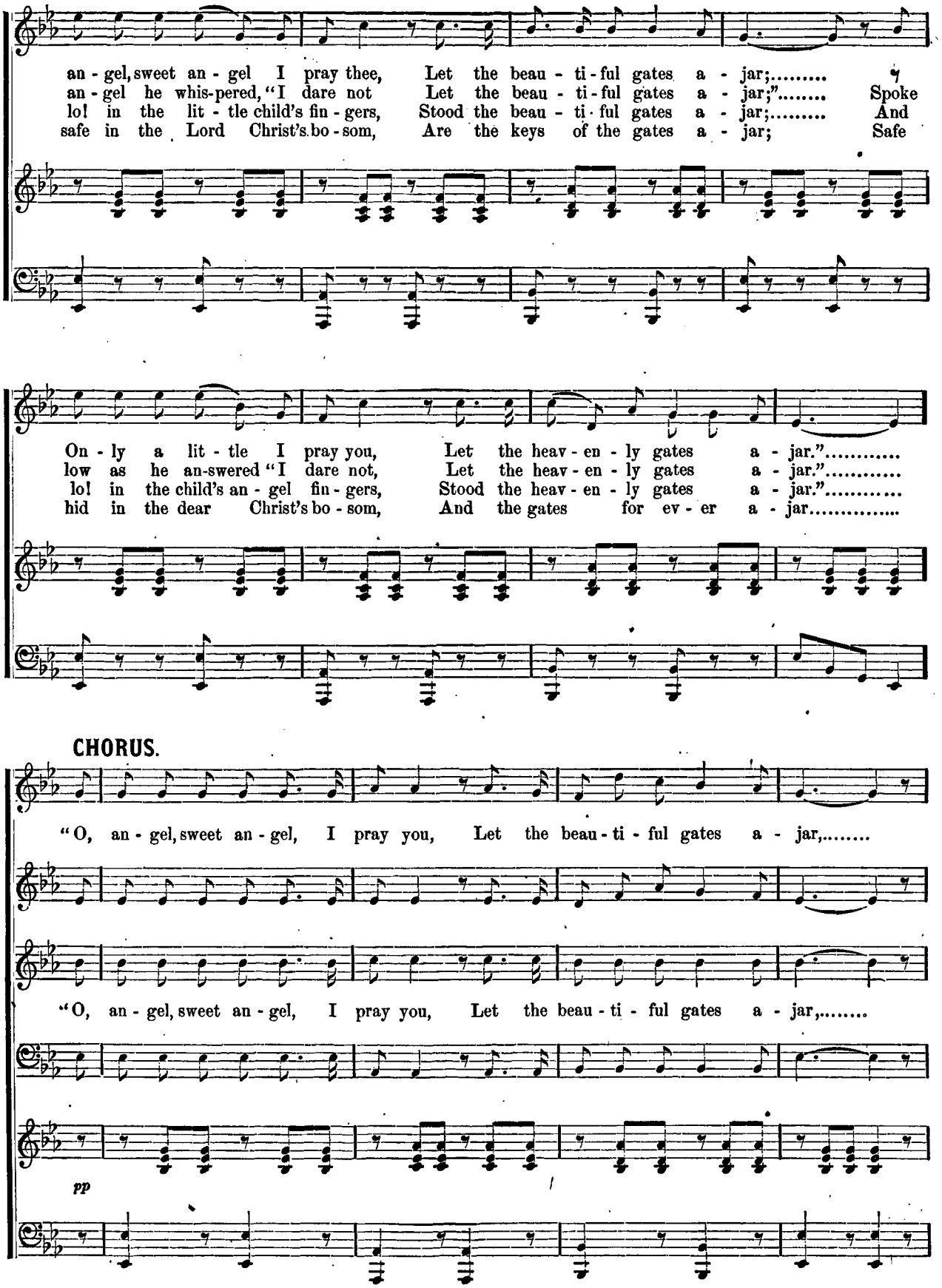
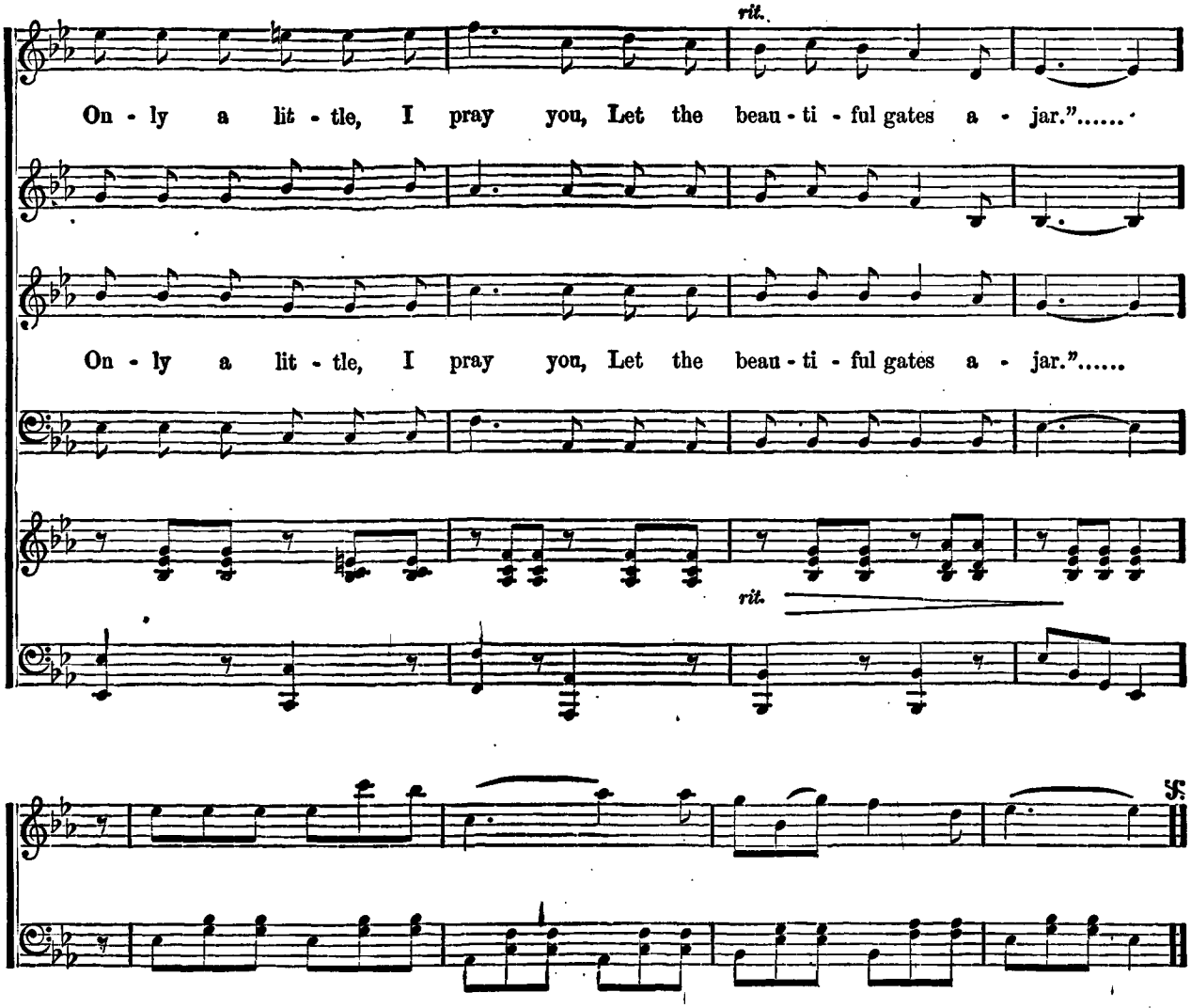

1. 'Twas whis - pered one morn - ing in Heav - en, How the lit - tle white an - gel
2. "I hear my dear moth - er there weep - ing, She is lone - ly, she can - not
3. Then up a - rose Ma - ry the Bless - ed, Sweet Ma - ry, the moth - er of
4. "And this key for no fur - ther us - ing, To my bless - ed Son shall be
May, Sat ev - er be - side the por - tal,
see, A glim - mer of light in the dark - ness, Where the
Christ, Her hand on the hand of the an - gel, She
giv'n," Said Ma - ry the moth - er of Je - sus,
Sor-row - ing all the day;..... How she said to the state - ly
gates clos'd af - ter me;..... One gleam of the gold - en
laid, and her touch suf - ficed..... Then turned was the key in the
Ten - der - est heart in Heav'n..... Now nev - er a sad - eyed
war - den, He of the gold - en bar— "O,
splen - dor, O, war - den, would shine so far," But the
por - tal, Fell ring - ing the gold - en bar, And
moth - er, But may catch the glo - ry a - far, Since

an - gel, sweet an - gel I pray thee, Let the beau - ti - ful gates a - jar;..... 7
an - gel he whis-pered, "I dare not Let the beau - ti - ful gates a - jar;"..... Spoke
lo! in the lit - tle child's fin - gers, Stood the beau - ti - ful gates a - jar;..... And
safe in the Lord Christ's bo - som, Are the keys of the gates a - jar; Safe
On - ly a lit - tle I pray you, Let the heav - en - ly gates a - jar."....
low as he an-swered "I dare not, Let the heav - en - ly gates a - jar."....
lo! in the child's an - gel fin - gers, Stood the heav - en - ly gates a - jar."....
hid in the dear Christ's bo - som, And the gates for ev - er a - jar.....
CHORUS.
"O, an - gel, sweet an - gel, I pray you, Let the beau - ti - ful gates a - jar,.....
"O, an - gel, sweet an - gel, I pray you, Let the beau - ti - ful gates a - jar,.....
pp

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven,
How the little white angel May,
Sat ever beside the portal,
Sorrowing all the day;
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the golden bar—
"O, angel, sweet angel I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar;
Only a little I pray you,
Let the heavenly gates ajar."
"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, *etc.*

"I hear my dear mother there weeping,
She is lonely, she cannot see,
A glimmer of light in the darkness,
Where the gates closed after me;
One gleam of the golden splendor,
O, warden, would shine so far,"
But the angel he whispered, "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar;"
Spoke low as he answered, "I dare not
Let the heavenly gates ajar."
"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, *etc.*

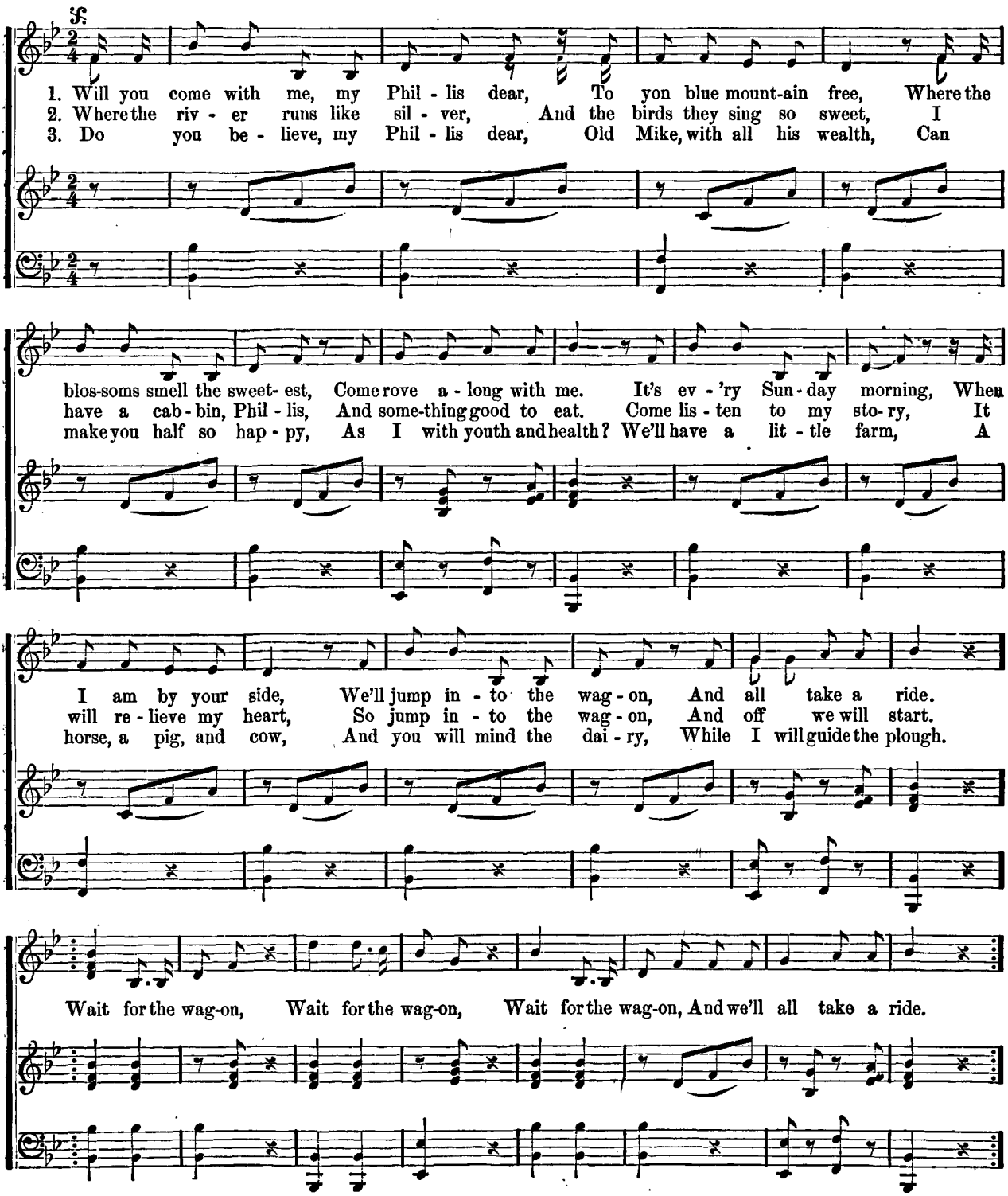
Then up arose Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel,
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Then turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers,
Stood the beautiful gates ajar;
And lo! in the child's angel fingers,
Stood the heavenly gates ajar."
"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, *etc.*

"And this key for no further using,
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary the Mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now never a sad-eyed mother,
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom,
Are the keys of the gates ajar;
Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates forever ajar.
"O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you, *etc.*

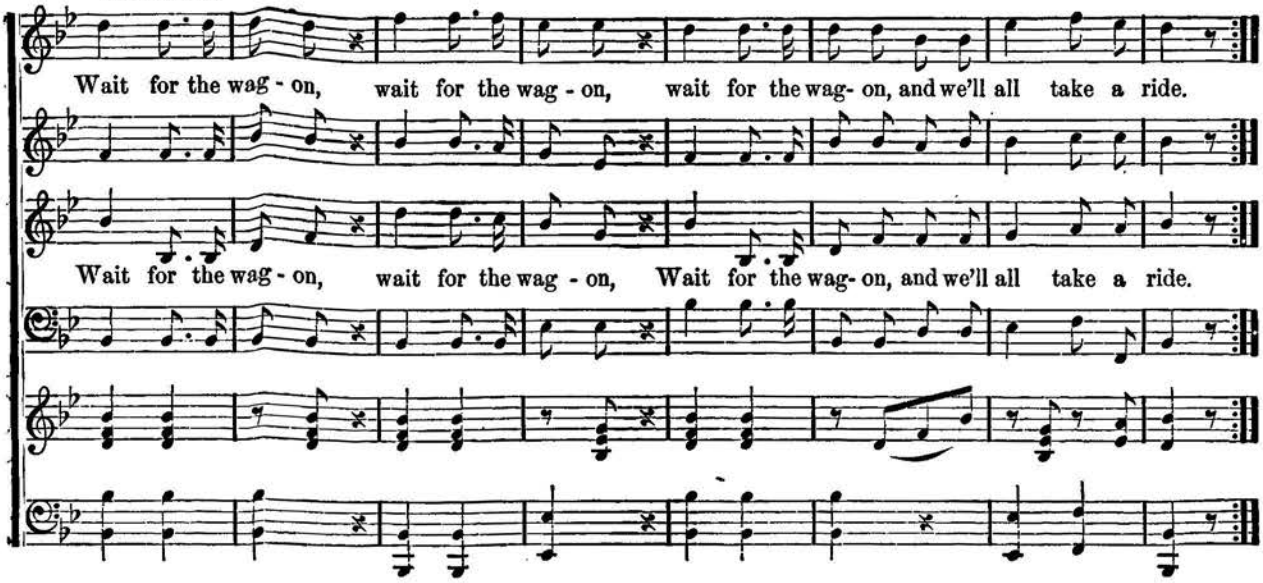
WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

THE two fortunate things in this renowned and familiar bit of jargon, are the melody and the name of Phillis. Phillis suggests all that is sweet-scented in wayside blooming, and the wagon bumps along through the music like a hay-cart over a corduroy road.

The music was composed by R. BISHOP BUCKLEY, who was born in England about 1810. He came to the United States, and organized Buckley's Minstrels in 1843, of which he was the most attractive feature. He died in Quincy, Mass., in 1867.


1. Will you come with me, my Phil - lis dear, To yon blue mount-ain free, Where the
2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver, And the birds they sing so sweet, I
3. Do you be - lieve, my Phil - lis dear, Old Mike, with all his wealth, Can
blos-soms smell the sweet- est, Come rove a - long with me. It's ev - 'ry Sun - day morning, When
have a cab - bin, Phil - lis, And some-thing good to eat. Come lis - ten to my sto- ry, It
make you half so hap - py, As I with youth and health? We'll have a lit - tle farm, A
I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the wag - on, And all take a ride.
will re - lieve my heart, So jump in - to the wag - on, And off we will start.
horse, a pig, and cow, And you will mind the dai - ry, While I will guide the plough.
Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, And we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS.


Wait for the wag - on, wait for the wag - on, wait for the wag- on, and we'll all take a ride.
Wait for the wag - on, wait for the wag - on, Wait for the wag- on, and we'll all take a ride.

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear,
To yon blue mountain free,
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,
Come rove along with me.
It's every Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

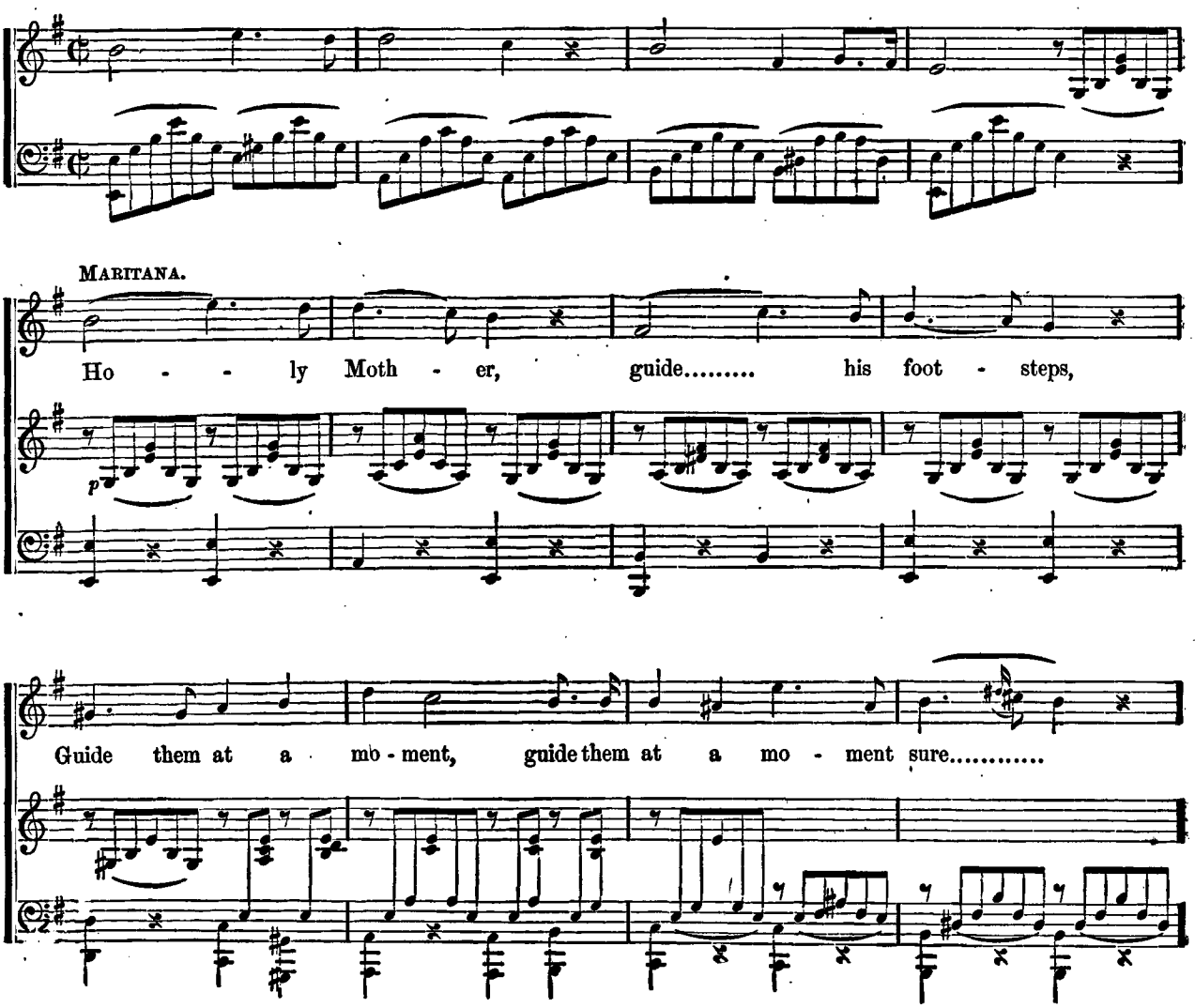
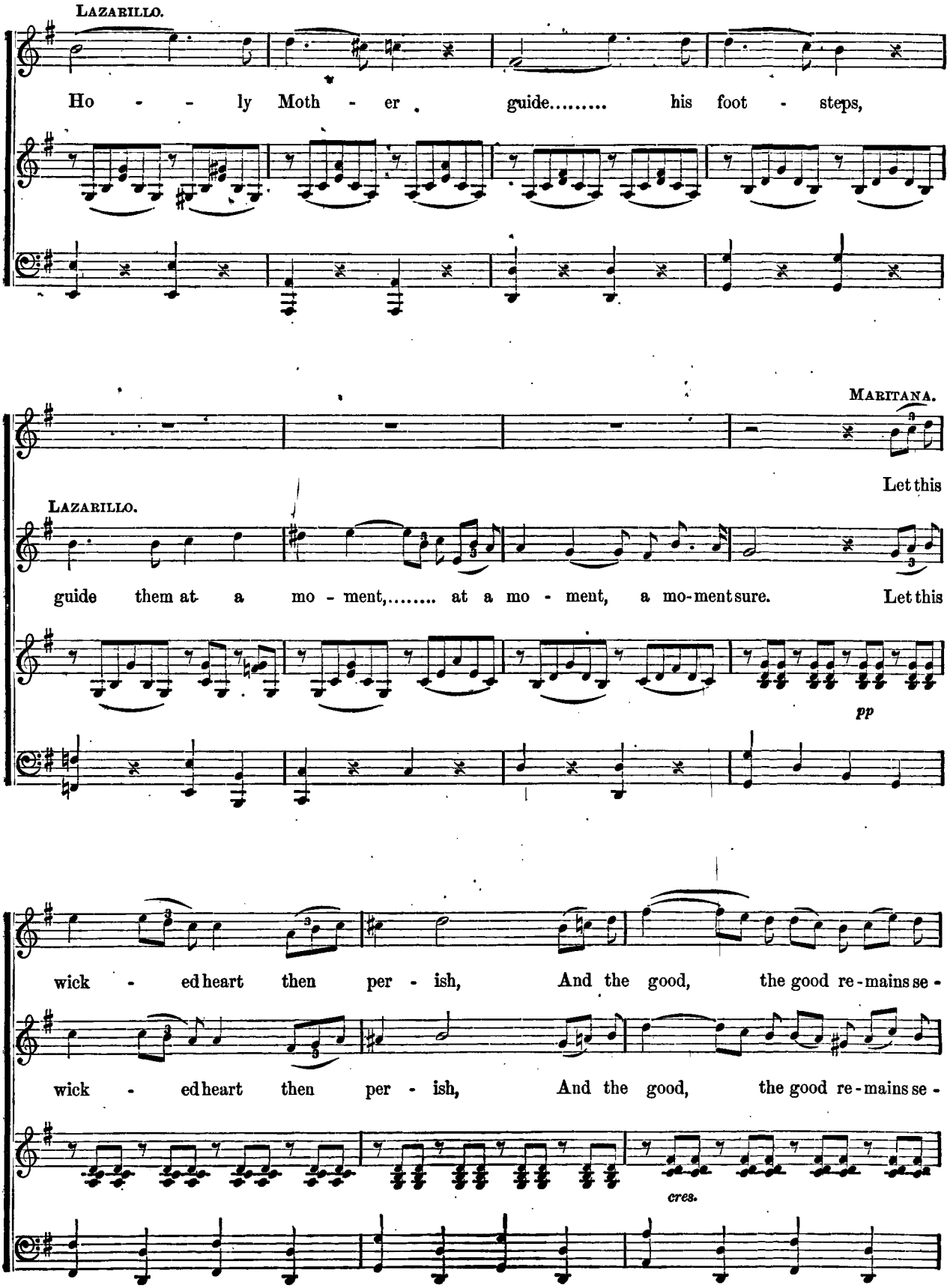
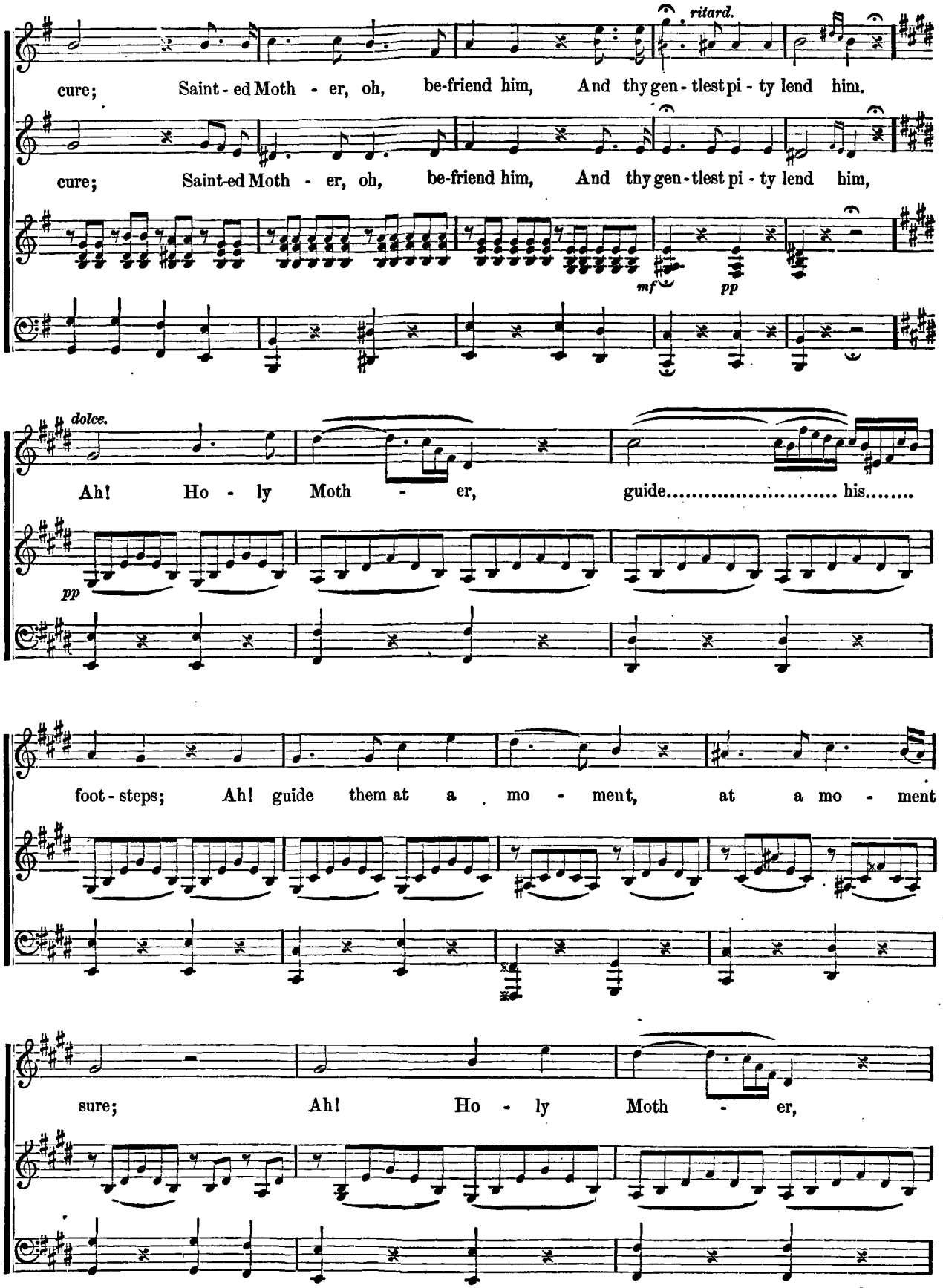
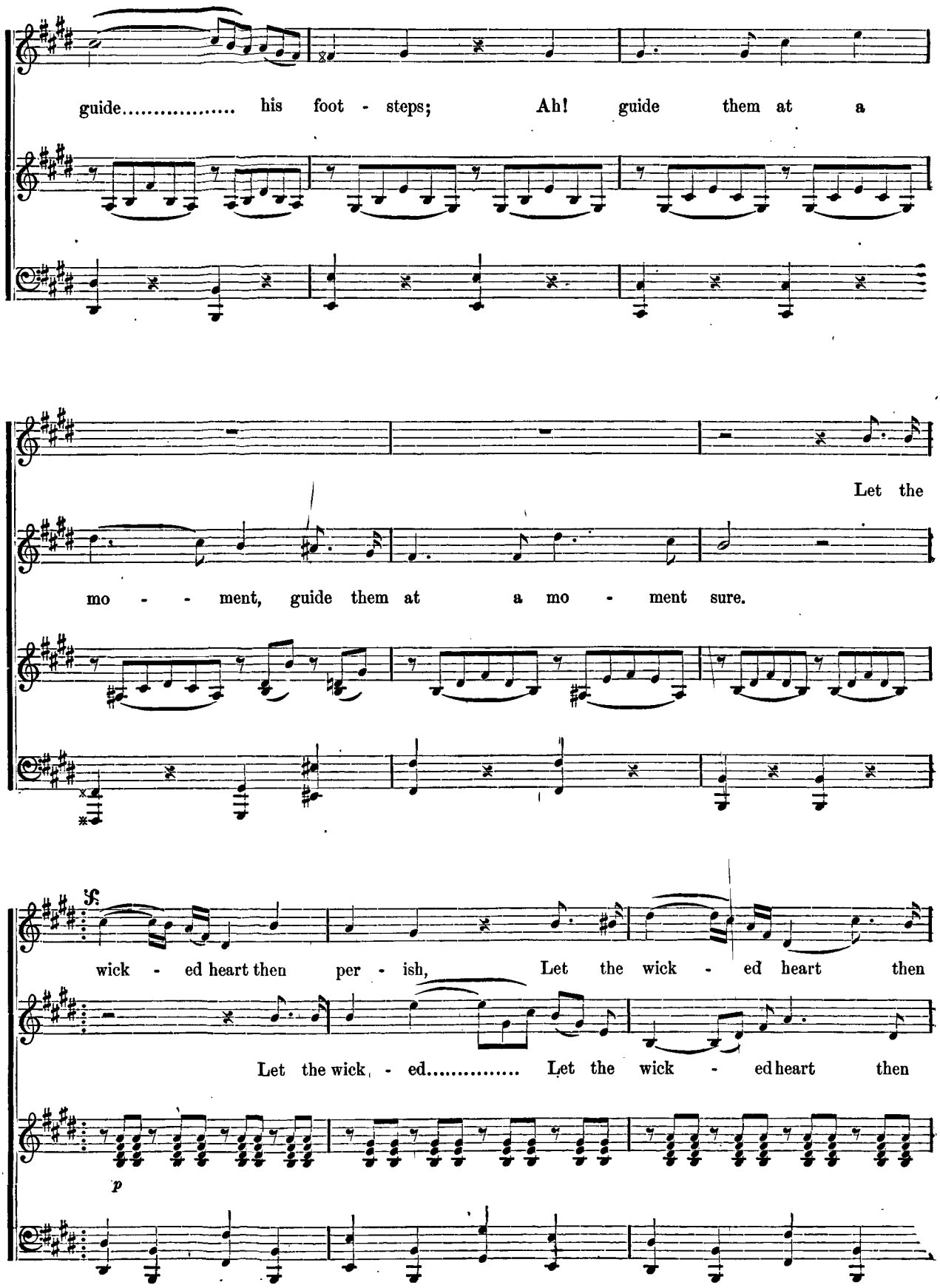
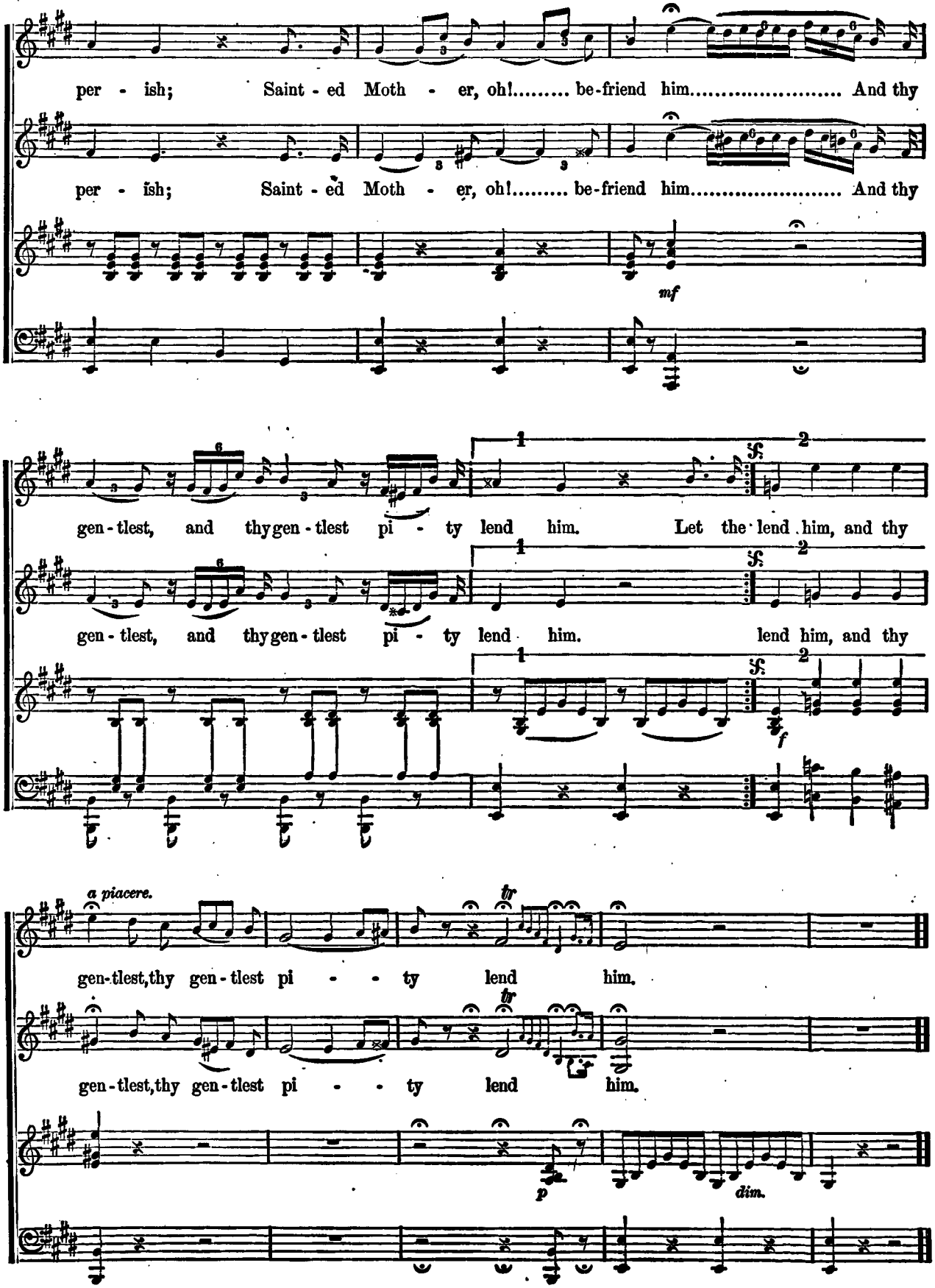
Where the river runs like silver,
And the birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabbin, Phillis,
And something good to eat.
Come listen to my story,
It will relieve my heart,
So jump into the wagon,
And off we will start.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Do you believe, my Phillis dear,
Old Mike, with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy,
As I with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm,
A horse, a pig, and cow,
And you will mind the dairy,
While I will guide the plough.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

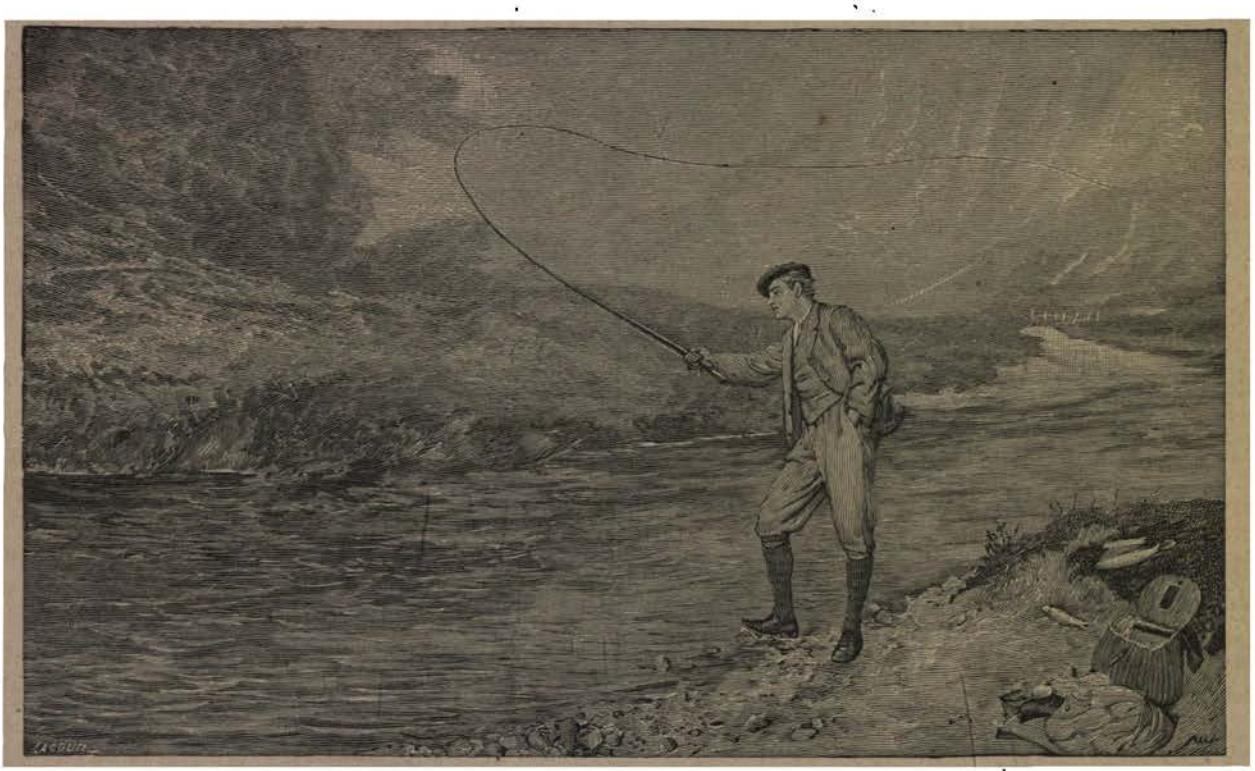
Your lips are red as poppies,
Your hair so slick and neat,
All braided up with dahlias,
And hollyhocks so sweet;
It's every Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

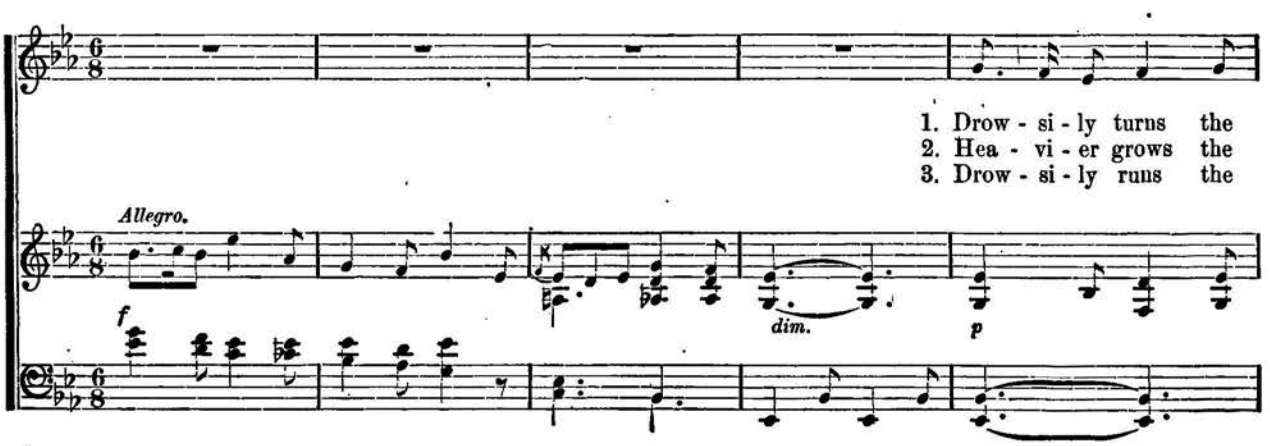
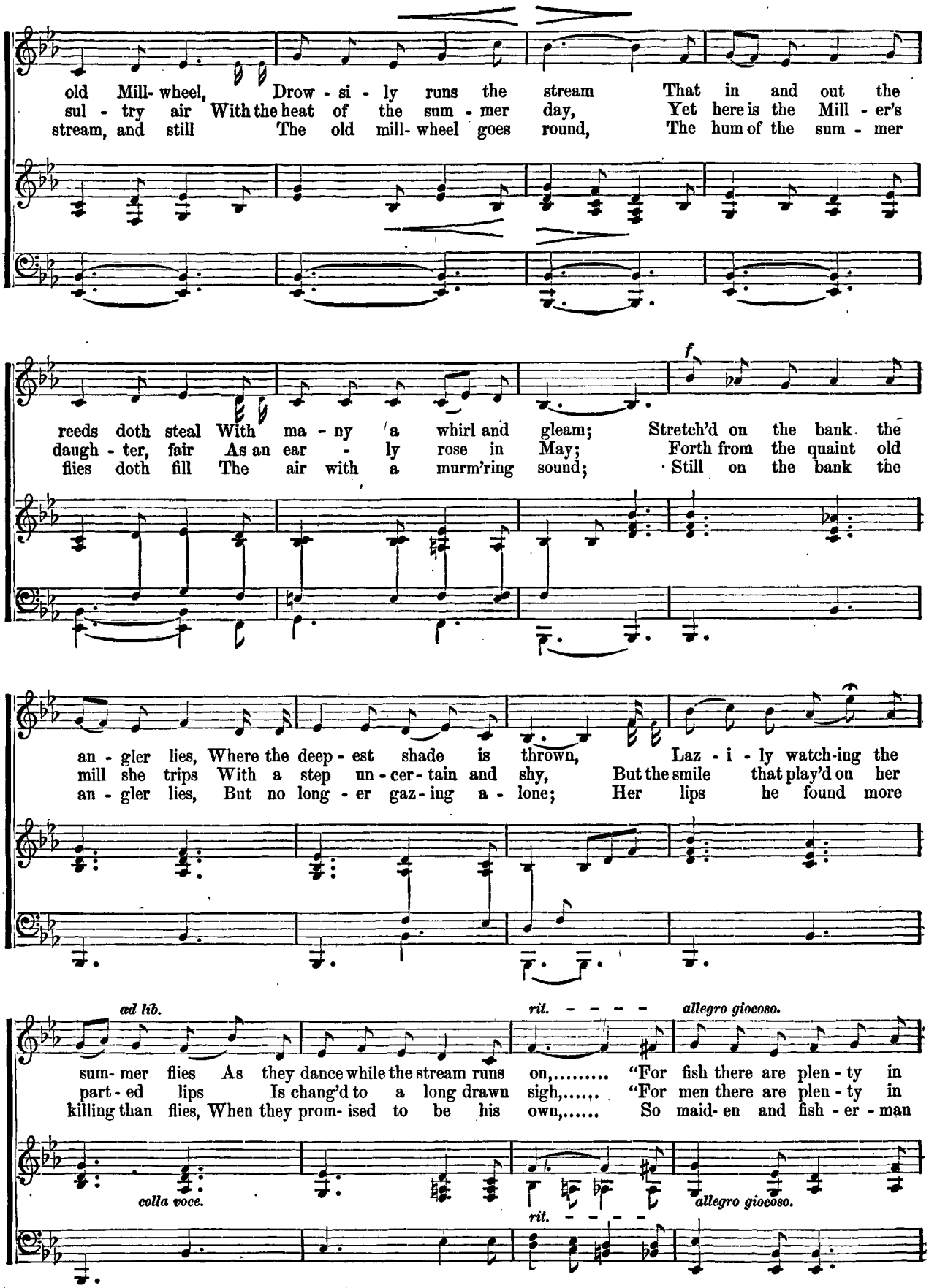
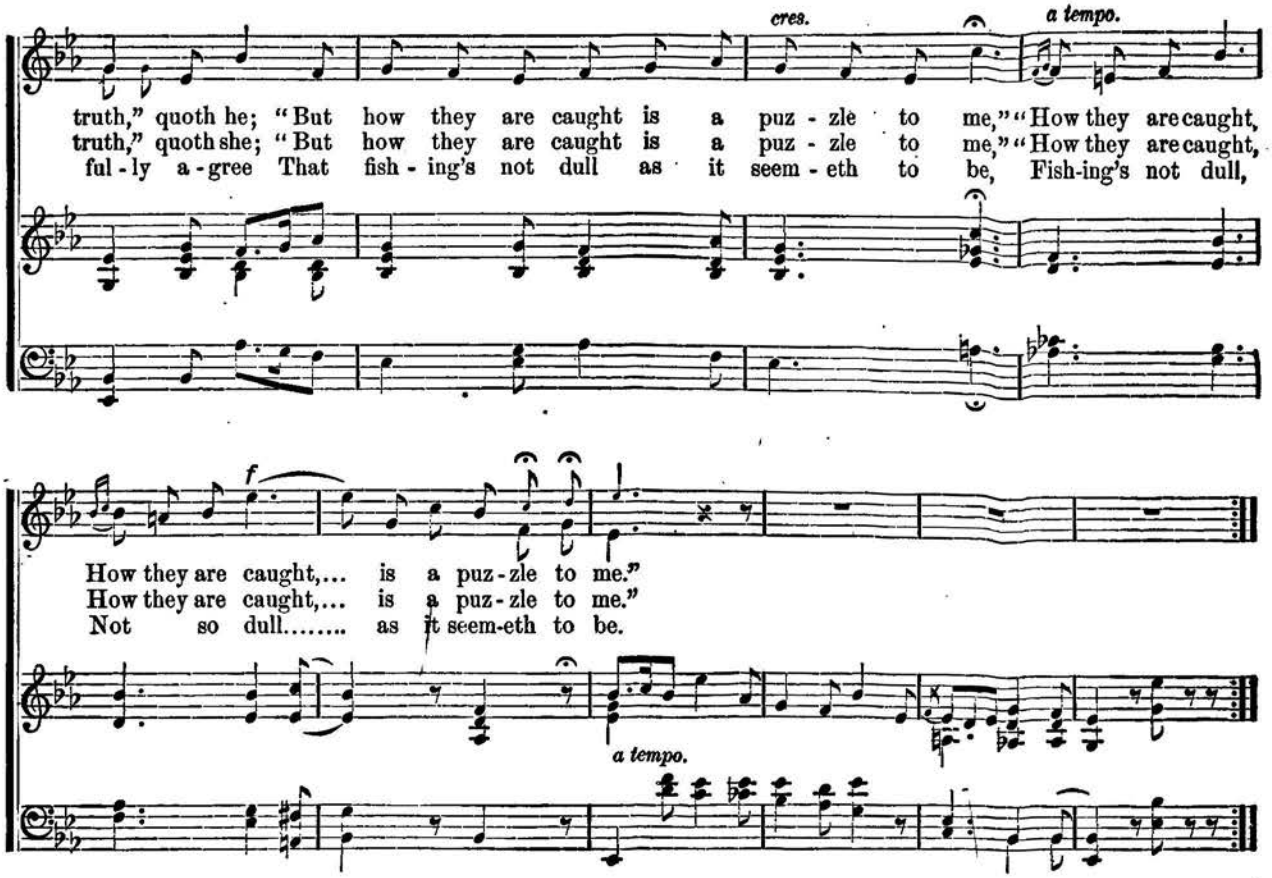
Together on life's journey,
We'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble,
We'll reach the happy top;
Then, come with me, sweet Phillis,
My dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOT-STEPS.

THE opera of "Maritana," from which this prayer is selected, was written by one of the most erratic geniuses in the English art-world. It was written under peculiar circumstances. When, during a wandering life, Wallace returned to London, and appeared in an opera box wearing the sombrero and costume of a South American, he was recognized by an old friend who sought him out and proposed that he write an opera to a libretto just finished by FITZBALL, to whom he introduced Wallace. The bargain was made on the spot, and in two or three weeks Wallace produced the score of "Maritana," which has held the stage ever since, enjoying great popularity. WILLIAM V. WALLACE was born in 1812, the son of a Scotch bandmaster resident in Dublin. He was a natural musician, and played in his father's orchestra in the Dublin Theatre, at times conducting it, dressed in his boy's jacket. In 1834 he played on the violin a concerto of his own. Domestic difficulties, as a consequence of which his wife left him, made Wallace a wanderer over the civilized world. He went to Australia, and his neighbors were amazed to discover a wonderful violinist in the new-comer into the Bush. At the request of the Governor he gave a concert, and received in payment one hundred sheep. He went to Tasmania and New Zealand, went on a whaling voyage, found his way to the East Indies, to Peru, Cuba, Mexico and the United States. Then he returned (1845) to London and wrote "Maritana." Still restless he went for some years to Germany, where he wrote dreamy piano music and several operas. The great honor of a commission to write an opera for the Grand Opera at Paris was rendered barren by the failure of his eyes. He again visited America, lost his all in the failure of a piano factory, returned to London in 1853 and died in 1865. Among his operas were "Lurline" and "The Maid of Zurich."

LAZARILLO.
Ho - - ly Moth - er guide..... his foot - steps,
MARITANA.
Let this
LAZARILLO.
guide them at a mo - ment,..... at a mo - ment, a mo-ment sure. Let this
pp
wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good re-mains se -
wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good re-mains se -
cres.

ritard.
cure; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh, be-friend him, And thy gen - tlest pi - ty lend him.
cure; Saint-ed Moth - er, oh, be-friend him, And thy gen - tlest pi - ty lend him,
mf
pp
dolce.
Ah! Ho - ly Moth - er, guide..... his.....
pp
foot - steps; Ah! guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment
sure; Ah! Ho - ly Moth - er,

guide..... his foot - steps; Ah! guide them at a
Let the
mo - - ment, guide them at a mo - ment sure.
wick - ed heart then per - ish, Let the wick - ed heart then
Let the wick - ed..... Let the wick - ed heart then

per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh!..... be-friend him..... And thy
per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh!..... be-friend him..... And thy
mf
gen - tlest, and thy gen - tlest pi - ty lend him. Let the lend him, and thy
gen - tlest, and thy gen - tlest pi - ty lend him. lend him, and thy
a piacere.
gen-tlest, thy gen - tlest pi - - ty lend him.
gen - tlest, thy gen - tlest pi - - ty lend him.
p
dim.

FISHING.



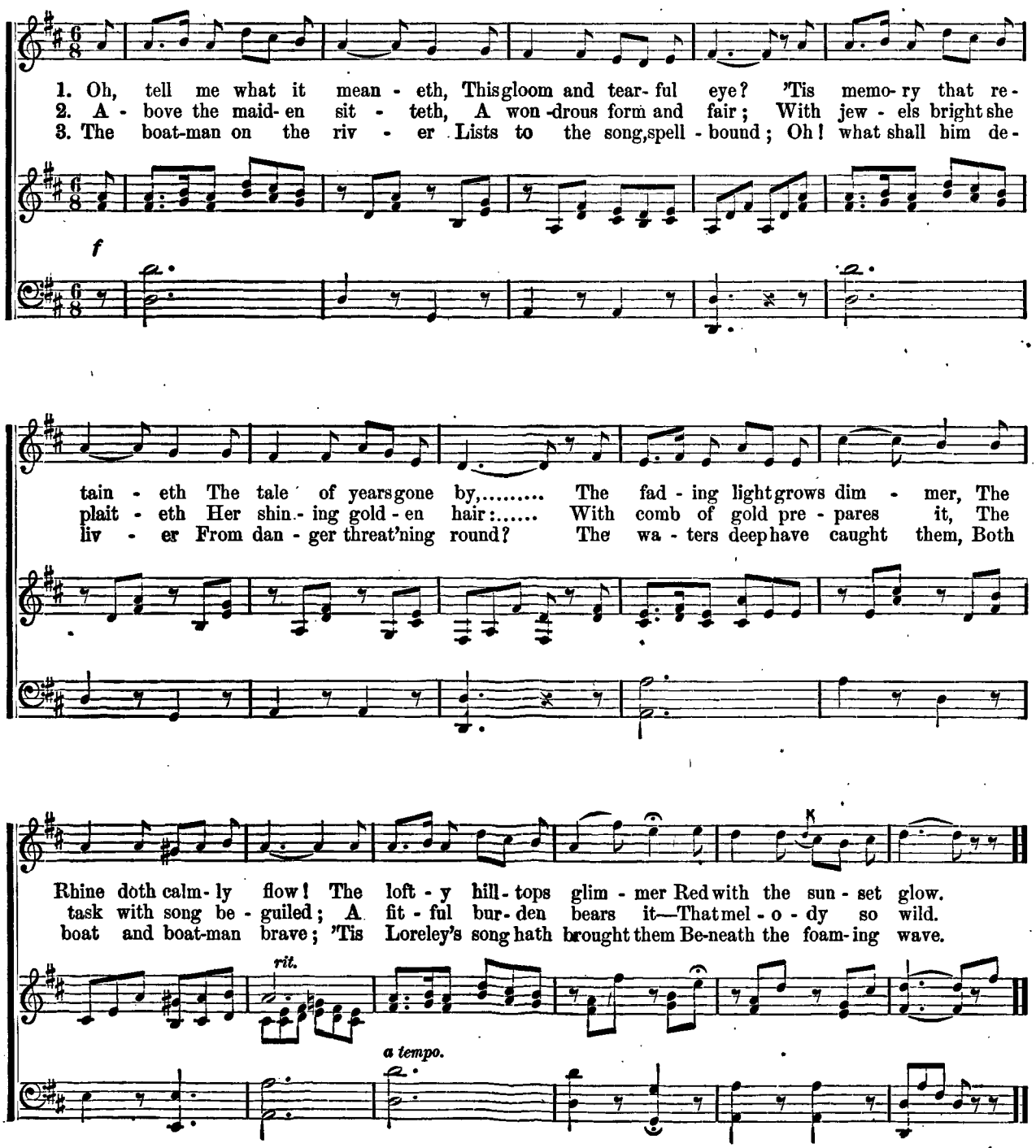
ALFRED JAMES CALDICOTT derived from a musical father decided proclivities for a musical career, which he began as a chorister in the Cathedral at Worcester, England, in 1851, at the age of nine. He studied under the best masters in Germany, and in 1864 settled at Worcester as organist of St. Stephen's and the Corporation. He conducted various musical societies. Cambridge made him a Musical Bachelor in 1878. A number of prizes for songs and glees were awarded to him, and in 1884 he became a professor in the Royal College of Music at London, at the same time taking the organ at the Albert Palace, and editing Morley's Part-Song Journal. He composed several cantatas (of which "The Widow of Nain" is the best known,) and a great number of part-songs, glees, and songs. Among the latter are "Unless," "Red Letter Days," "Lost Love," "Parted," "Unbidden," "Question and Answer," and "When all the World was Young." He has shown unusual ability in the production of music of a humorous character, avoiding all trace of vulgarity and yet giving a distinctly amusing turn to the composition. "Jack and Jill," and other nursery rhymes, have in part afforded him the subject for this treatment. "Fishing" is one of his best songs. The words were written by T. M. WATSON.

old Mill- wheel, Drow - si - ly runs the stream That in and out the
sul - try air With the heat of the sum - mer day, Yet here is the Mill - er's
stream, and still The old mill- wheel goes round, The hum of the sum - mer
f
reeds doth steal With ma - ny a whirl and gleam; Stretch'd on the bank the
daugh - ter, fair As an ear - ly rose in May; Forth from the quaint old
flies doth fill The air with a murm'ring sound; Still on the bank the
an - gler lies, Where the deep - est shade is thrown, Laz - i - ly watch-ing the
mill she trips With a step un - cer - tain and shy, But the smile that play'd on her
an - gler lies, But no long - er gaz - ing a - lone; Her lips he found more
ad lib.
rit. - - - - -
allegro giocoso.
sum- mer flies As they dance while the stream runs on,..... "For fish there are plen - ty in
part - ed lips Is chang'd to a long drawn sigh,..... "For men there are plen - ty in
killing than flies, When they prom- ised to be his own,..... So maid- en and fish - er - man
colla voce.
rit. - - - - -
allegro giocoso.

cres.
a tempo.
truth," quoth he; "But how they are caught is a puz - zle to me," "How they are caught,
truth," quoth she; "But how they are caught is a puz - zle to me," "How they are caught,
ful - ly a - gree That fish - ing's not dull as it seem - eth to be, Fish-ing's not dull,
f
How they are caught,... is a puz - zle to me."
How they are caught,... is a puz - zle to me."
Not so dull..... as it seem-eth to be.
a tempo.

Drowsily turns the old Mill-wheel,
Drowsily runs the stream
That in and out the reeds doth steal,
With many a whirl and gleam;
Stretched on the banks the angler lies,
Where deepest shade is thrown,
Lazily watching the summer flies
As they dance while the stream runs on,
"For fish there are plenty in truth," quoth he;
"But how they are caught is a puzzle to me."

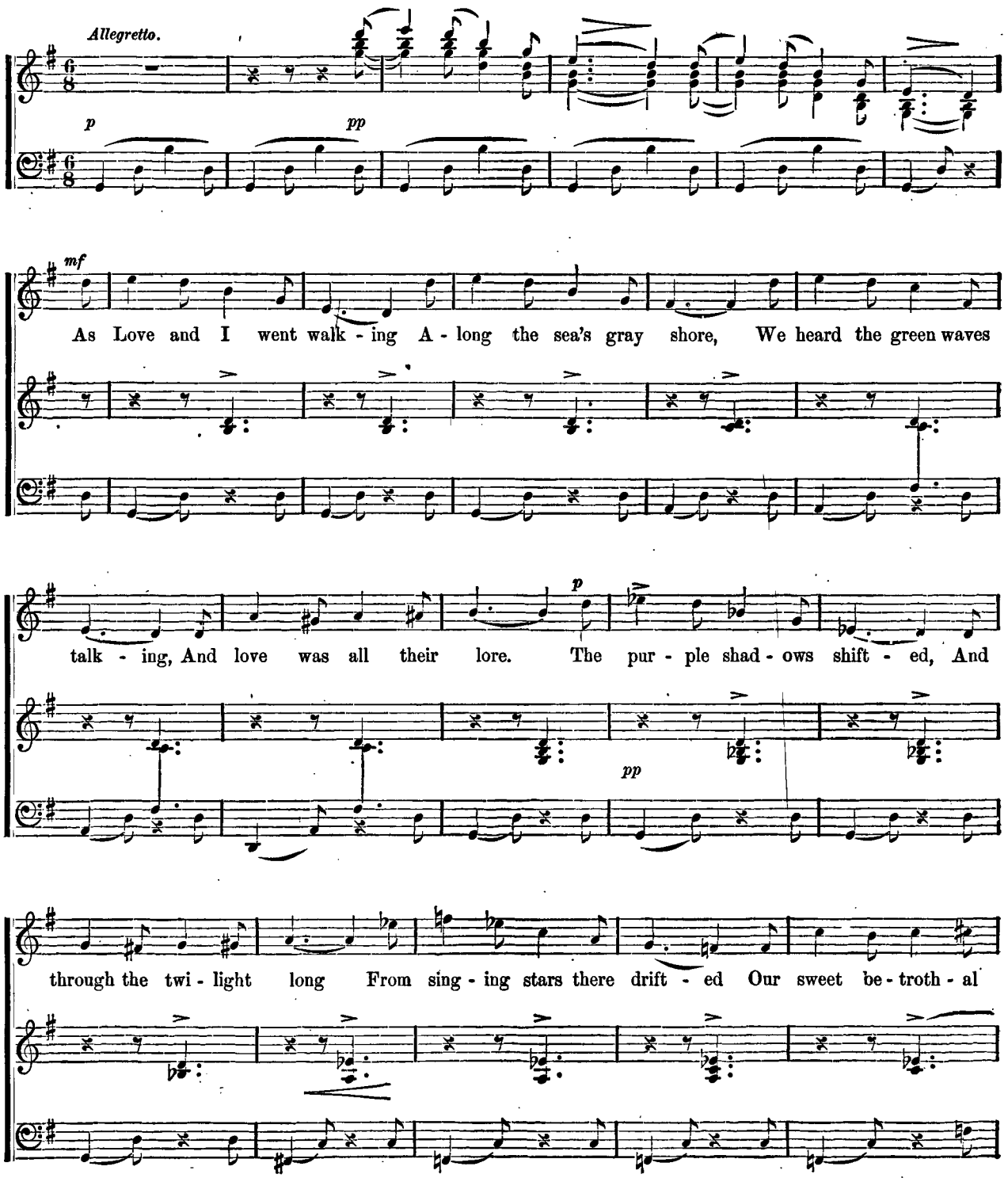
Heavier grows the sultry air
With the heat of the summer day,
Yet here is the Miller's daughter, fair
As an early rose in May;
Forth from the quaint old mill she trips
With a step uncertain and shy,
But the smile that played on her parted lips,
Is changed to a long drawn sigh,
"For men there are plenty in truth," quoth she;
"But how they are caught is a puzzle to me."

Drowsily runs the stream, and still
The old mill-wheel goes round,
The hum of the summer flies doth fill
The air with a murmuring sound;
Still on the bank the angler lies,
But no longer gazing alone;
Her lips he found more killing than flies.
When they promised to be his own,
So maiden and fisherman fully agree
That fishing's not dull as it seemeth to be.

THE LORELEY.

THE music of this song is by SILCHER, a well-known German composer who died in 1860; the words are translated from Heine. The following account is by Mark Twain: "Germany is rich in folk-songs, and the words and airs of several of them are peculiarly beautiful; but the Loreley is the people's favorite. I could not endure it at first, but by-and-by it began to take hold of me, and now there is no tune that I like so well. Loreley was a water-nymph, who used to sit on a high rock called Ley or Lei, in the Rhine, and lure boatmen to destruction in a furious rapid which marred the channel at that spot. She so bewitched them with her plaintive songs and her wonderful beauty, that they forgot everything else to gaze up at her, and so they presently drifted among the broken reefs and were lost."

1. Oh, tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear- ful eye? 'Tis memo- ry that re-
2. A - bove the maid- en sit - teth, A won -drous form and fair; With jew - els bright she
3. The boat-man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell - bound; Oh! what shall him de-
f
tain - eth The tale of years gone by,..... The fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The
plait - eth Her shin.- ing gold - en hair:..... With comb of gold pre - pares it, The
liv - er From dan - ger threat'ning round? The wa - ters deep have caught them, Both
Rhine doth calm- ly flow! The loft - y hill- tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow.
task with song be - guiled; A fit - ful bur- den bears it—That mel - o - dy so wild.
boat and boat-man brave; 'Tis Loreley's song hath brought them Be-neath the foam- ing wave.
rit.
a tempo.

AS LOVE AND I WENT WALKING.

THE reminiscent verses beginning "As Love and I Went Walking," first appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* over the signature of MR. FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN; and were set to music for the present work by the eminent English-American composer and pianist RICHARD HOFFMAN. Professor Hoffman was born in Manchester in 1831, and came to this country in 1847. It is said that for many years he was the only pianist of a high class in the city of New York. His songs and instrumental compositions are very popular with educated musicians and with all lovers of elegant music.

Allegretto.
p
pp
mf
As Love and I went walk - ing A - long the sea's gray shore, We heard the green waves
talk - ing, And love was all their lore. The pur - ple shad - ows shift - ed, And
p
pp
through the twi - light long From sing - ing stars there drift - ed Our sweet be - troth - al

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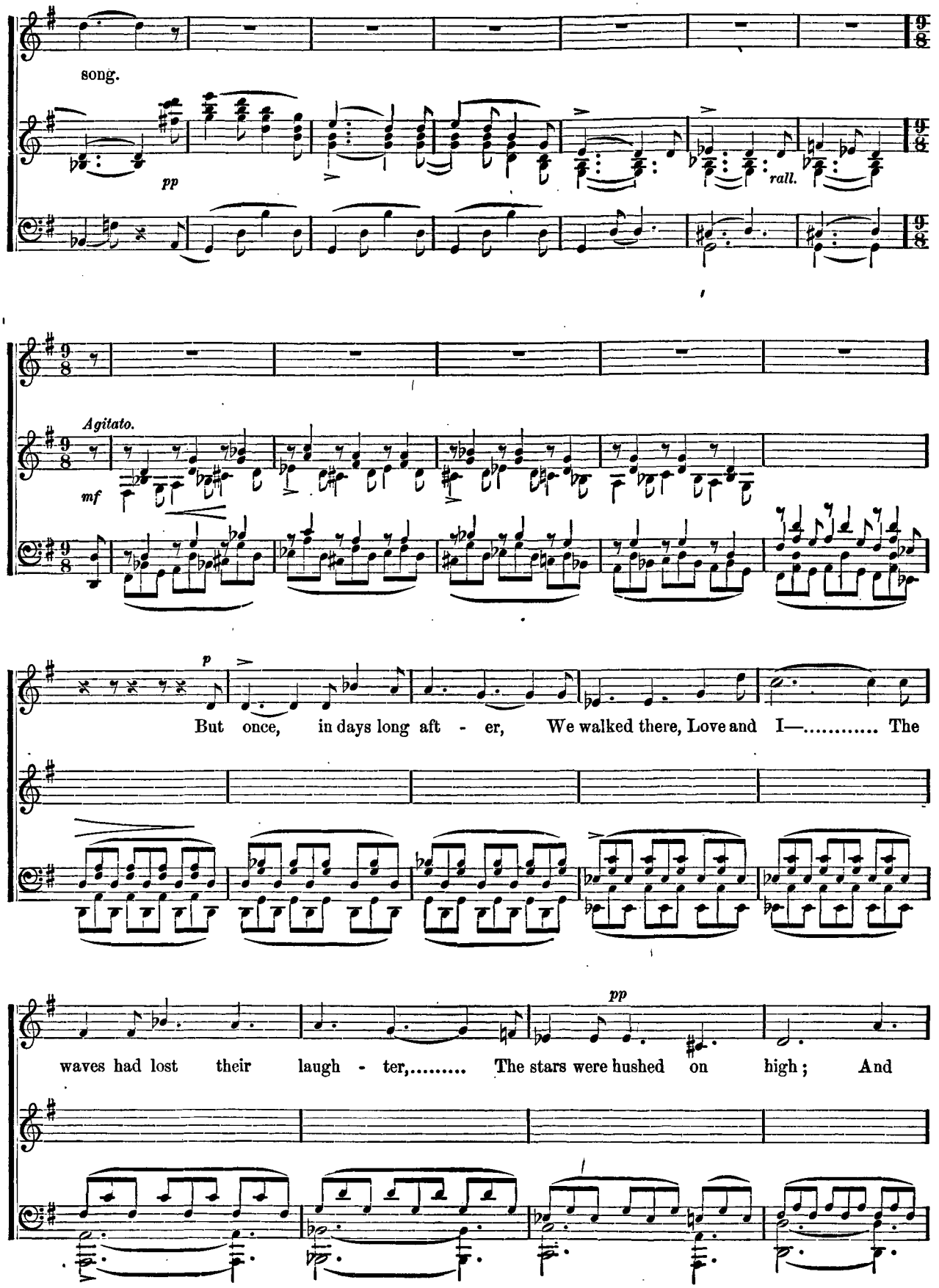
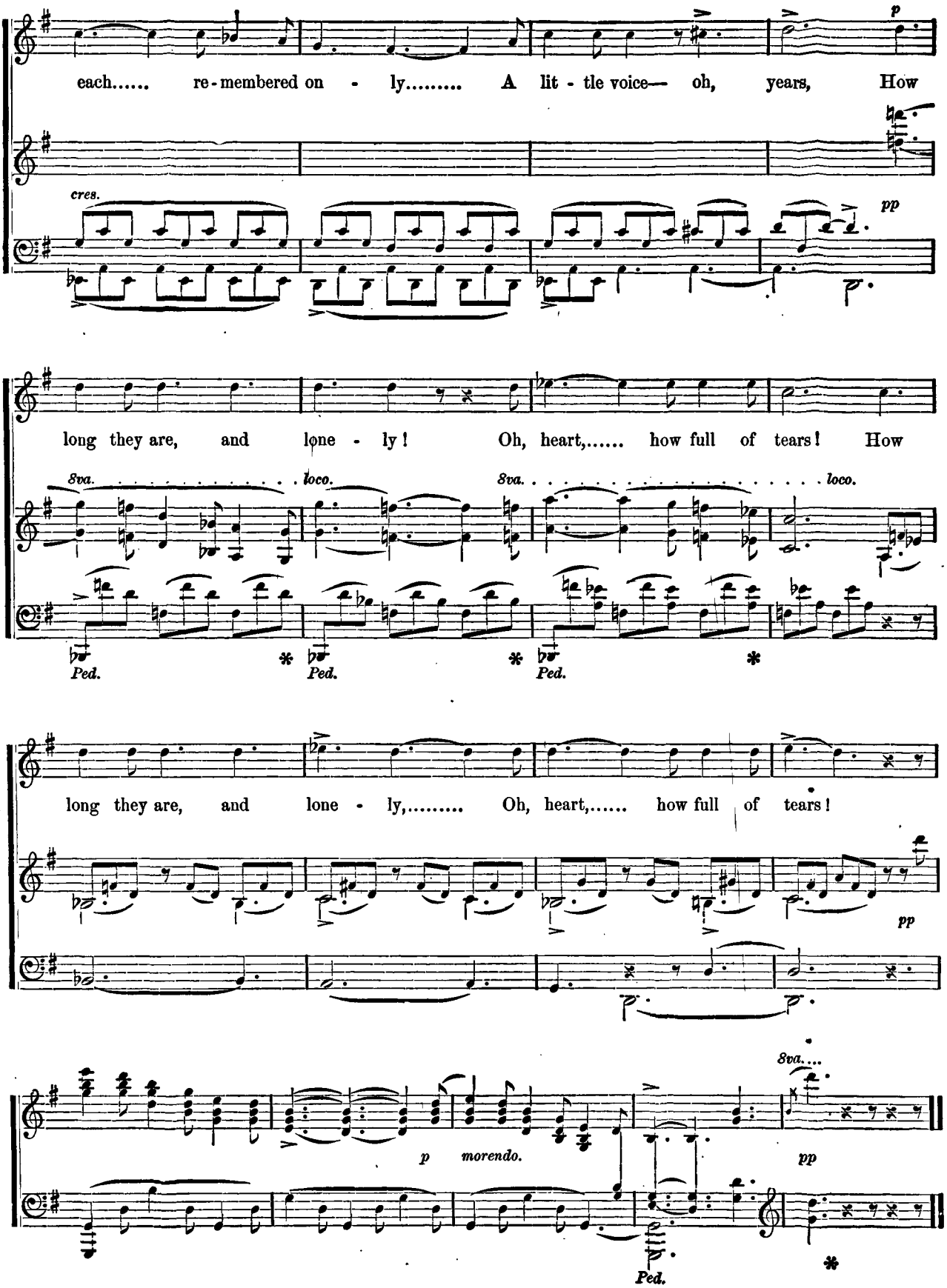

song.
pp
rall.
Agitato.
mf
p
But once, in days long aft - er, We walked there, Love and I—..... The
pp
waves had lost their laugh - ter,..... The stars were hushed on high; And

each..... re-membered on - ly..... A lit - tle voice— oh, years, How
p
cres.
pp
long they are, and lone - ly! Oh, heart,..... how full of tears! How
8va.
loco.
8va.
loco.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
long they are, and lone - ly,..... Oh, heart,..... how full of tears!
pp
8va....
p
morendo.
pp
Ped.

BIRDS SINGING SWEETLY.

THIS song, arranged as a duet, is from CONCONE.

1. Birds sing-ing sweet - ly, On pin-ions fleet - ly
2. Now gai - ly meet - ing, All are re - peat - ing

Sweep thro' the air on hal - cy - on wing;
Fai - ry - like songs in for - est and shade;

Faith-ful - ly woo - ing, Doves are now coo - ing;
While it is seem - ing, Like mag-ic dream - ing,

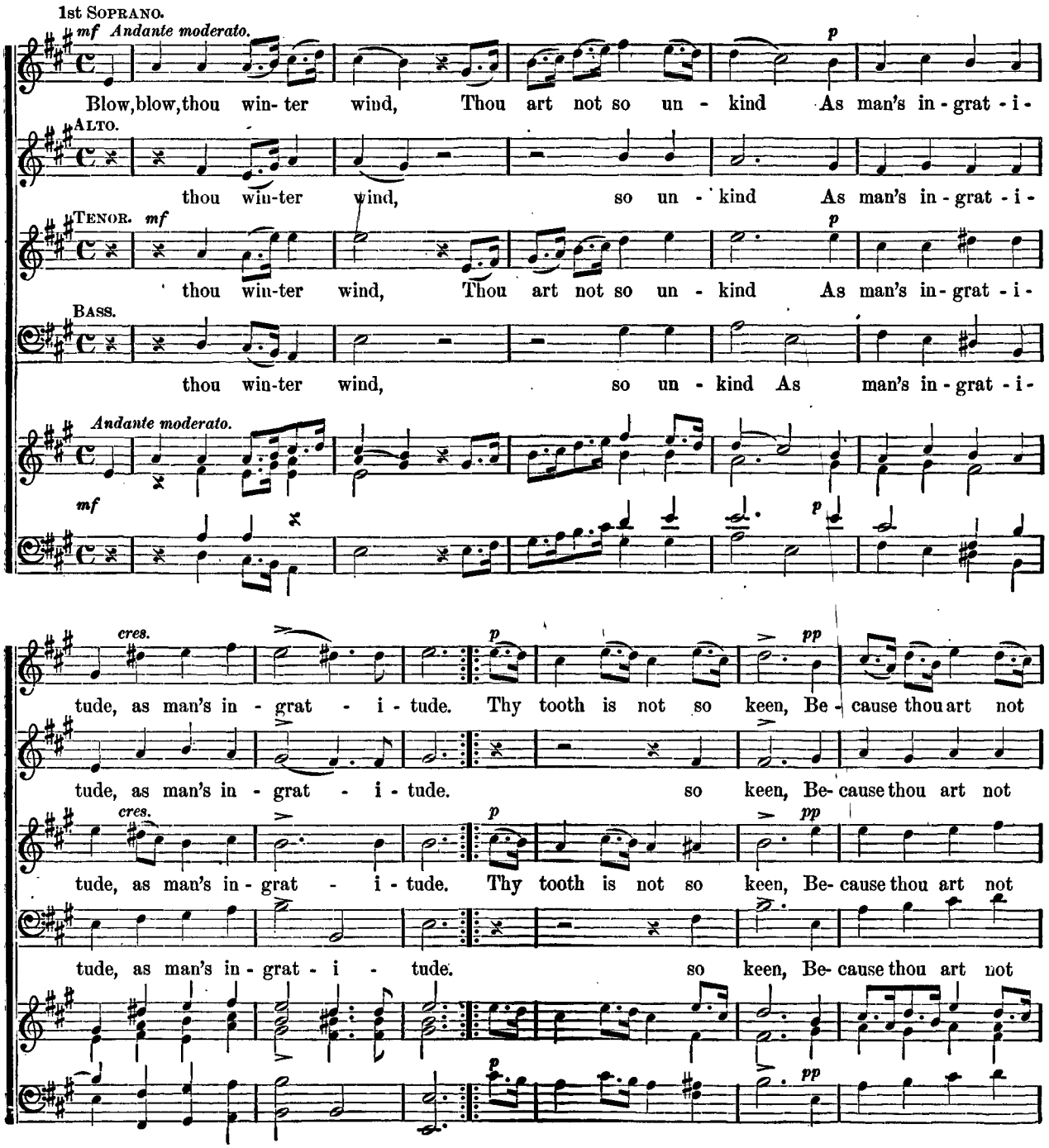
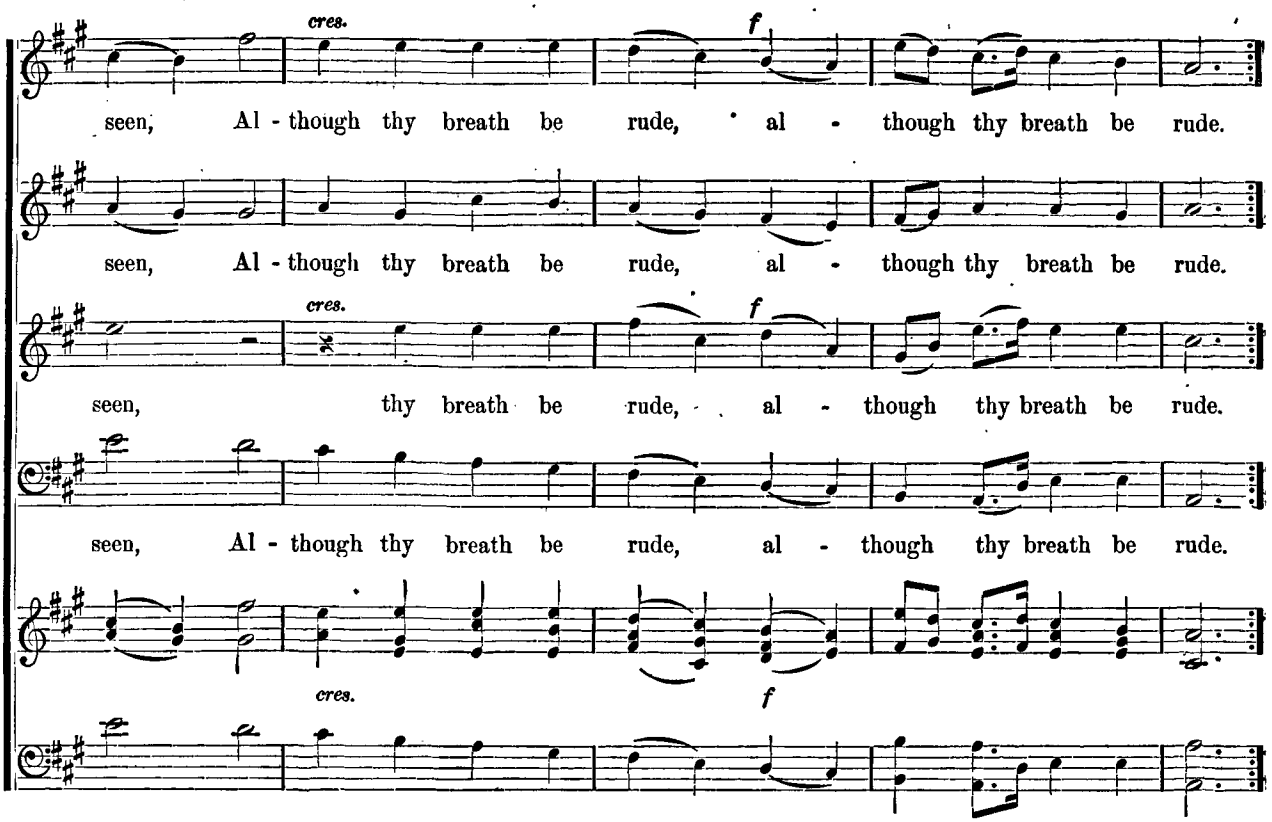
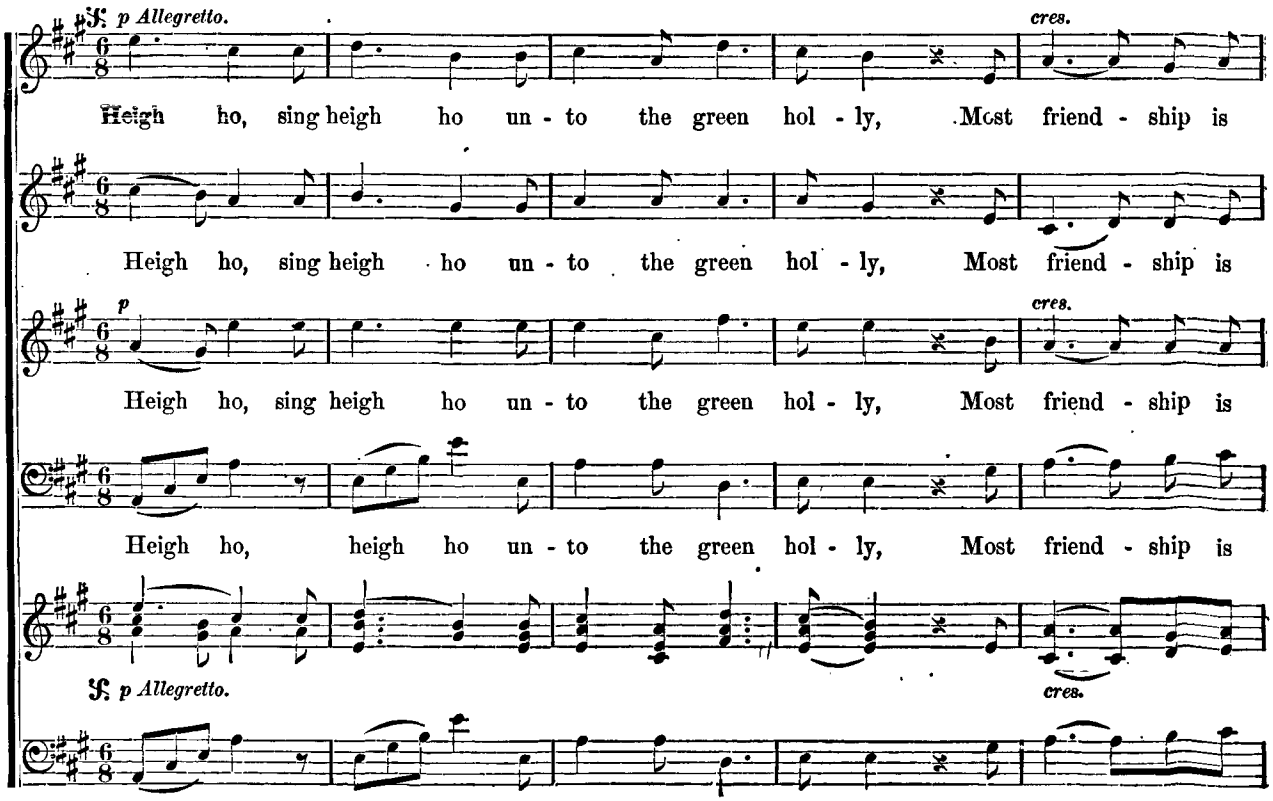
Swallows bring joy in ro - se - ate Spring.
Fall-ing from bowers where flow-ers ne'er fade.

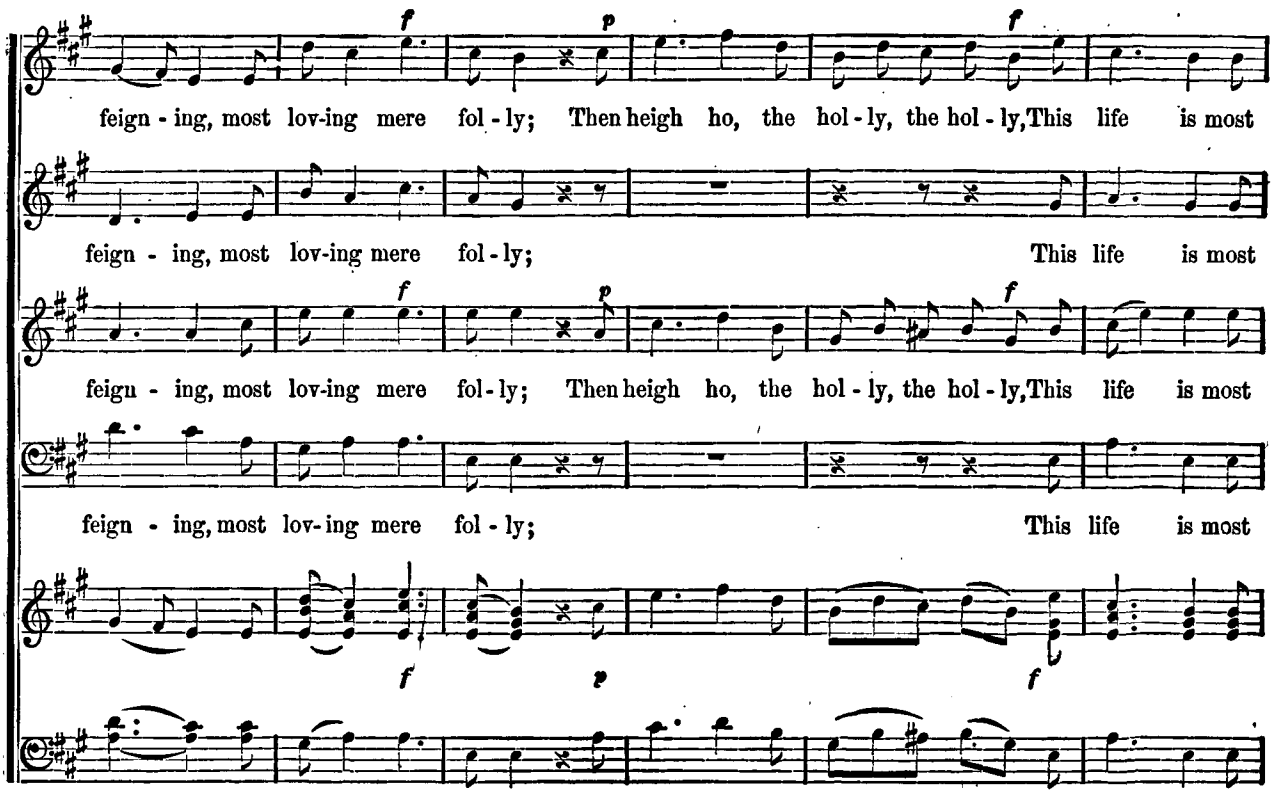
While full of pleas - ure, The Lin - net's sweet meas - ure, Comes to the ear like the
While it is seem - ing, Like mag - ic dream - ing, Fall - ing from bow'rs, where

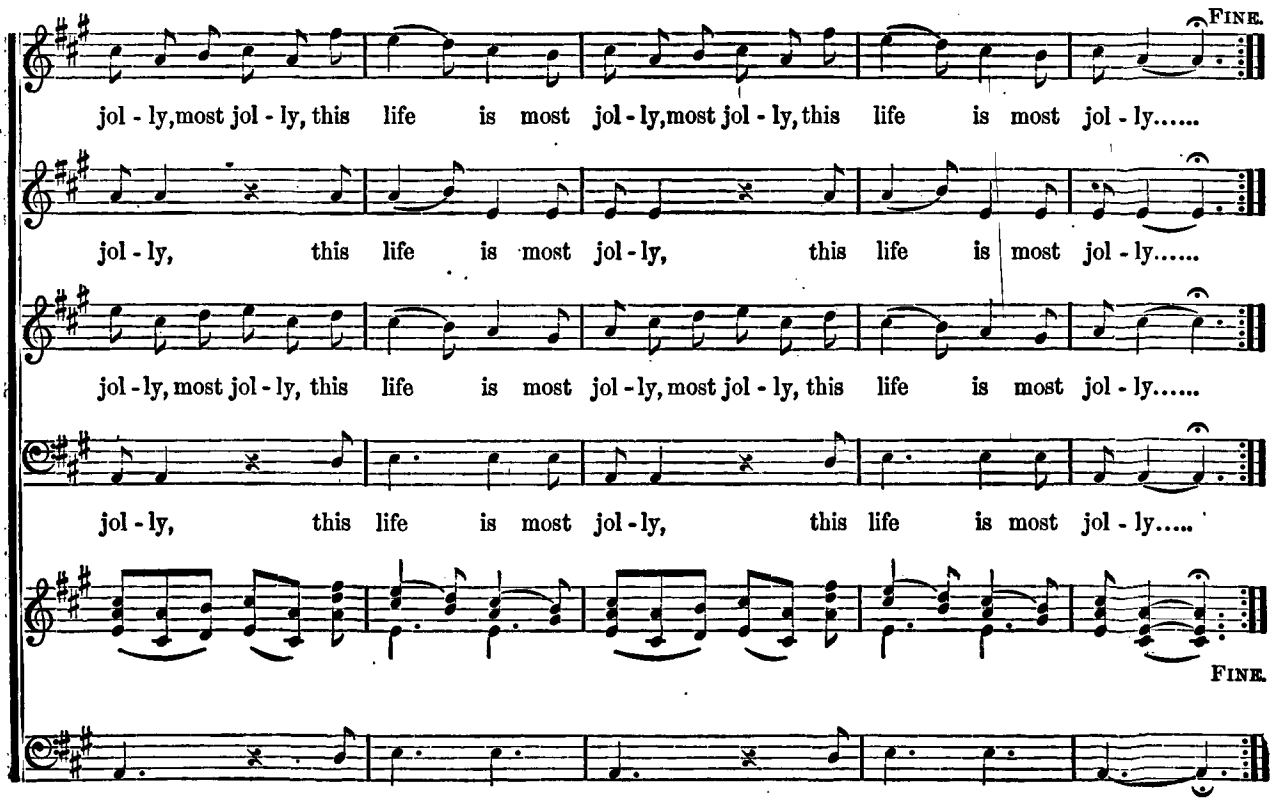
fond sigh of love, the sigh of love, the fond sigh of love.
flow - ers ne'er fade, where flow - ers ne'er fade, where flow - ers ne'er fade.

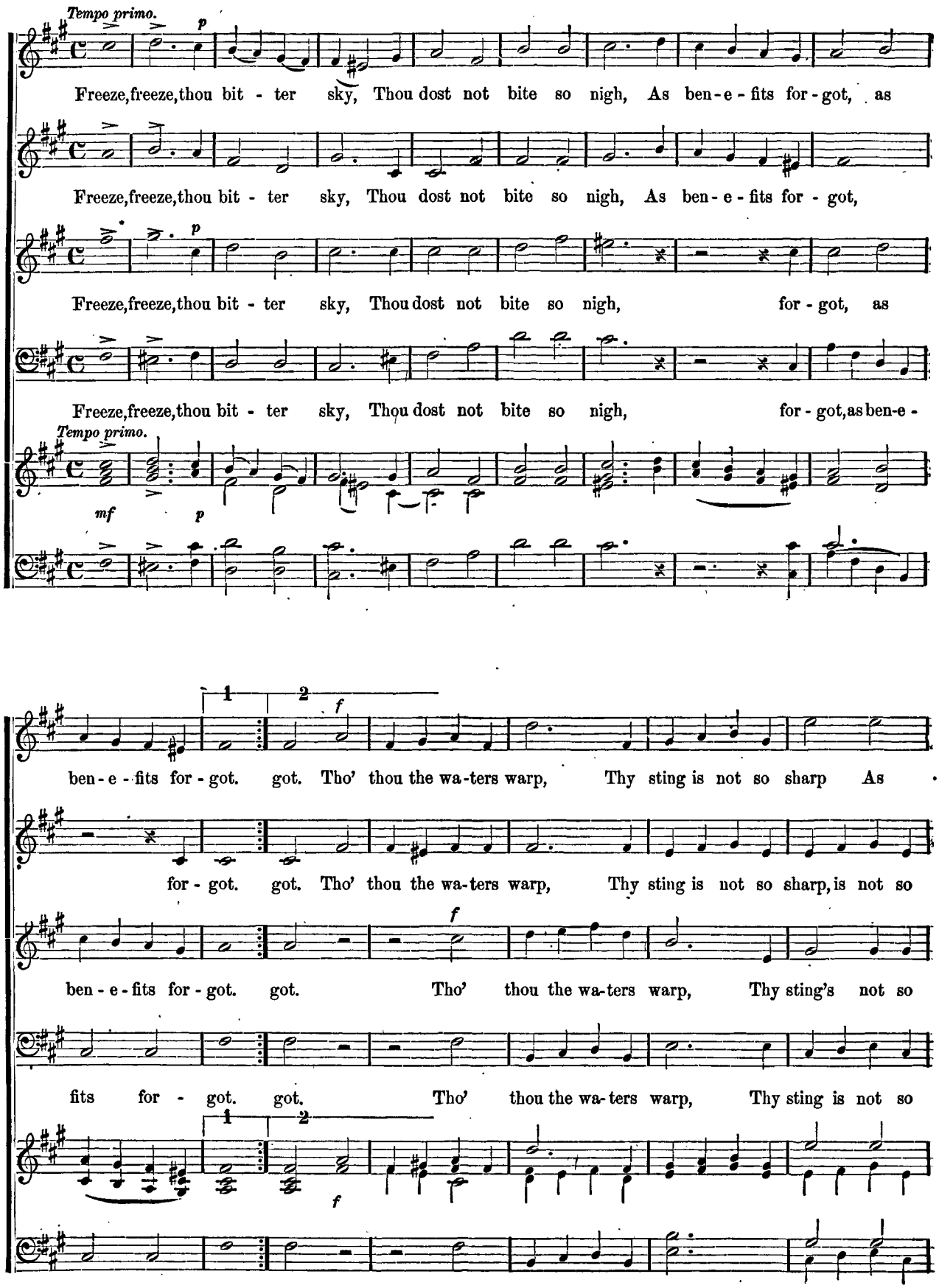
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind,
Thou Art Not So Unkind
As Man's Ingratitude;
Thy Tooth Is Not So Keen,
Because Thou Art Not Seen,
Although Thy Breath Be Rude.
G.E. Moira f.

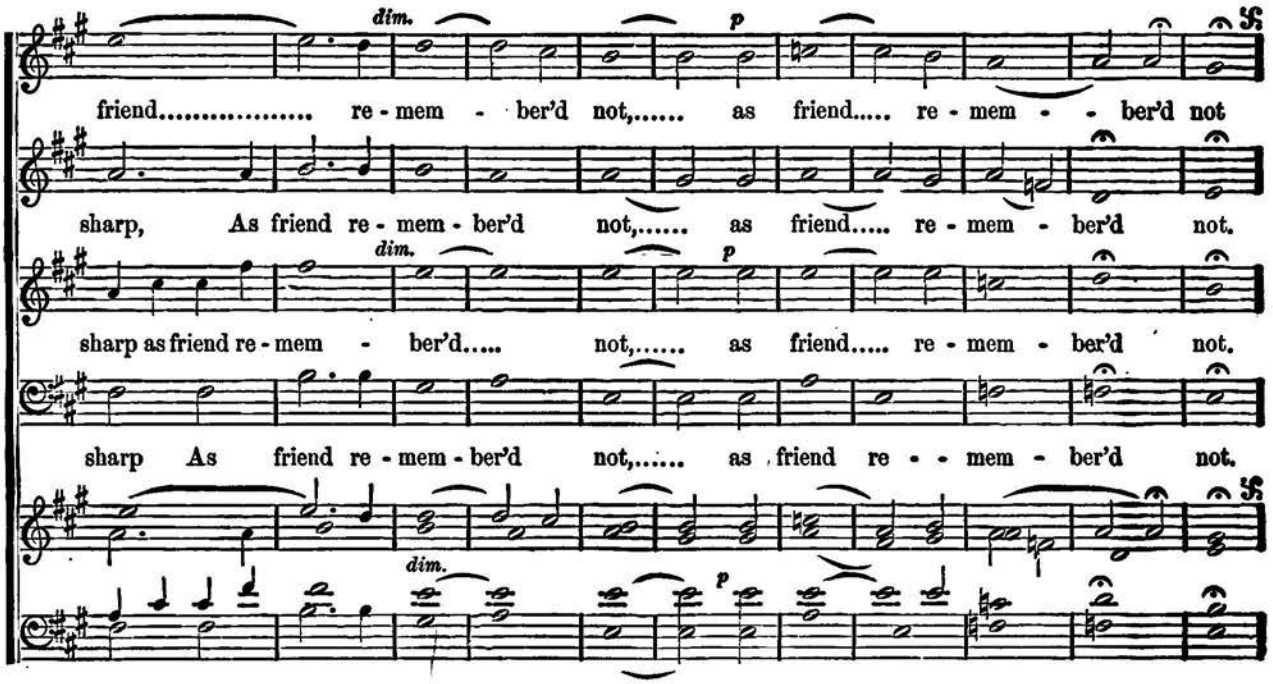
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

ALTHOUGH the period of his active professional life covered the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the compositions of RICHARD JOHN SAMUEL STEVENS are still popular among the singers of English glees. Born in London in 1757, and educated in St. Paul's Cathedral Choir under Richard Savage, he distinguished himself as a glee composer, as an organist of the famous Temple Church, and as a professor of music at Gresham College. Two of his glees secured the coveted prizes offered for such compositions by the "Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Catch Club," which celebrated its centenary in 1861. George IV. was a member of this club, and invariably took his turn at presiding over the weekly dinners at the Thatched House Tavern, and sang lustily his part, especially when Webbe's "Hail! Star of Brunswick," and "The Mighty Conqueror," composed in his honor, were on the programme. Stevens' compositions were all glees, the best of them being, as in the present instance, settings of Shakespeare's words. He died in 1837.

1st SOPRANO.
mf Andante moderato.
Blow, blow, thou win- ter wind, Thou art not so un - kind As man's in - grat - i -
ALTO.
thou win-ter wind, so un - kind As man's in - grat - i -
TENOR. mf
thou win-ter wind, Thou art not so un - kind As man's in - grat - i -
BASS.
thou win-ter wind, so un - kind As man's in - grat - i -
Andante moderato.
mf
cres.
tude, as man's in - grat - i - tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, Be - cause thou art not
tude, as man's in - grat - i - tude. so keen, Be - cause thou art not
cres.
tude, as man's in - grat - i - tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, Be - cause thou art not
tude, as man's in - grat - i - tude. so keen, Be - cause thou art not

cres.
f
seen, Al - though thy breath be rude, al - though thy breath be rude.
seen, Al - though thy breath be rude, al - though thy breath be rude.
cres.
f
seen, thy breath be rude, al - though thy breath be rude.
seen, Al - though thy breath be rude, al - though thy breath be rude.
cres.
f

p Allegretto.
cres.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho un - to the green hol - ly, Most friend - ship is
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho un - to the green hol - ly, Most friend - ship is
p
cres.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho un - to the green hol - ly, Most friend - ship is
Heigh ho, heigh ho un - to the green hol - ly, Most friend - ship is
p Allegretto.
cres.


feign - ing, most lov-ing mere fol - ly; Then heigh ho, the hol - ly, the hol - ly, This life is most
feign - ing, most lov-ing mere fol - ly; This life is most
feign - ing, most lov-ing mere fol - ly; Then heigh ho, the hol - ly, the hol - ly, This life is most
feign - ing, most lov-ing mere fol - ly; This life is most

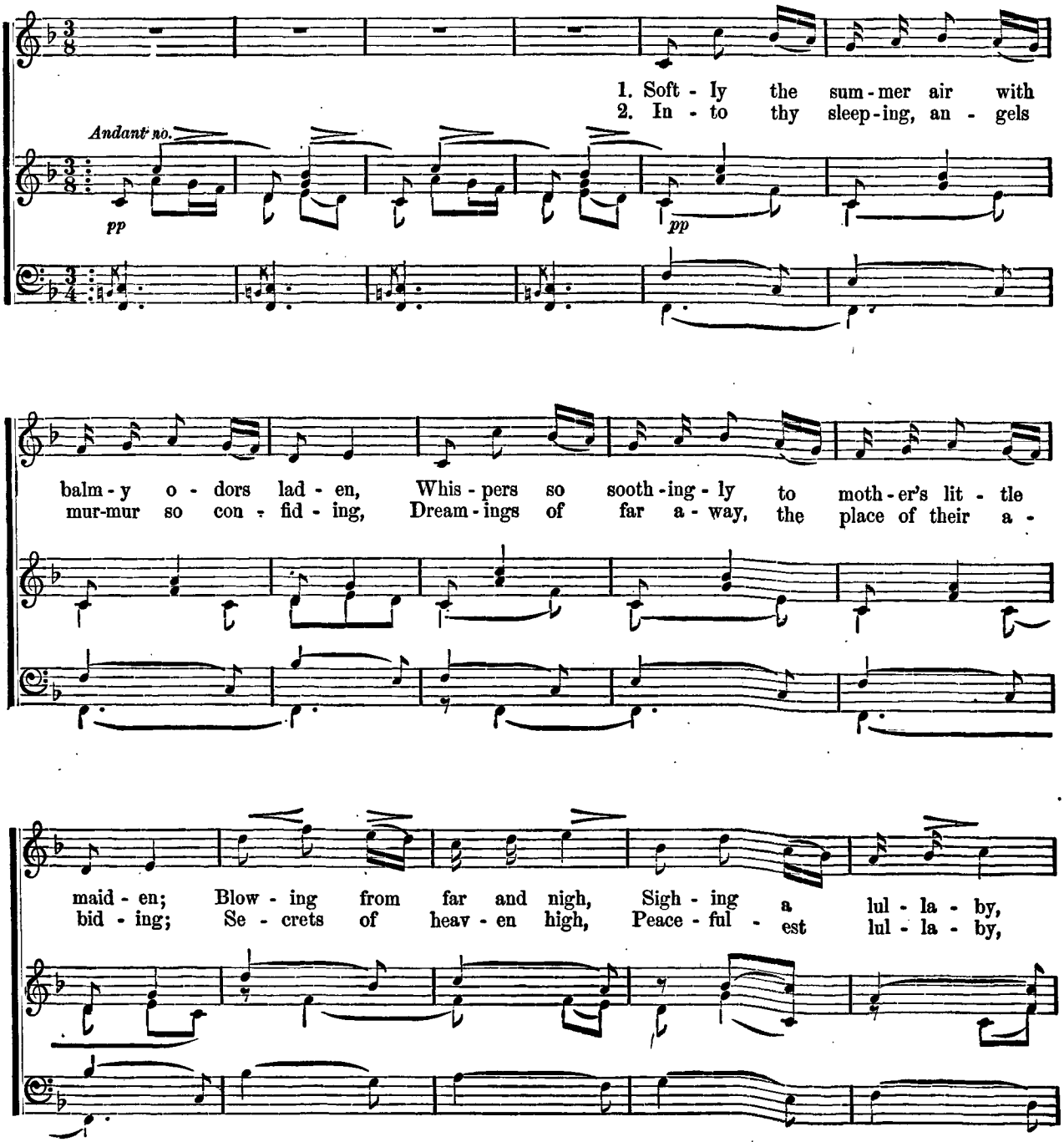

jol - ly, most jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly, most jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly.....
FINE.
jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly.....
jol - ly, most jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly, most jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly.....
jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly, this life is most jol - ly.....
FINE.


Tempo primo.
p
Freeze, freeze, thou bit - ter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, As ben-e-fits for-got, as
Freeze, freeze, thou bit - ter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, As ben-e-fits for-got,
Freeze, freeze, thou bit - ter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, for-got, as
Freeze, freeze, thou bit - ter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh, for-got, as ben-e-
Tempo primo.
mf
p
1
2
f
ben-e-fits for-got. got. Tho' thou the wa-ters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As
for-got. got. Tho' thou the wa-ters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp, is not so
ben-e-fits for-got. got. Tho' thou the wa-ters warp, Thy sting's not so
fits for-got. got. Tho' thou the wa-ters warp, Thy sting is not so


dim.
p
friend..... re - mem - ber'd not,..... as friend..... re - mem - - ber'd not
sharp, As friend re - mem - ber'd not,..... as friend..... re - mem - ber'd not.
dim.
p
sharp as friend re - mem - ber'd..... not,..... as friend..... re - mem - ber'd not.
sharp As friend re - mem - ber'd not,..... as friend re - - mem - ber'd not.
dim.
p

Wilkinson

LULLABY.

WILLIAM WALLACE GILCHRIST, the composer of this characteristic song—of which he is also the author of the words—was born in Jersey City in 1846. At the age of nine years he was taken to Philadelphia, where he studied music and became identified with local musical interests. A good and peculiarly flexible baritone voice enhanced his reputation as a vocalist; and the beauty of his compositions made him famous. Among the prizes won by him as a composer were those of the Mendelssohn Club of New York in 1881, and that of the Cincinnati Festival of 1882.

1. Soft - ly the sum - mer air with
2. In - to thy sleep - ing, an - gels
Andante.
pp
pp
balm - y o - dors lad - en, Whis - pers so sooth - ing - ly to moth - er's lit - tle
mur - mur so con - fid - ing, Dream - ings of far a - way, the place of their a -
maid - en; Blow - ing from far and nigh, Sigh - ing a lul - la - by,
bid - ing; Se - crets of heav - en high, Peace - ful - est lul - la - by,

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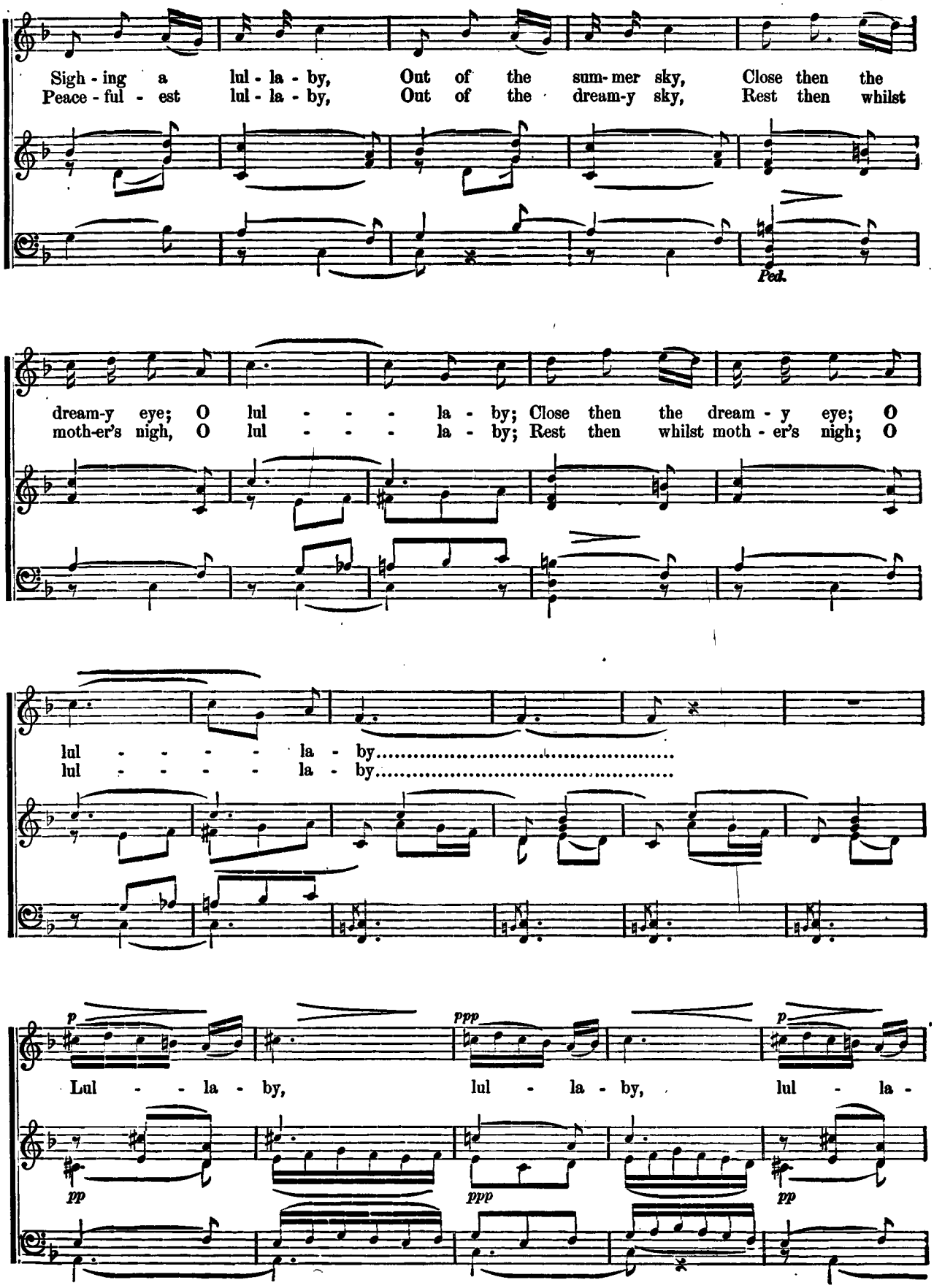
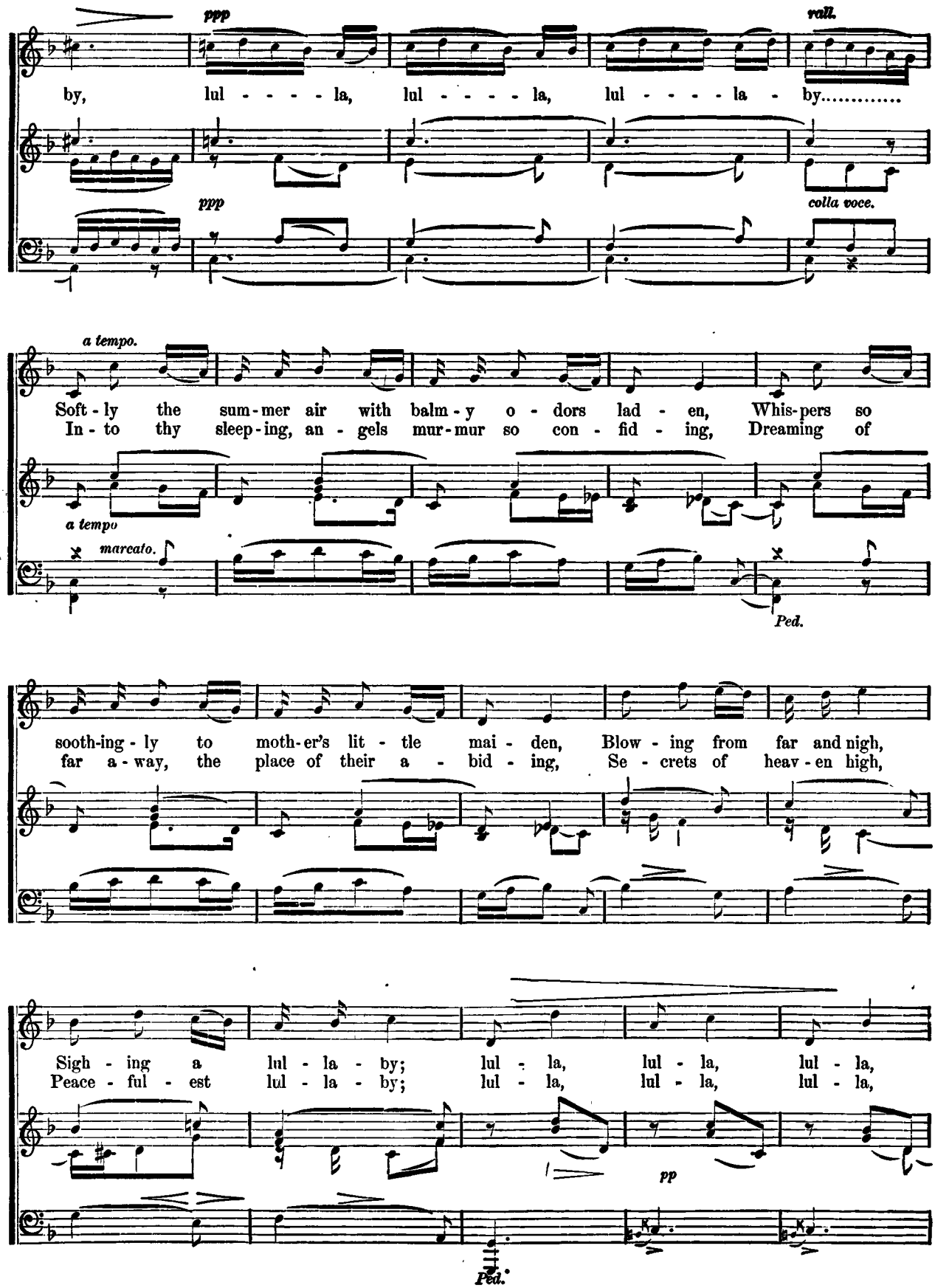

Sigh - ing a lul - la - by, Out of the sum - mer sky, Close then the
Peace - ful - est lul - la - by, Out of the dream-y sky, Rest then whilst
Ped.
dream-y eye; O lul - - - - la - by; Close then the dream - y eye; O
moth-er's nigh, O lul - - - - la - by; Rest then whilst moth - er's nigh; O
lul - - - - - la - by.....
lul - - - - - la - by.....
p
Lul - - la - by,
ppp
lul - la - by,
p
lul - la -
pp
ppp
pp

ppp
rall.
by, lul - - - - la, lul - - - - la, lul - - - - la - by.....
ppp
colla voce.
a tempo.
Soft - ly the sum - mer air with balm - y o - dors lad - en, Whis - pers so
In - to thy sleep - ing, an - gels mur - mur so con - fid - ing, Dreaming of
a tempo
marcato.
Ped.
sooth-ing - ly to moth - er's lit - tle mai - den, Blow - ing from far and nigh,
far a - way, the place of their a - bid - ing, Se - crets of heav - en high,
Sigh - ing a lul - la - by; lul - la, lul - la, lul - la,
Peace - ful - est lul - la - by; lul - la, lul - la, lul - la,
pp
Ped.

lul - la - - - by..... lul - la - by..... lul - la -

by..... lul - la - by.....

1

Ped. * Ped. Ped.

2

by.....

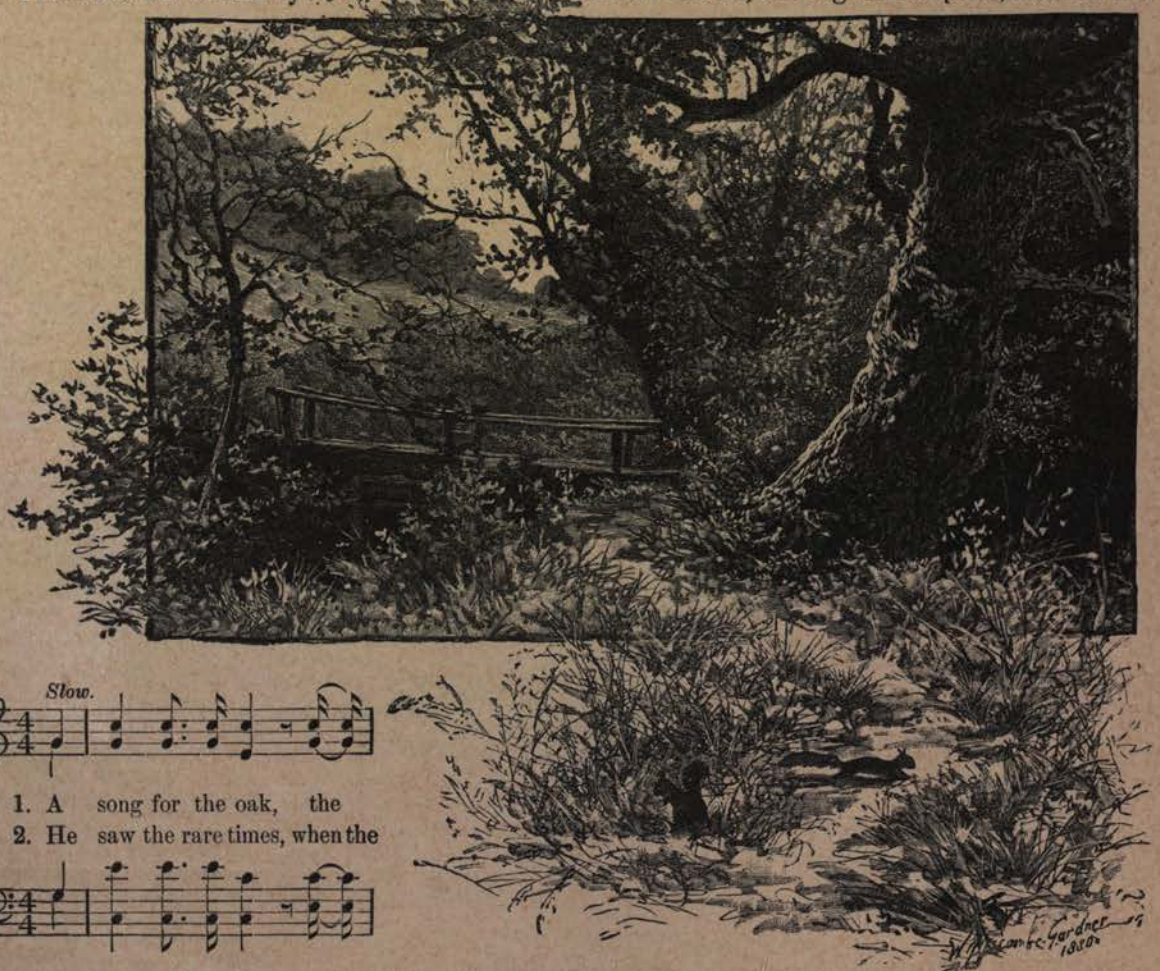
pp

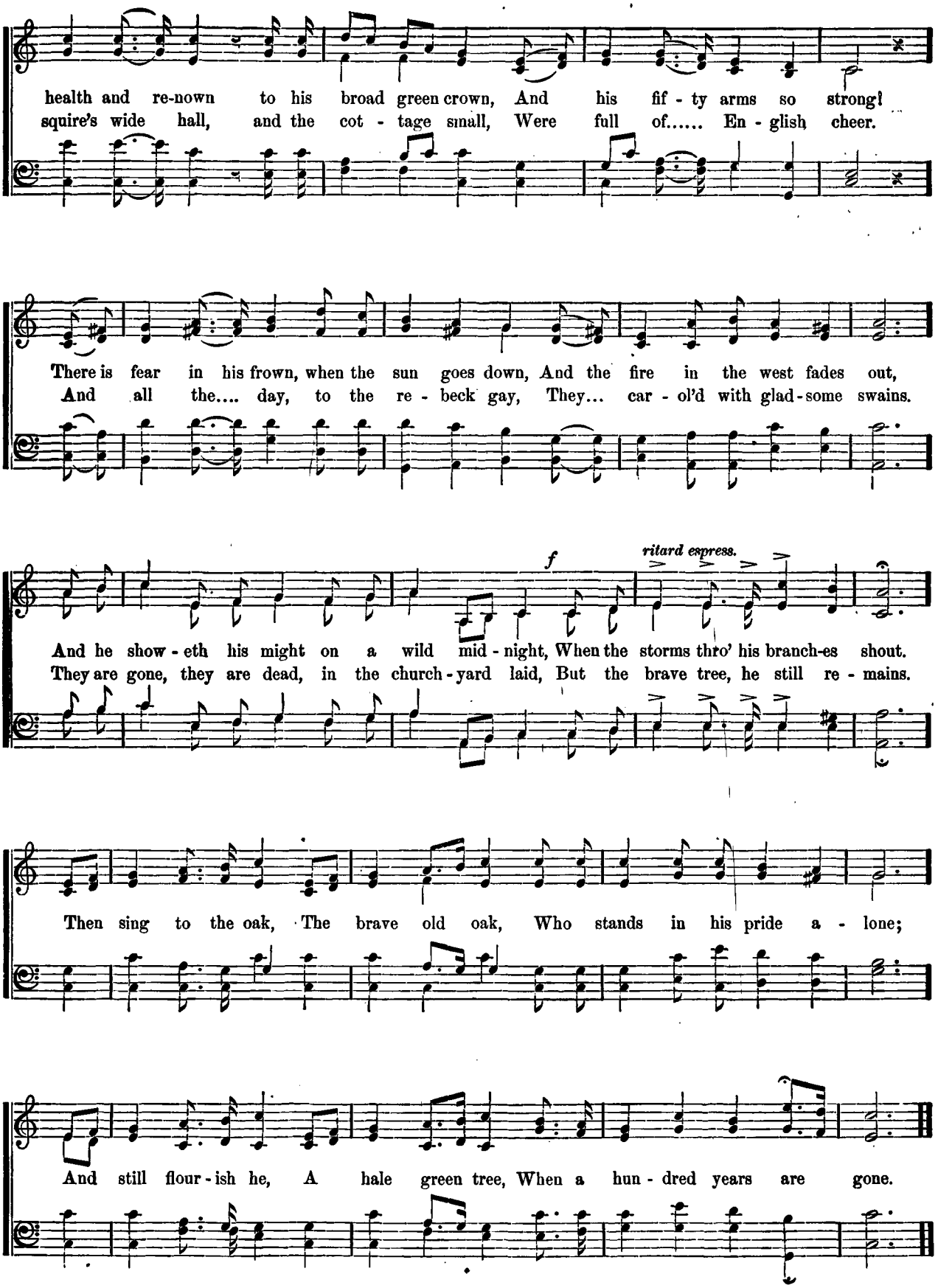
ppp

Ped. Ped. Ped.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

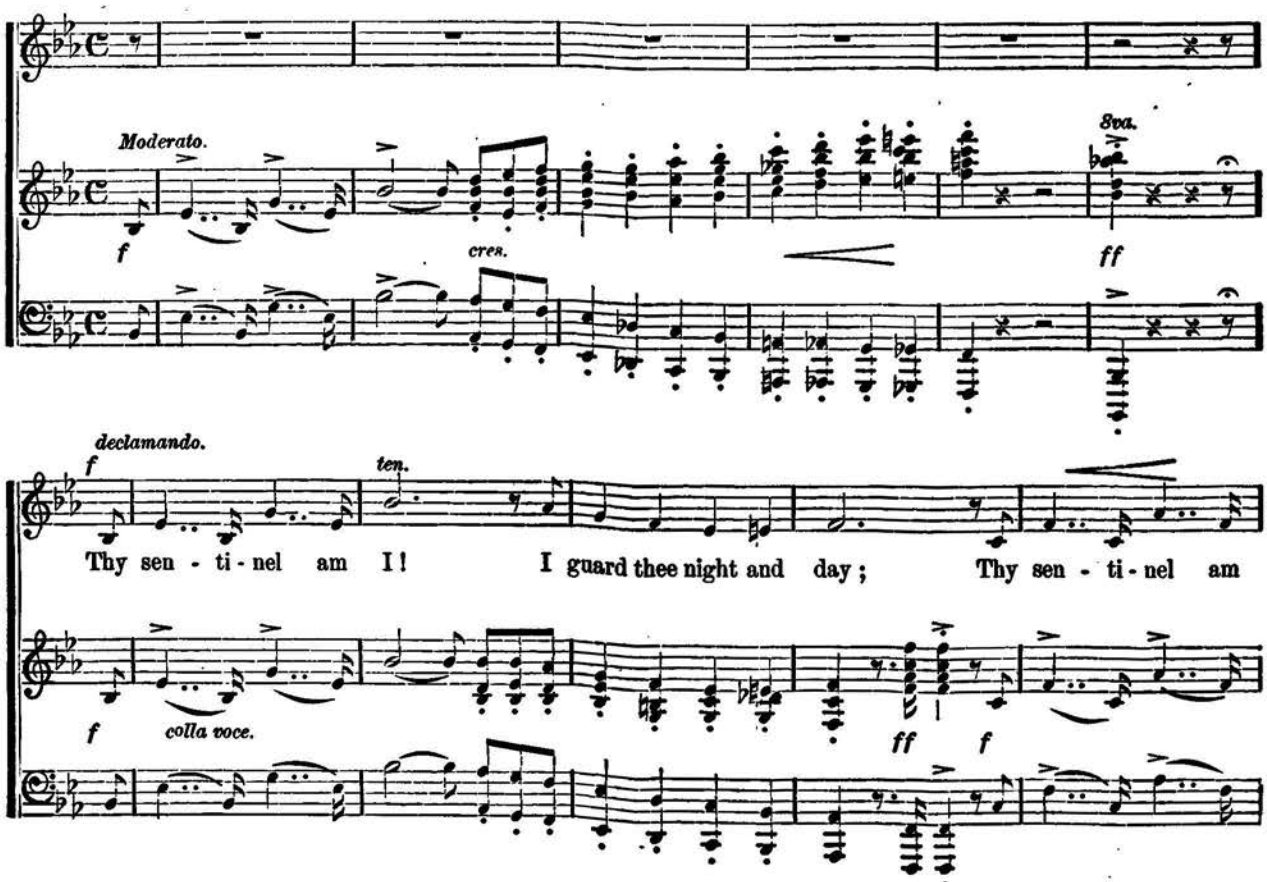
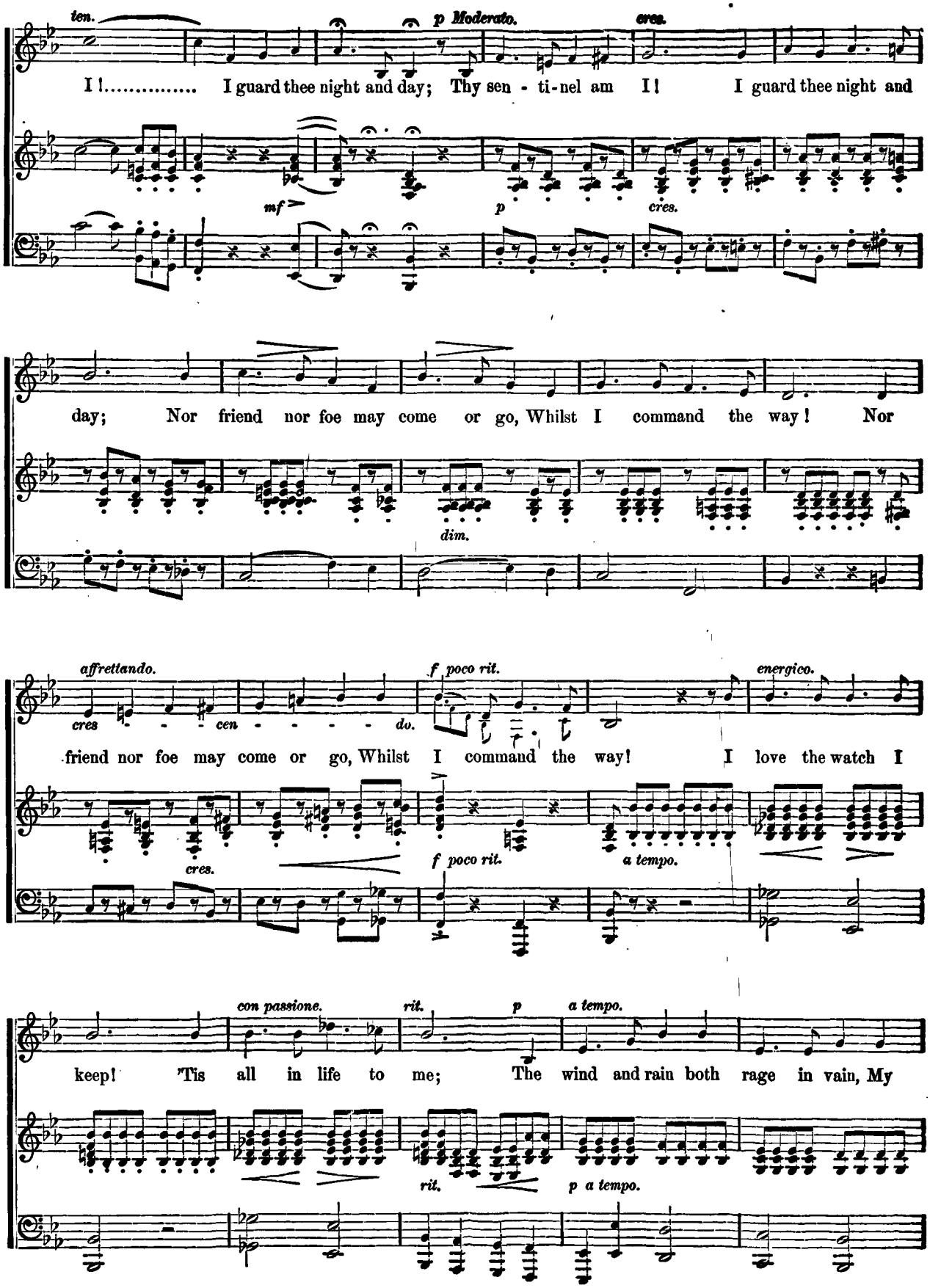
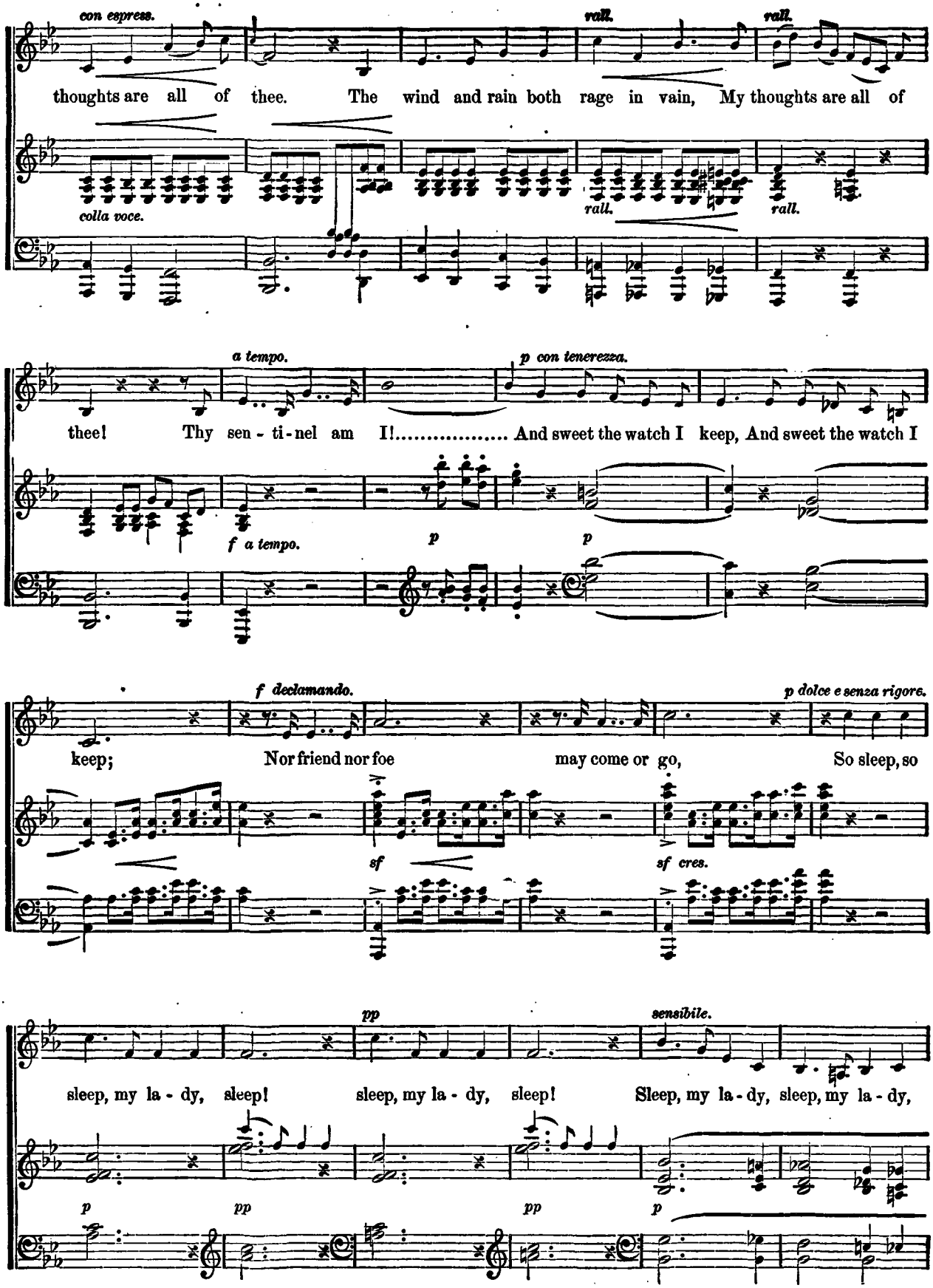
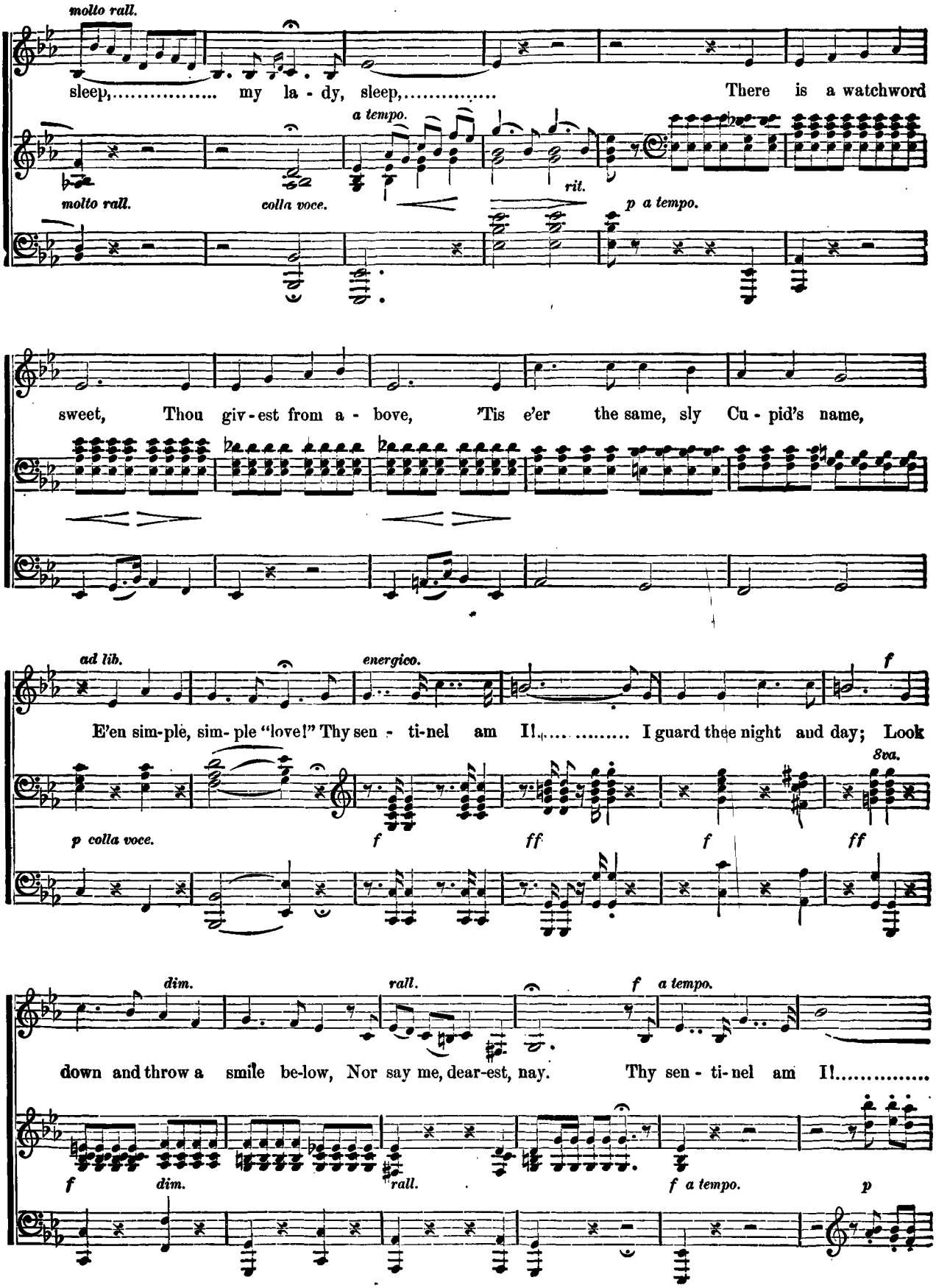
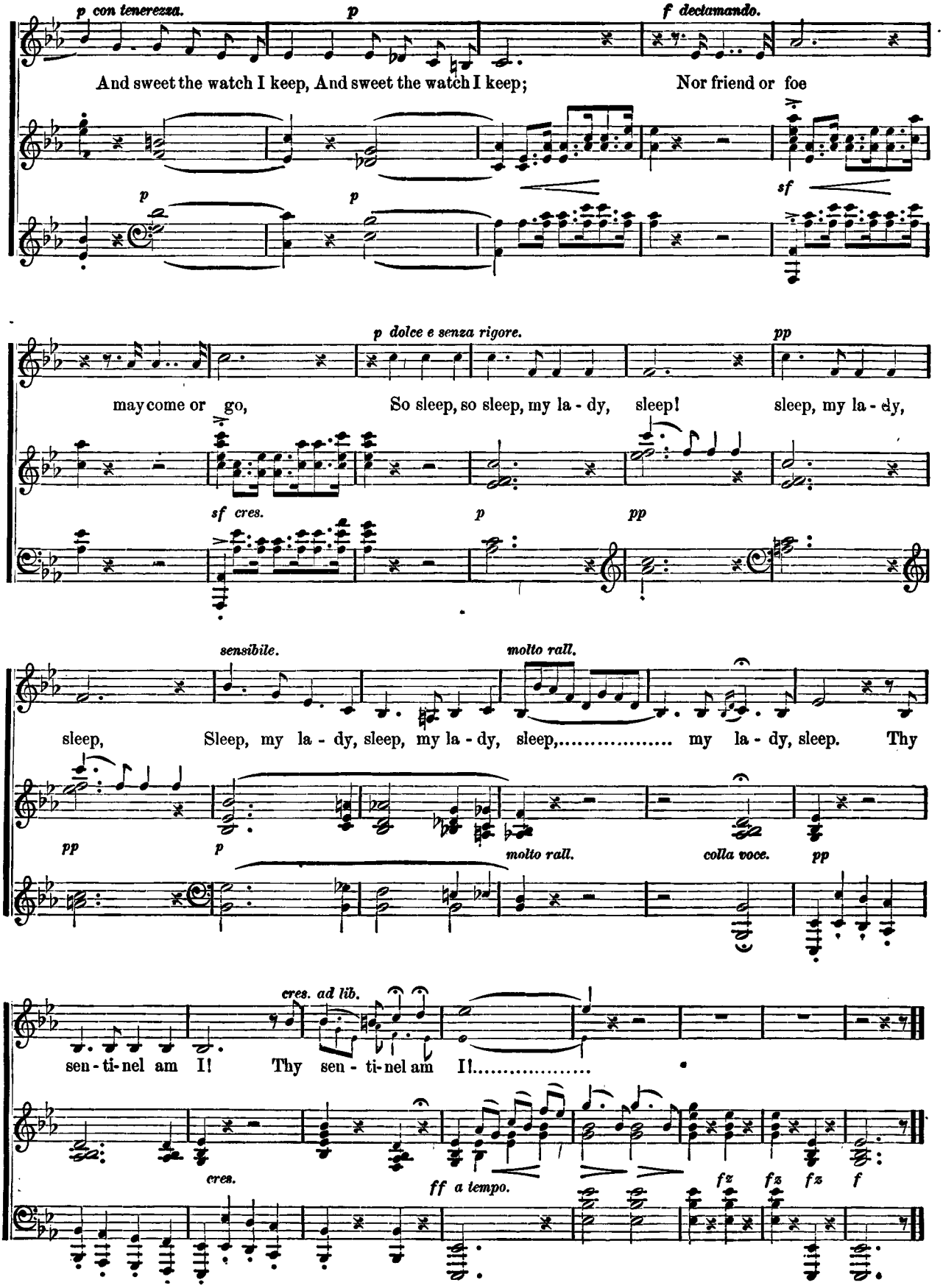
THE words of "The Brave Old Oak" were written by HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, who was born in Blackleyhurst, Lancashire, England, December 15, 1808. He was educated at the Royal Institution, in Liverpool, and spent a few years in a merchant's office, after which he was for thirty years musical critic on the *Athenæum*. He acquired literary as well as musical reputation, and published "Musical Recollections," "Music and Manners in France and Germany," a "Memoir of Mrs. Hemans," and one hundred songs. He died in London, February 16, 1872.

The music was written by E. J. LODER, an English composer, now deceased.

Slow.

1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the green - wood long; Here's
2. He saw the rare times, when the Christ - mas chimes Were a mer - ry..... sound to hear, And the

health and re-nown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong!
squire's wide hall, and the cot - tage small, Were full of..... En - glish cheer.
There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out,
And all the.... day, to the re - beck gay, They... car - ol'd with glad-some swains.
f
ritard express.
And he show - eth his might on a wild mid - night, When the storms thro' his branch-es shout.
They are gone, they are dead, in the church - yard laid, But the brave tree, he still re - mains.
Then sing to the oak, The brave old oak, Who stands in his pride a - lone;
And still flour - ish he, A hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

THY SENTINEL AM I.

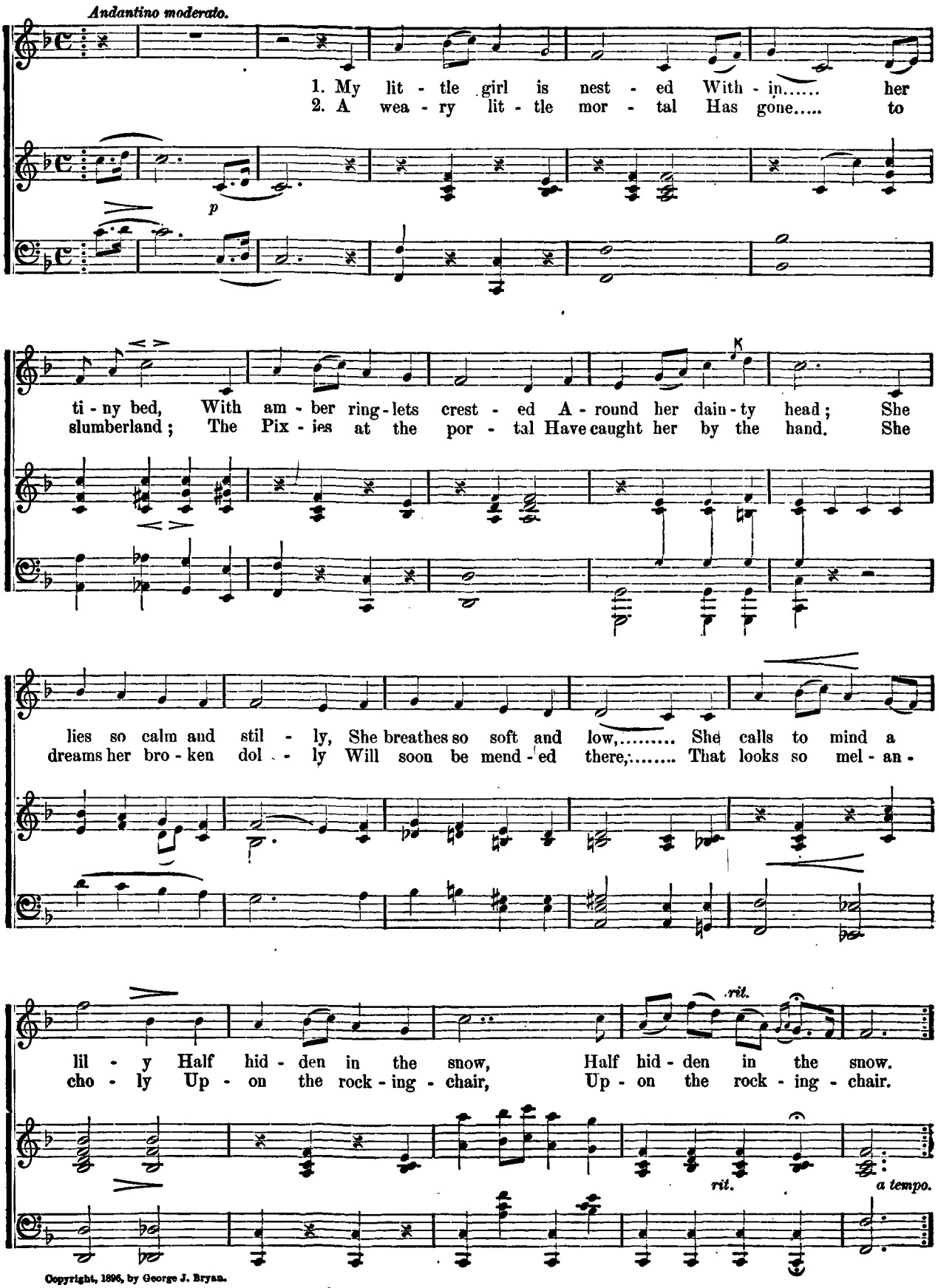
THIS song is a great favorite among bass singers, because of its spirited though stately measures and the fine sentiment of the words. The author, EDWARD OXENFORD, has written many librettos and lyrical poems, which have been set to music by some of the best living composers. He is the son of John Oxenford; to whose versatile genius the world owes many stage plays, the librettos of numerous celebrated English operas of the last half century, English versions of the great works of Calderon, Moliere, Goethe, Eckerman and Wagner, and a knowledge of Schopenhauer.

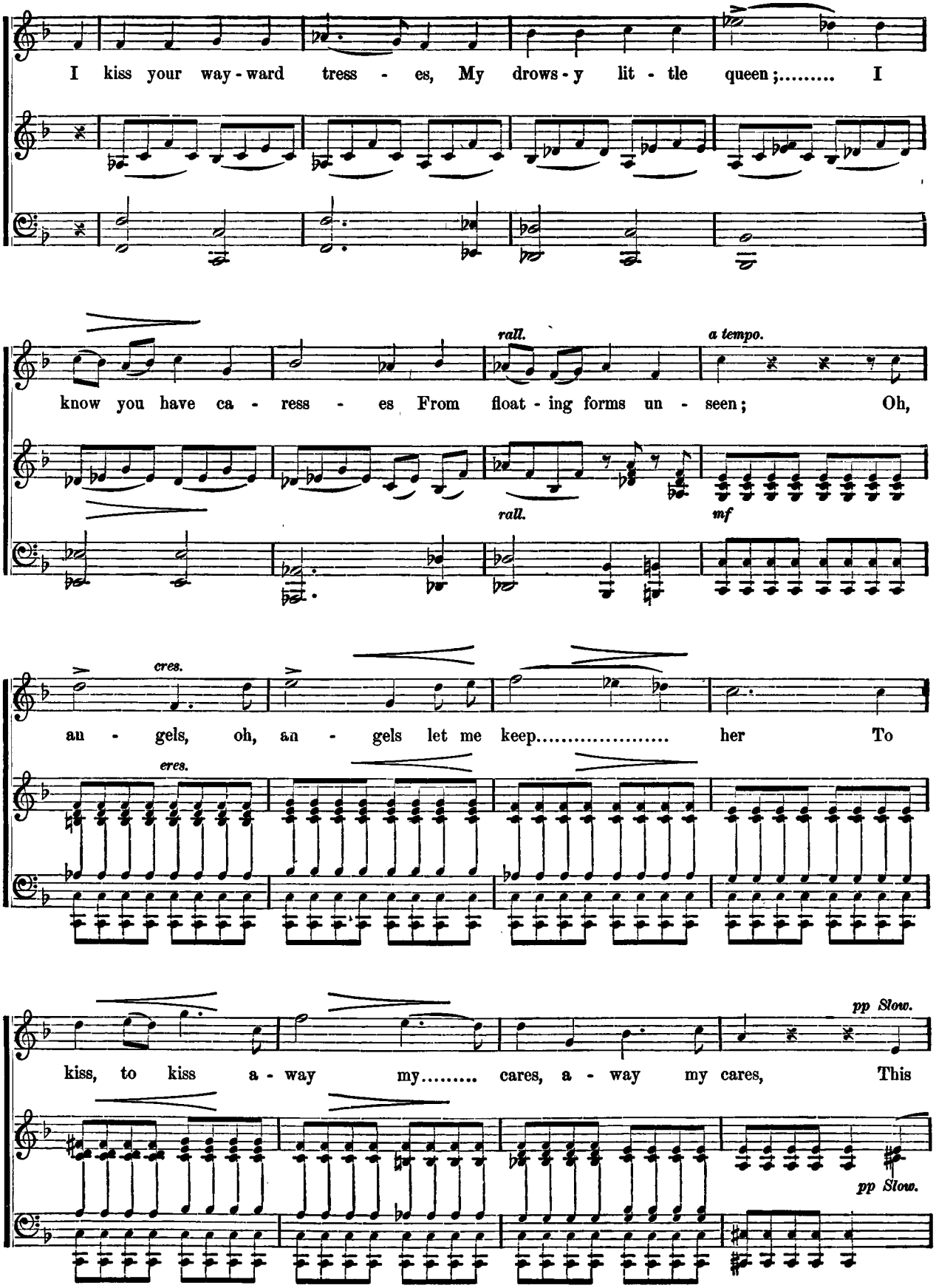
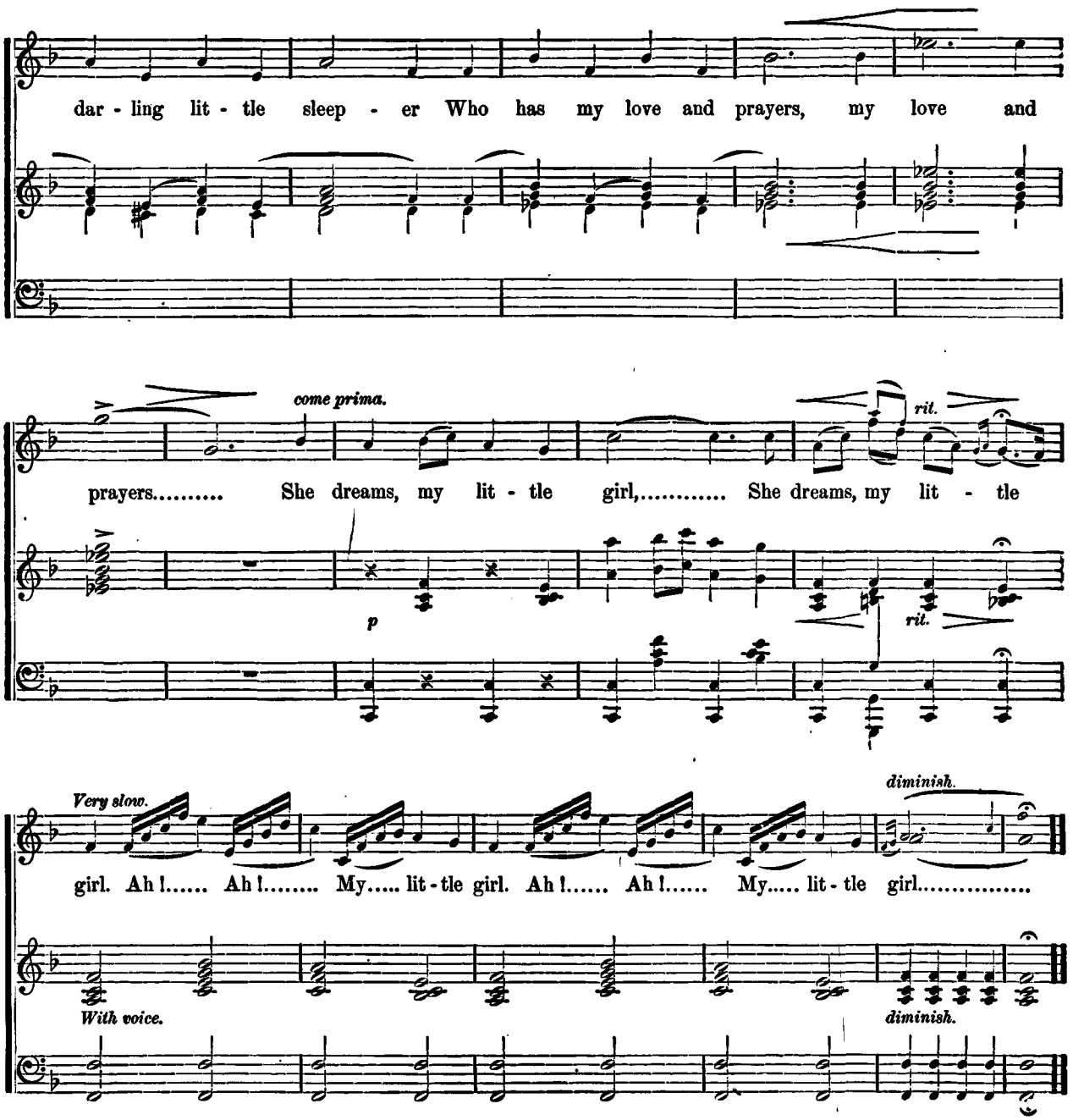
The music is the composition of WILLIAM MICHAEL WATSON, a native of Newcastle, born in 1840, and the writer of numerous songs that have been popular and successful.

ten.
p Moderato.
cres.
I!..... I guard thee night and day; Thy sen - ti-nel am I! I guard thee night and
mf
p
cres.
day; Nor friend nor foe may come or go, Whilst I command the way! Nor
dim.
affrettando.
cres - - - cen - - - - do.
f poco rit.
energico.
friend nor foe may come or go, Whilst I command the way! I love the watch I
cres.
f poco rit.
a tempo.
con passione.
rit.
p
a tempo.
keep! 'Tis all in life to me; The wind and rain both rage in vain, My
rit.
p a tempo.

con espress.
rall.
rall.
thoughts are all of thee. The wind and rain both rage in vain, My thoughts are all of
colla voce.
rall.
rall.
a tempo.
p con tenerezza.
thee! Thy sen - ti - nel am I!..... And sweet the watch I keep, And sweet the watch I
f a tempo.
p
p
f declamando.
p dolce e senza rigore.
keep; Nor friend nor foe may come or go, So sleep, so
sf
sf cres.
pp
sensibile.
sleep, my la - dy, sleep! sleep, my la - dy, sleep! Sleep, my la - dy, sleep, my la - dy,
p
pp
pp
p

molto rall.
sleep,..... my la - dy, sleep,.....
There is a watchword
a tempo.
molto rall.
colla voce.
rit.
p a tempo.
sweet, Thou giv - est from a - bove, 'Tis e'er the same, sly Cu - pid's name,
ad lib.
energico.
f
E'en sim-plė, sim- ple "love!" Thy sen - ti-nel am I!..... I guard thee night and day; Look
8va.
p colla voce.
f
ff
f
ff
dim.
rall.
f a tempo.
down and throw a smile be-low, Nor say me, dear-est, nay. Thy sen - ti-nel am I!.....
f
dim.
rall.
f a tempo.
p

p con tenerezza.
p
f declamando.
And sweet the watch I keep, And sweet the watch I keep;
Nor friend or foe
sf
p dolce e senza rigore.
pp
may come or go,
So sleep, so sleep, my la - dy, sleep!
sleep, my la - dy,
sf cres.
p
pp
sensibile.
molto rall.
sleep,
Sleep, my la - dy, sleep, my la - dy, sleep,
my la - dy, sleep.
Thy
molto rall.
colla voce.
cres. ad lib.
sen - ti - nel am I!
Thy sen - ti - nel am I!
cres.
ff a tempo.
fz
fz
fz
f

MY LITTLE GIRL.

THE well-known poet of the South, SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, was born at Tuskaloosa in 1854, and was educated at the University of Alabama. He studied medicine in New York city; and it was his familiarity with the ways of medical people that put him in the way of writing such pleasing poems as "Bessie Brown, M. D.," ending with the lines:

"And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the Doctor!"

Returning to Alabama from the North, he devoted himself to agriculture and to literary work. In 1886 his poems were published under the collective title of "Cap and Bells." His pretty verses entitled "My Little Girl" were set to appropriate music by PAOLO LA VILLA.

Andantino moderato.
1. My lit - tle girl is nest - ed With - in..... her
2. A wea - ry lit - tle mor - tal Has gone..... to
p
ti - ny bed, With am - ber ring - lets crest - ed A - round her dain - ty head; She
slumberland; The Pix - ies at the por - tal Have caught her by the hand. She
lies so calm and stil - ly, She breathes so soft and low,..... She calls to mind a
dreams her bro - ken dol - ly Will soon be mend - ed there,..... That looks so mel - an -
lil - y Half hid - den in the snow, Half hid - den in the snow.
cho - ly Up - on the rock - ing - chair, Up - on the rock - ing - chair.
rit.
rit.
a tempo.

Copyright, 1896, by George J. Bryan.

I kiss your way - ward tress - es, My drows - y lit - tle queen;..... I
rall.
a tempo.
know you have ca - ress - es From float - ing forms un - seen; Oh,
rall.
mf
cres.
an - gels, oh, an - gels let me keep..... her To
cres.
pp Slow.
kiss, to kiss a - way my..... cares, a - way my cares, This
pp Slow.

dar - ling lit - tle sleep - er Who has my love and prayers, my love and
come prima.
rit.
prayers..... She dreams, my lit - tle girl,..... She dreams, my lit - tle
p
rit.
Very slow.
diminish.
girl. Ah!..... Ah!..... My..... lit - tle girl. Ah!..... Ah!..... My..... lit - tle girl.....
With voice.
diminish.

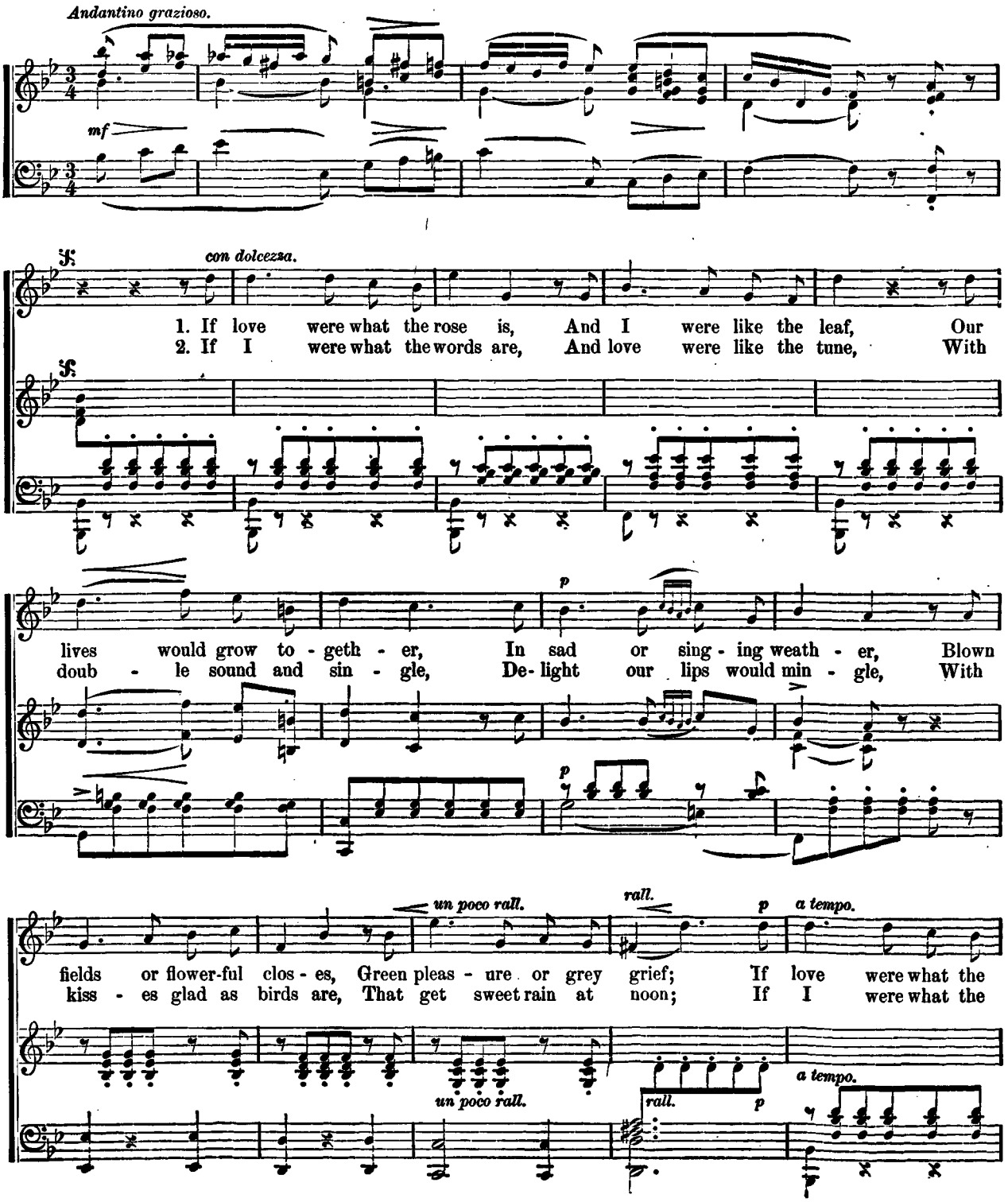
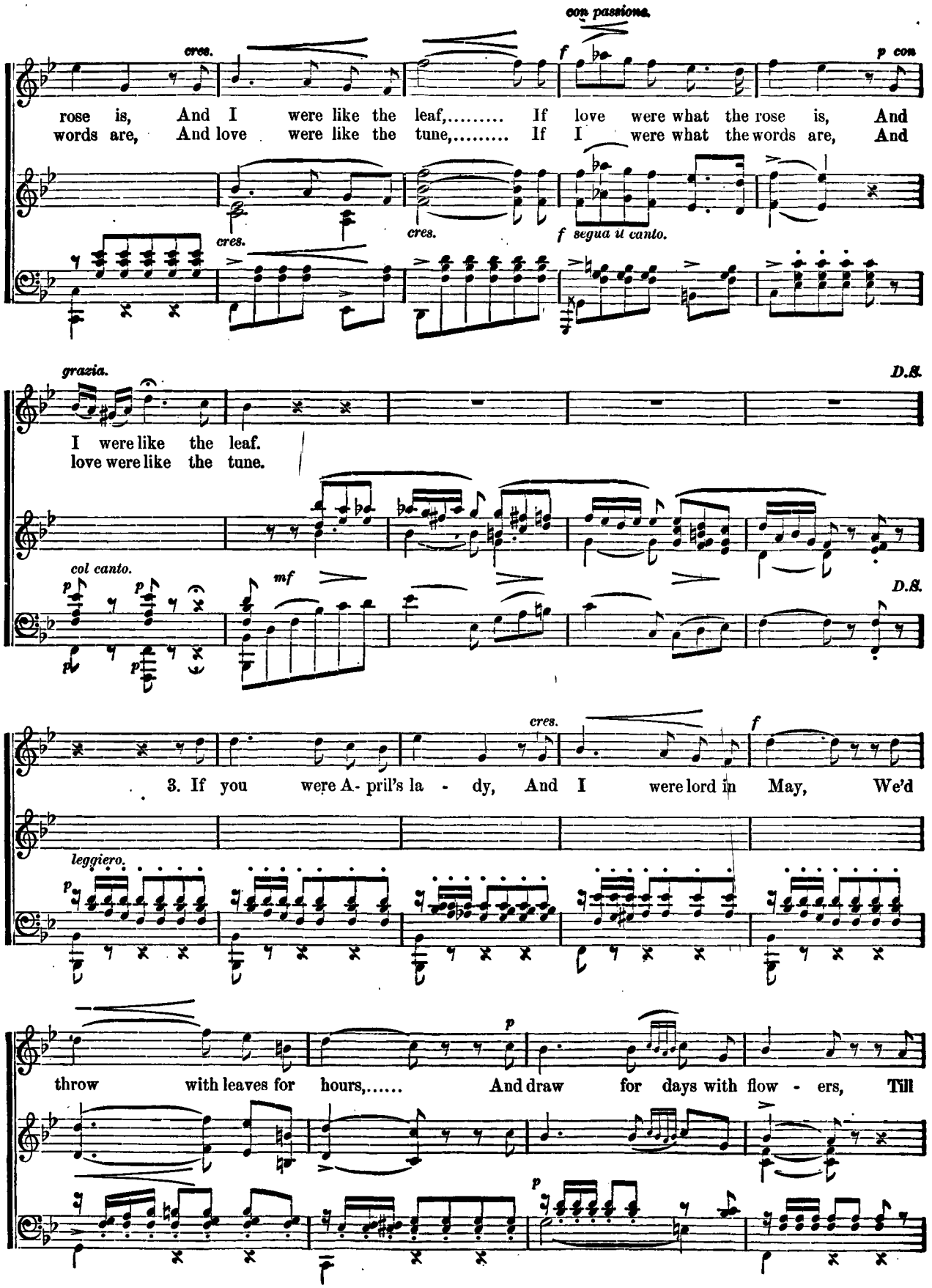
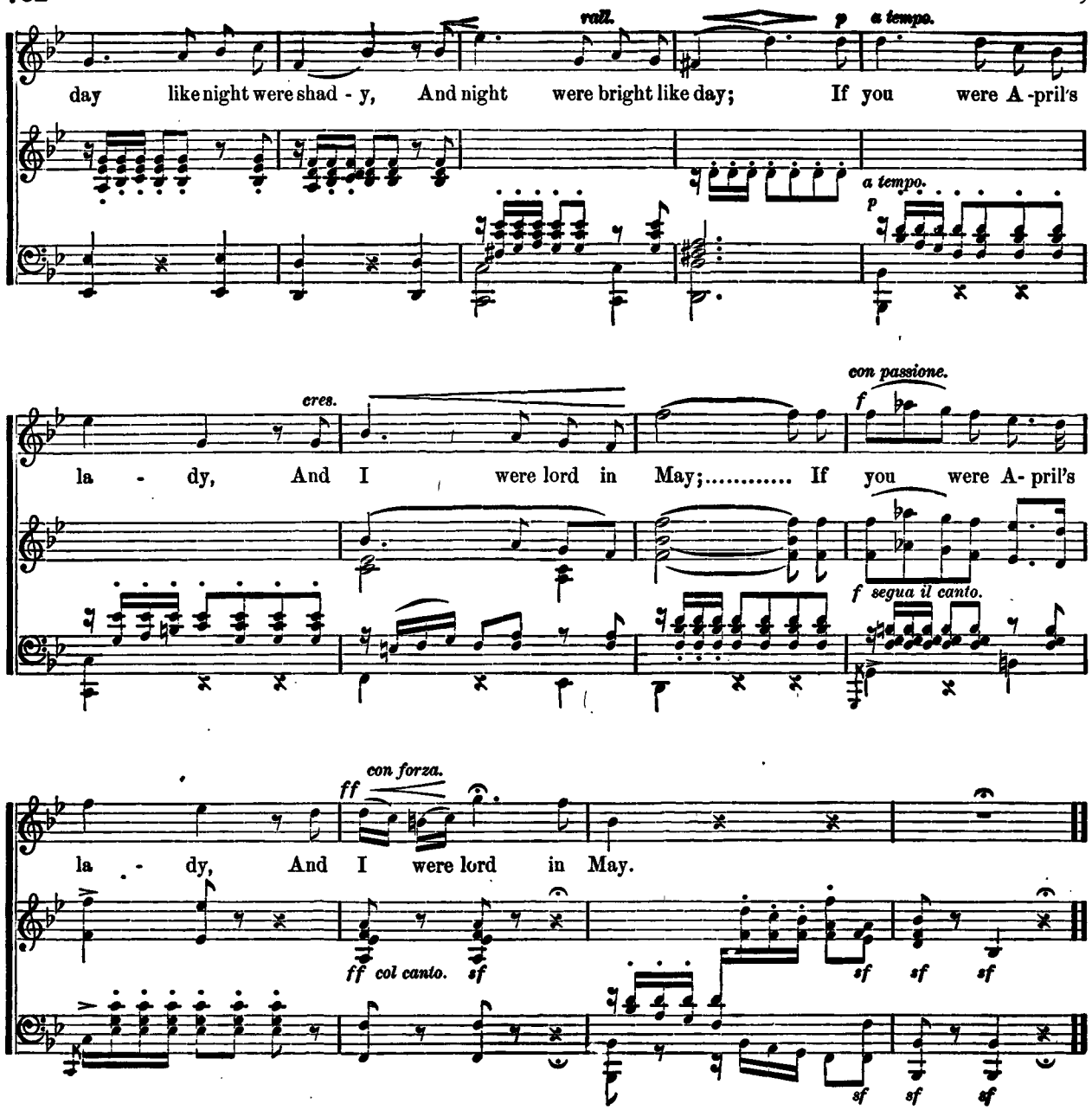
My little girl is nested
Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
Half hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
Has gone to slumberland;
The Pixies at the portal
Have caught her by the hand.

She dreams her broken dolly
Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
From floating forms unseen;
Oh, angels, let me keep her
To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper
Who has my love and prayers.

"IF."

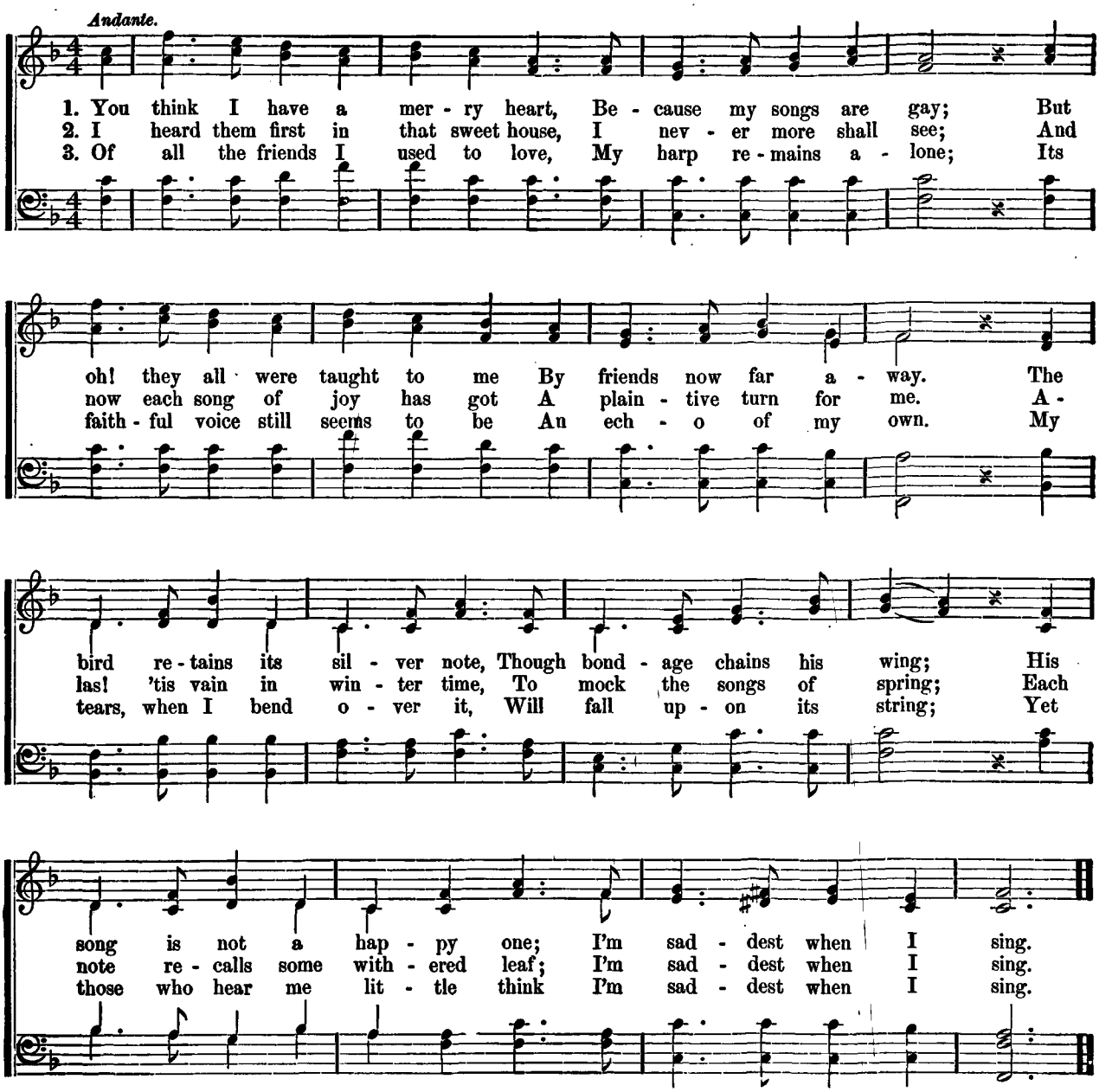
THIS is one of the songs of which it may be said that the melody without the words or the words merely read as a poem would give pleasure. In the sympathetic union of the words and music there is a combination of the exquisite grace characteristic of two art-geniuses—CIRO PINSUTI, one of the most poetic of composers, and ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, one of the most melodious of the poets of the nineteenth century. The tuneful words of this sweet song have been set to music by many composers; the melodies of Paul Ambrose and Pinsuti being perhaps the best.

Andantino grazioso.
mf
con dolcezza.
1. If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, Our
2. If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With
lives would grow to - geth - er, In sad or sing - ing weath - er, Blown
doub - le sound and sin - gle, De- light our lips would min - gle, With
un poco rall.
rall.
a tempo.
fields or flower-ful clos - es, Green pleas - ure or grey grief; If love were what the
kiss - es glad as birds are, That get sweet rain at noon; If I were what the
un poco rall.
rall.
a tempo.

cres.
con passiona.
f
p con
rose is, And I were like the leaf,..... If love were what the rose is, And
words are, And love were like the tune,..... If I were what the words are, And
cres.
cres.
f segua il canto.
grazia.
D.S.
I were like the leaf.
love were like the tune.
col canto.
p
p
mf
D.S.
cres.
f
3. If you were A- pril's la - dy, And I were lord in May, We'd
leggiero.
p
throw with leaves for hours,..... And draw for days with flow - ers, Till
p
p

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together,
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

THE words of this song were written by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, and the air was composed by SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.


Andante.
1. You think I have a mer - ry heart, Be - cause my songs are gay; But oh! they all were taught to me By friends now far a - way. The bird re - tains its sil - ver note, Though bond - age chains his wing; His song is not a hap - py one; I'm sad - dest when I sing.
2. I heard them first in that sweet house, I nev - er more shall see; And now each song of joy has got A plain - tive turn for me. A - las! 'tis vain in win - ter time, To mock the songs of spring; Each note re - calls some with - ered leaf; I'm sad - dest when I sing.
3. Of all the friends I used to love, My harp re - mains a - lone; Its faith - ful voice still seems to be An ech - o of my own. My tears, when I bend o - ver it, Will fall up - on its string; Yet those who hear me lit - tle think I'm sad - dest when I sing.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird retains its silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing;
His song is not a happy one;
I'm saddest when I sing.

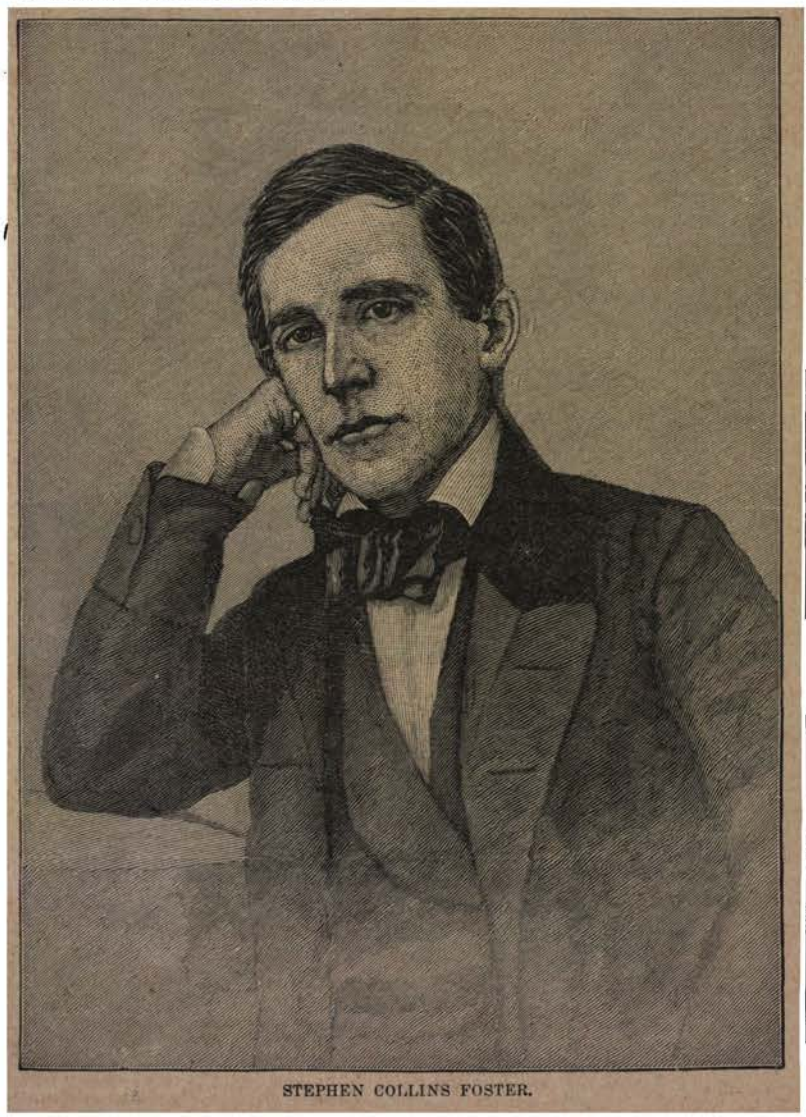
I heard them first in that sweet house,
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me.

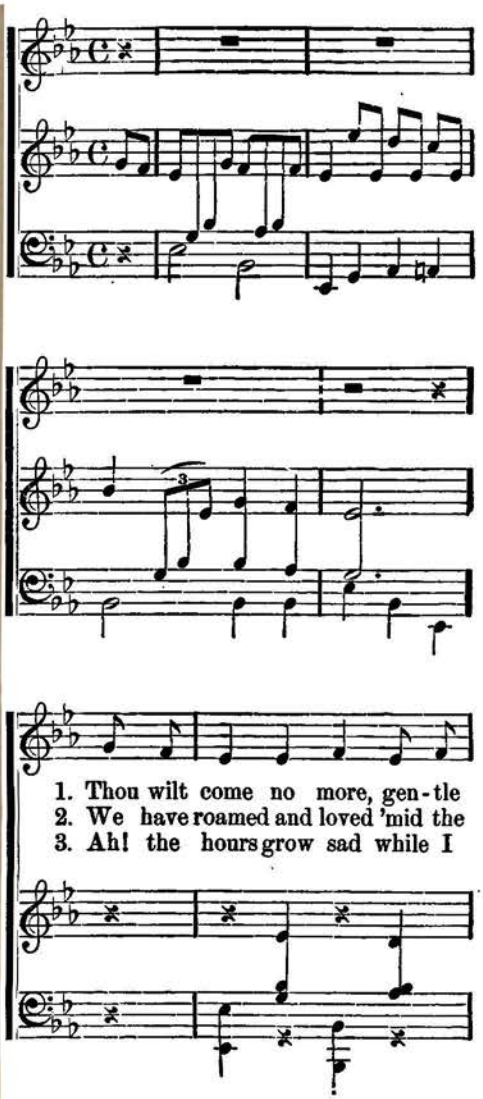
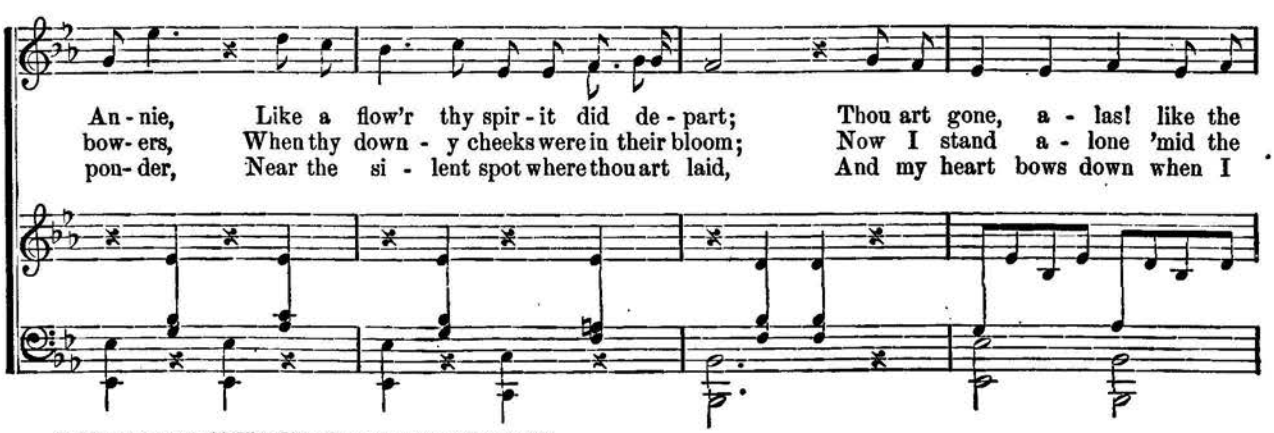
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time,
To mock the songs of spring;
Each note recalls some withered leaf;
I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string;
Yet those who hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing.

GENTLE ANNIE.

THIS is one of the saddest and sweetest of the compositions of America's loved and lamented songster, STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.


An-nie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-part; Thou art gone, a-las! like the
bow-ers, When thy down-y cheeks were in their bloom; Now I stand a-lone 'mid the
pon-der, Near the si-lent spot where thou art laid, And my heart bows down when I

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ma - ny That have bloomed in the sum - mer of my heart. Shall we
flow - ers, While they min - gle their per- fumes o'er thy tomb.
wan - der By the streams and the mead -ows where we strayed.

nev - er more be - hold thee; Nev - er hear thy win- ning voice a - gain, When the

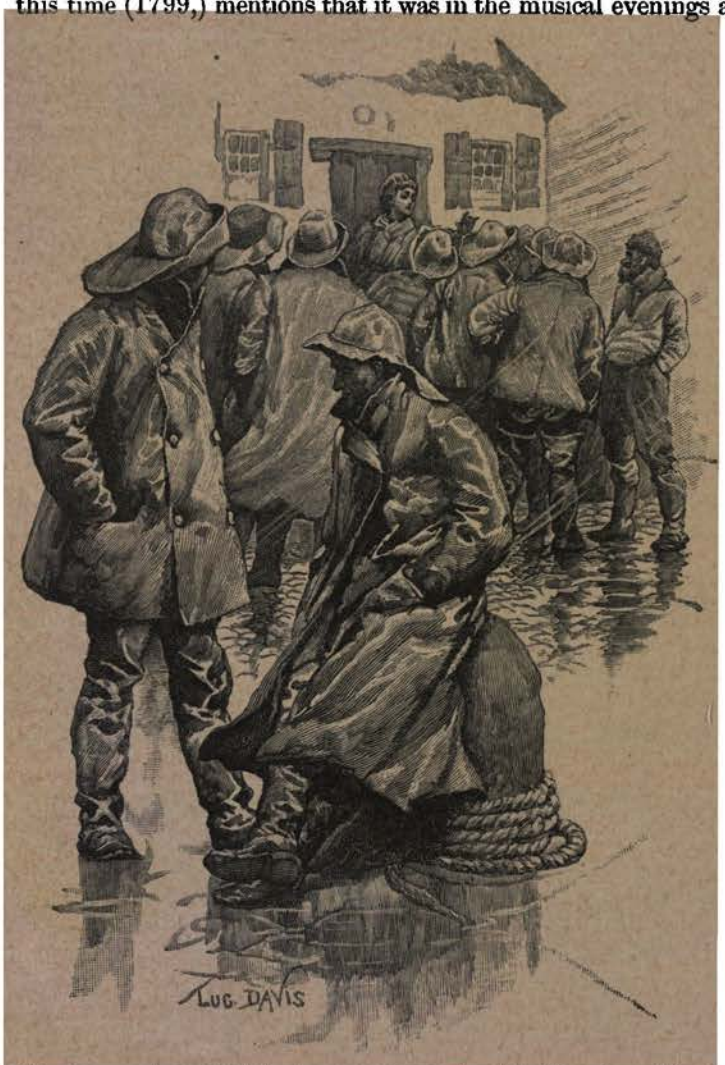
D. C.

Spring- time comes, gen- tle An- nie, When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain?

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

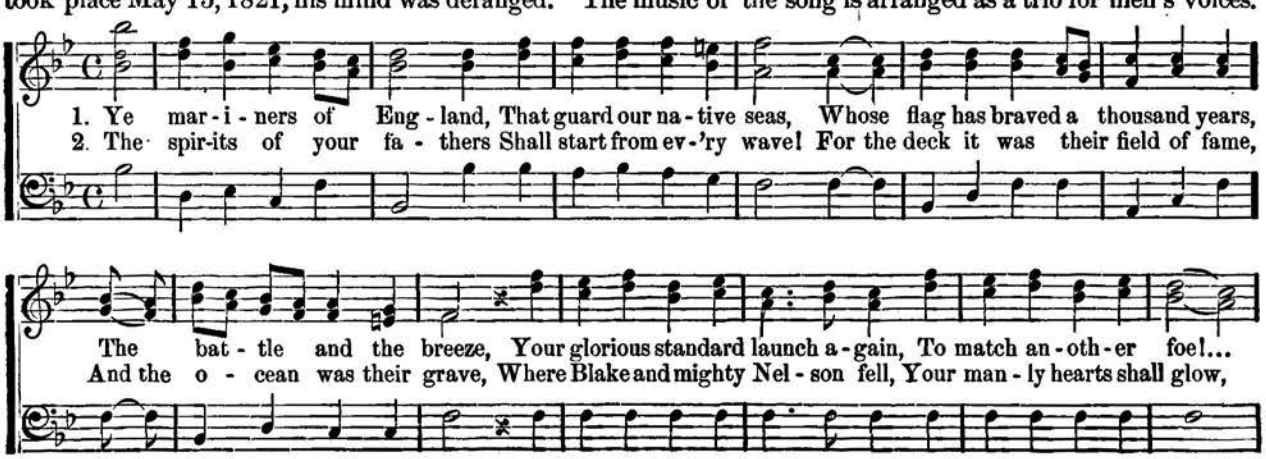
TRIO FOR MALE VOICES.

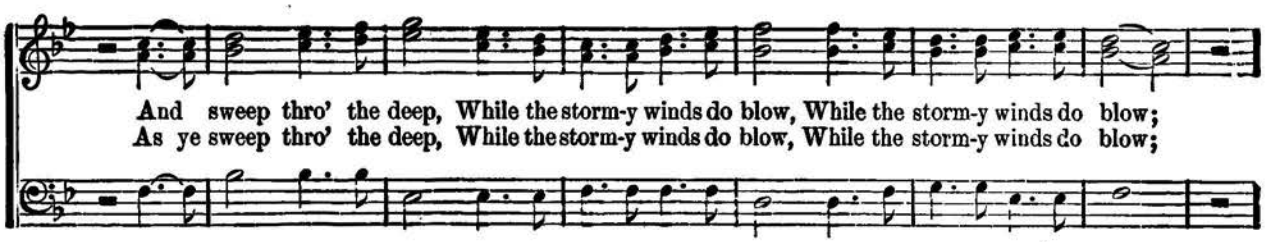
In his life of Thomas Campbell, Dr. Beattie says: "Mrs. Ireland, who saw much of Campbell at this time (1799,) mentions that it was in the musical evenings at her mother's house that he appeared to derive the greatest enjoyment. At these soirées his favorite song was 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' with the music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words for it. Hence this noble and stirring lyric of 'Ye Mariners of England,' part of which, if not all, he is said to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon, and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch, and sent it home to Mr. Parry, of the *Morning Chronicle*."

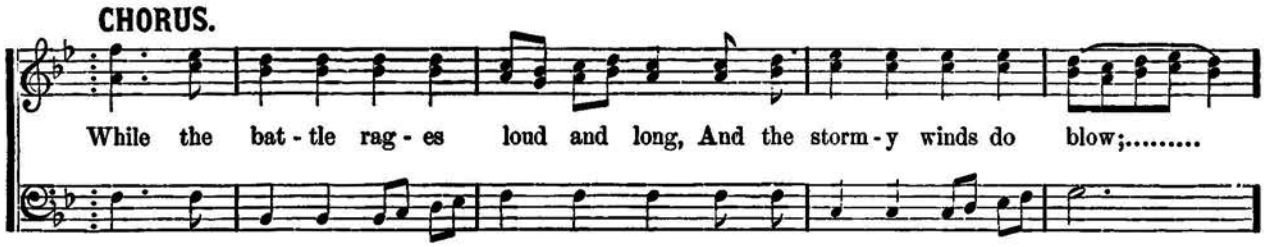


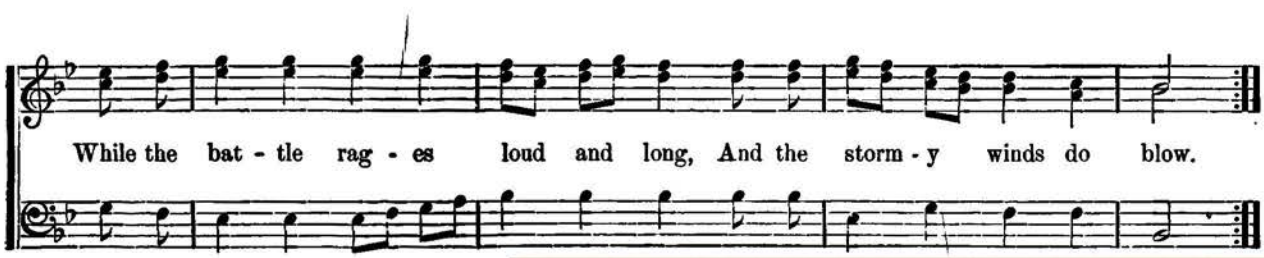
After Campbell had visited Germany, and met the Irish Exiles who had inspired his "Exile of Erin," he returned to London, and thence to Scotland. In Edinburgh he was arrested for high treason, on suspicion of complicity with the Irish exiles. His trunk was seized, but the search through its contents, instead of bringing to light treasonable papers, revealed the first draft of "Ye Mariners of England," which of course amply vindicated his loyalty.

The music of "Ye Gentlemen of England" was composed by John Wall Callcott, who was born at Kensington, England, in 1766. He early developed a fondness for music, and when thirteen years old he attempted composition, and wrote pieces for a private play. He sent one hundred original compositions to compete for a prize offered by the Nobleman's Catch Club. When the club decided to accept but three pieces of a sort, Callcott sent twelve, four of which gained the four medals. By himself he studied French, Italian, Hebrew, and Syriac. He became joint organist of St. Paul's Covent Garden, and studied instrumental music with Haydn. Dr. Callcott began to compile a musical dictionary, and while proceeding with it, formed a military band for which he composed and arranged the music, and personally drilled the performers. He also wrote a musical grammar. For fifteen years before his death, which took place May 15, 1821, his mind was deranged. The music of the song is arranged as a trio for men's voices.


1. Ye mar-i-ners of Eng-land, That guard our na-tive seas, Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
2. The spir-its of your fa-thers Shall start from ev-'ry wave! For the deck it was their field of fame,
The bat-tle and the breeze, Your glorious standard launch a-gain, To match an-oth-er foe!...
And the o-cean was their grave, Where Blake and mighty Nel-son fell, Your man-ly hearts shall glow,


And sweep thro' the deep, While the storm-y winds do blow, While the storm-y winds do blow;
As ye sweep thro' the deep, While the storm-y winds do blow, While the storm-y winds do blow;





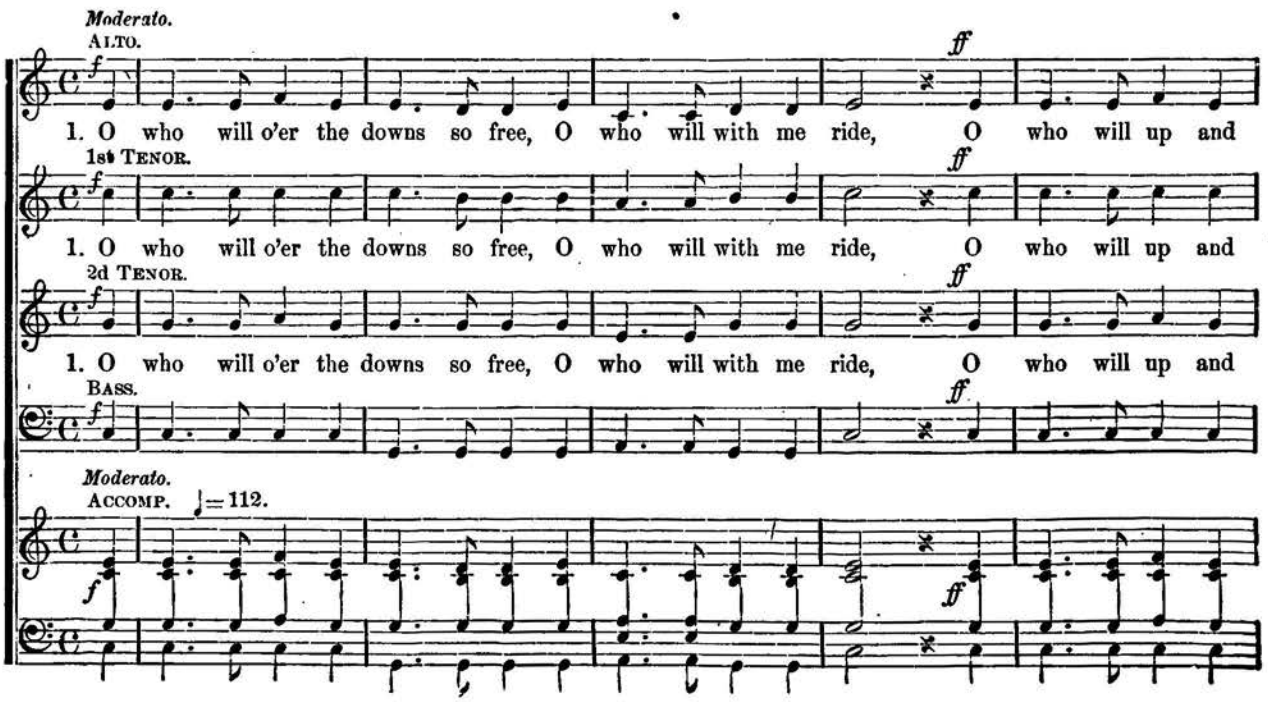
Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

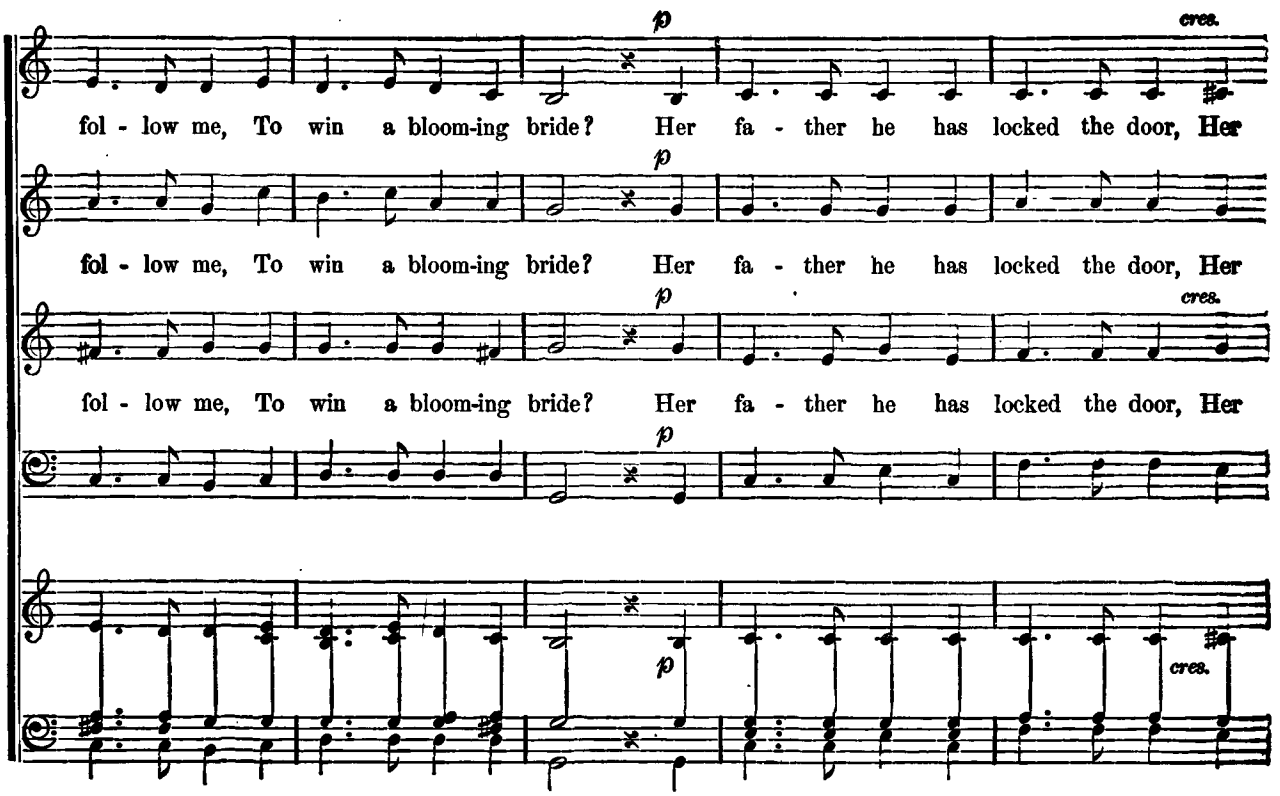
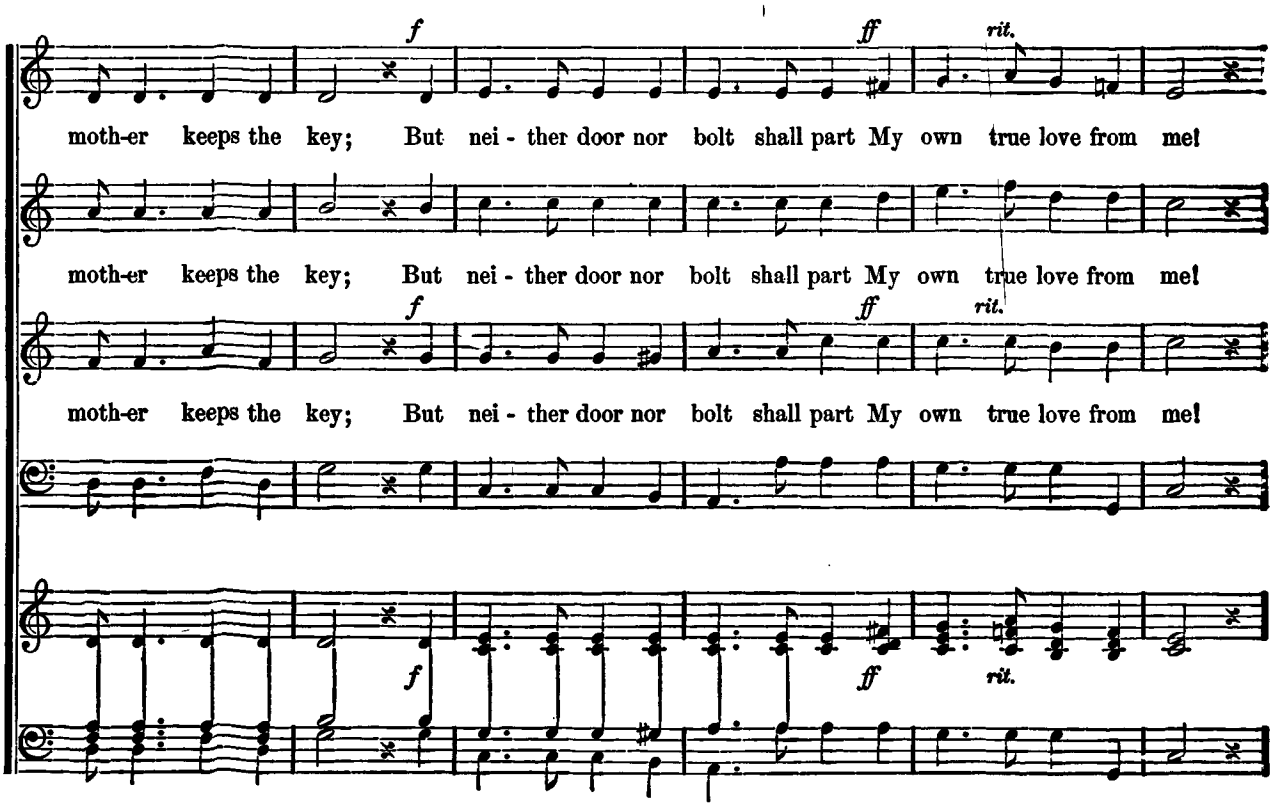
The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

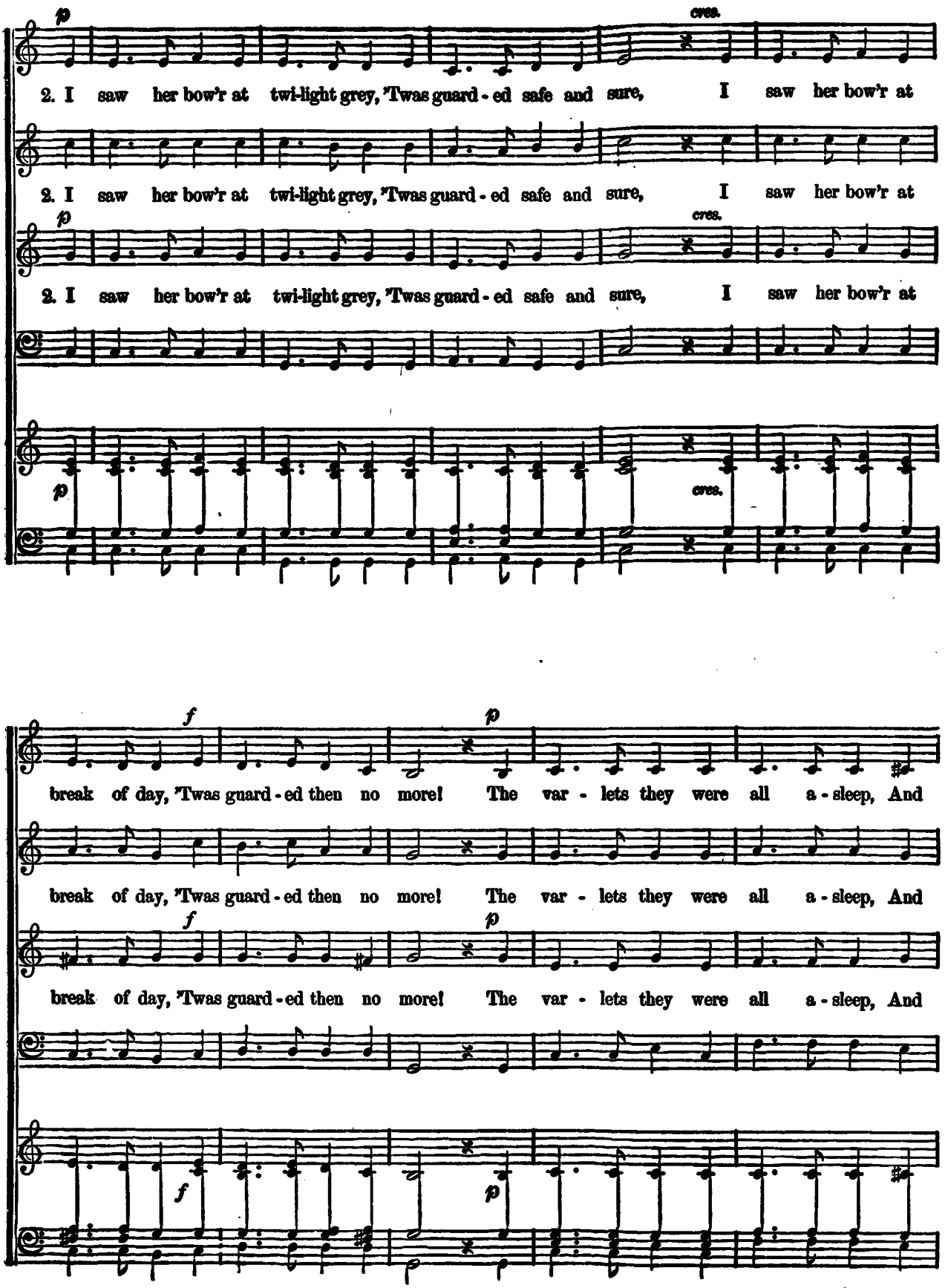
O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE.

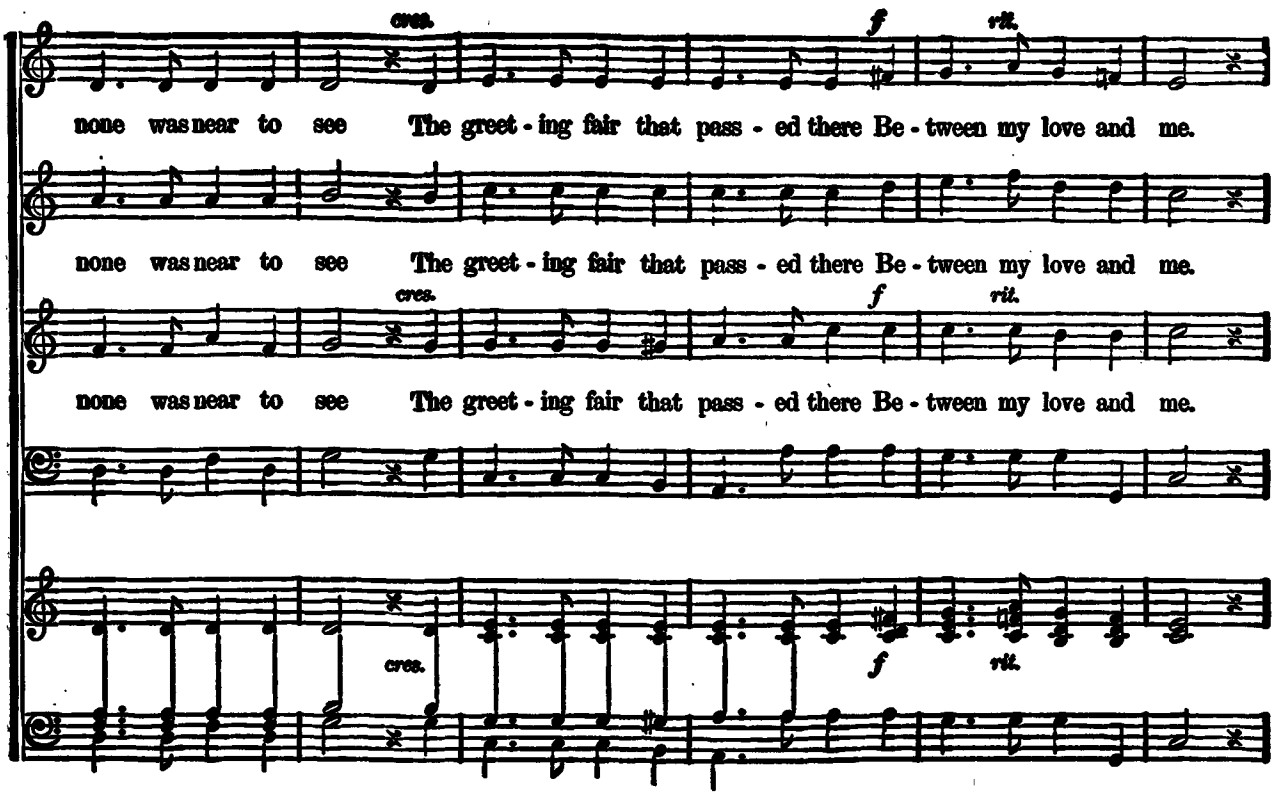
A CHORUS FOR MALE VOICES.

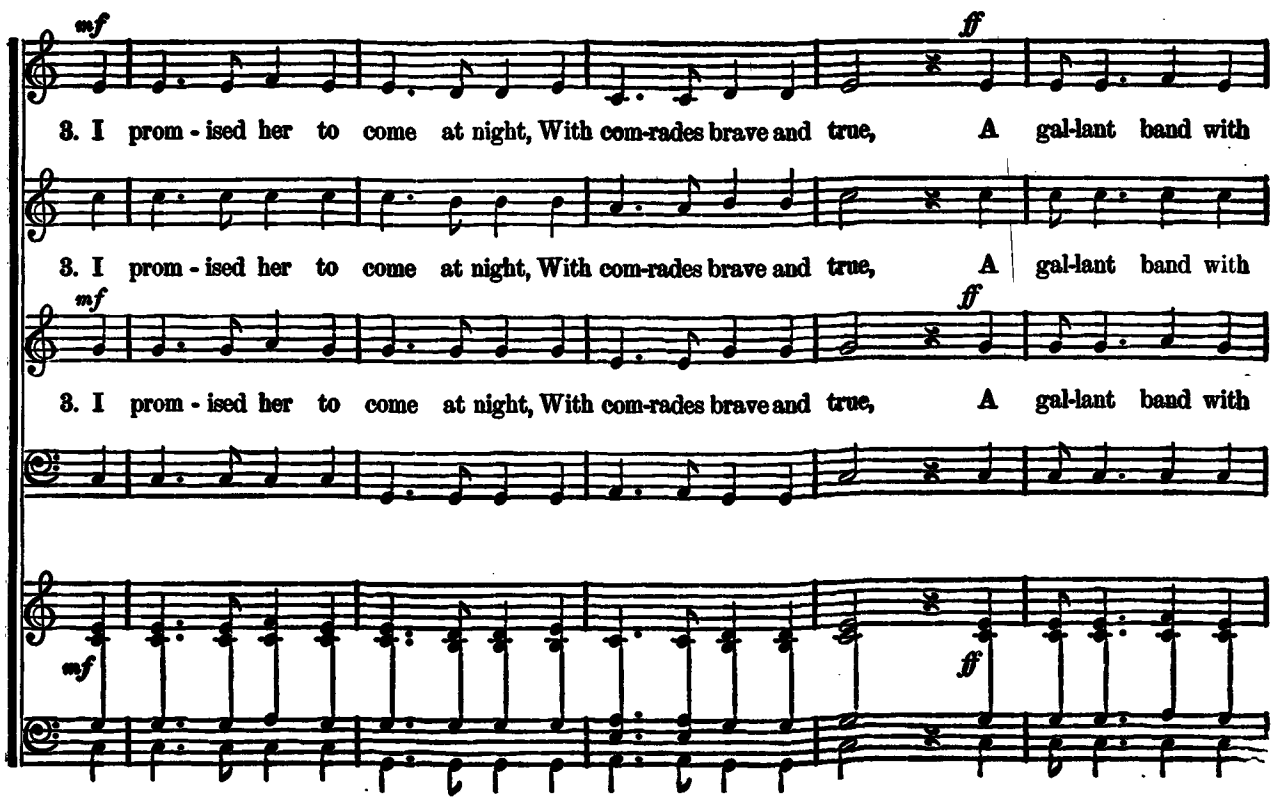
EVERY Englishman knows this song, which is almost as much of a national possession as "Rule Britannia." The words are written in allusion to an event supposed to have taken place in the neighborhood of Winterborne, in Gloucestershire. One Hickenstirn (or Hickery Stirn as he is called by the common people,) who lies buried in the church there, is said to have been a knight who lived by pillage. He fell in love with a neighbor's daughter—won her affections—was refused by her parents; but, with the assistance of his friends, carried her off from her father's house. Such events were not uncommon in the middle ages. Its author, ROBERT L. PEARSALL, was one of those instinctively musical geniuses to whom English popular music is so largely indebted. He was born on a Gloucestershire farm in 1795, devoted himself to artistic pursuits throughout a long life which terminated in 1856. He was educated for the bar, but in 1825, after four years of practice, abandoned his profession for more congenial pursuits. He early manifested a talent for poetry and music, and when freed from the law set about a thorough developement of his musical abilities under competent masters on the continent, where he also devoted himself to literary, artistic and archeological studies. During a visit to England, he was deeply impressed with the madrigal singing he heard in Bristol and London, and wrote a treatise on madrigals which he published in Germany, where he had been composing and practising music. He retired in 1847 to a castle in Wartensee, where he lived *en grand seigneur*, devoted to intellectual and artistic pleasure, and entertaining especially those who like himself were musical. He wrote many psalms, anthems and other church pieces, and composed a great number of choral songs and madrigals. The song here presented and "The Hardy Norseman" were the most popular of his productions. Had he made music his serious profession, instead of a recreation only, it has been thought he would have achieved a notable reputation as a composer.

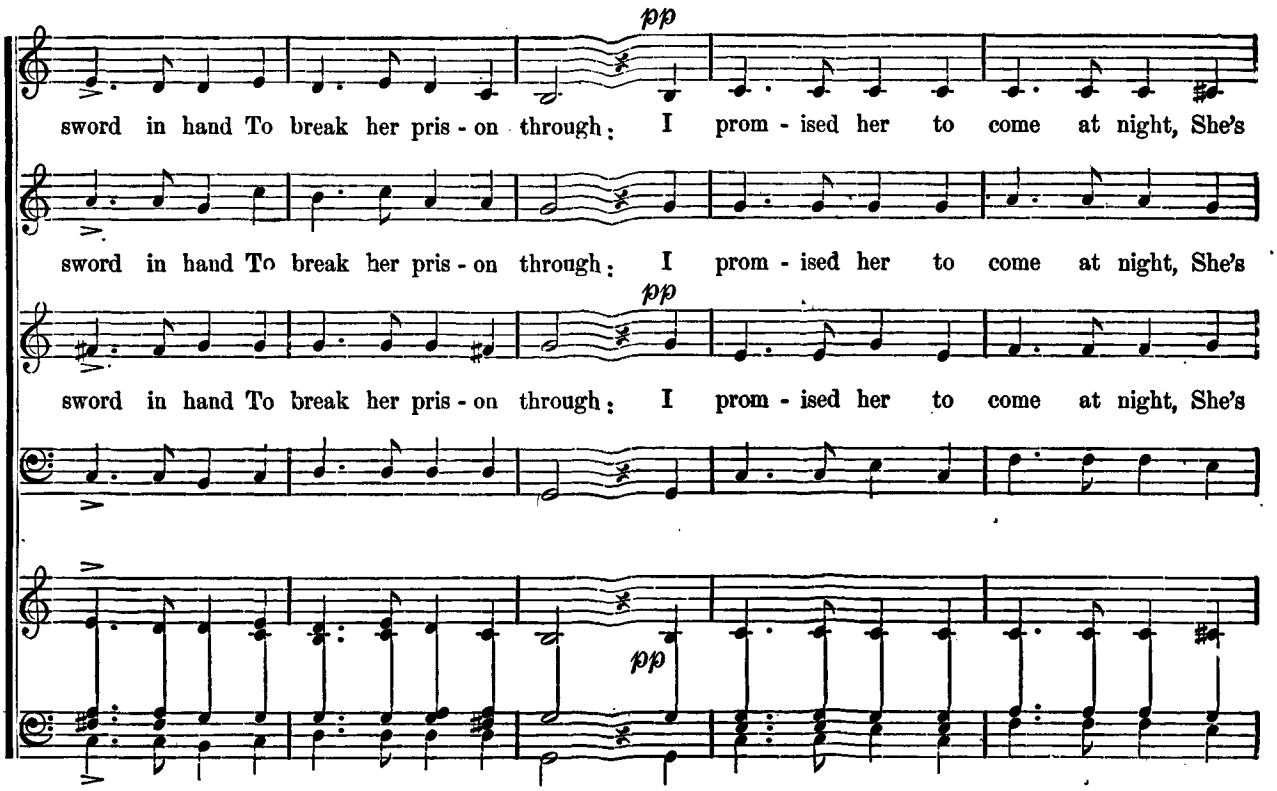
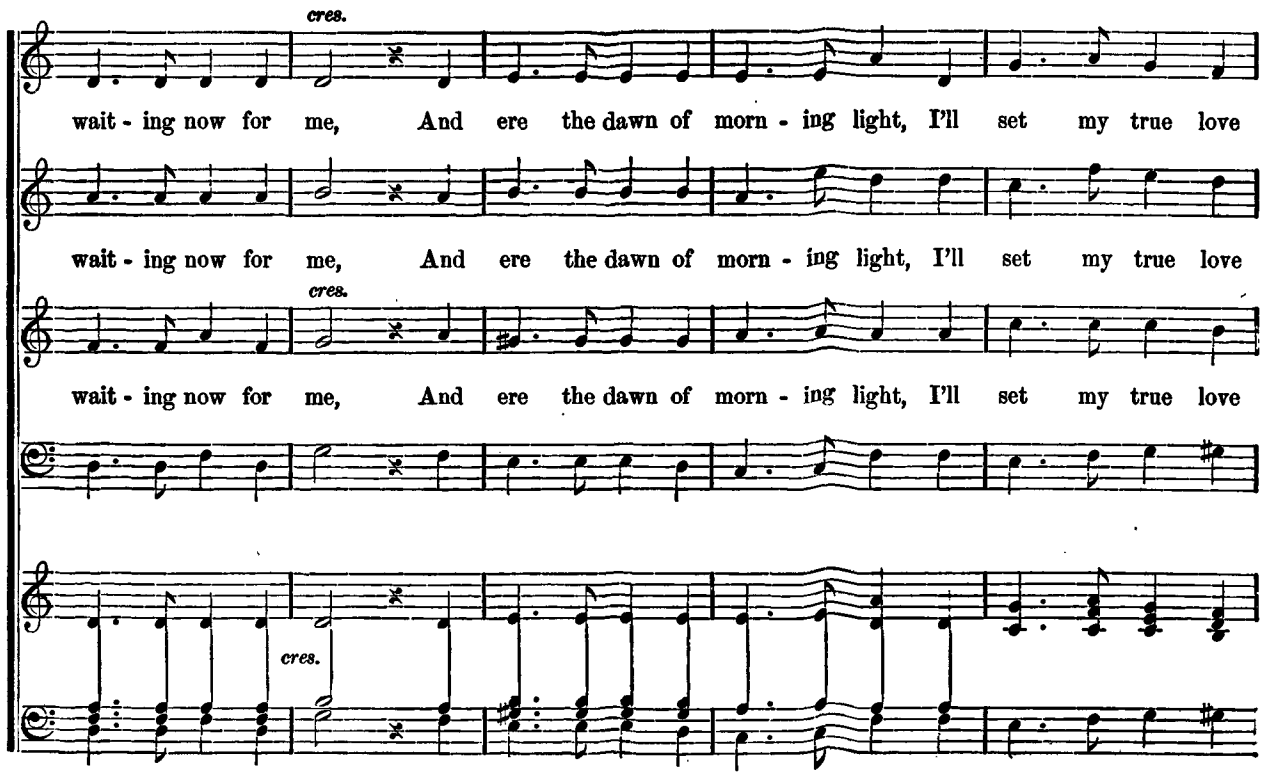
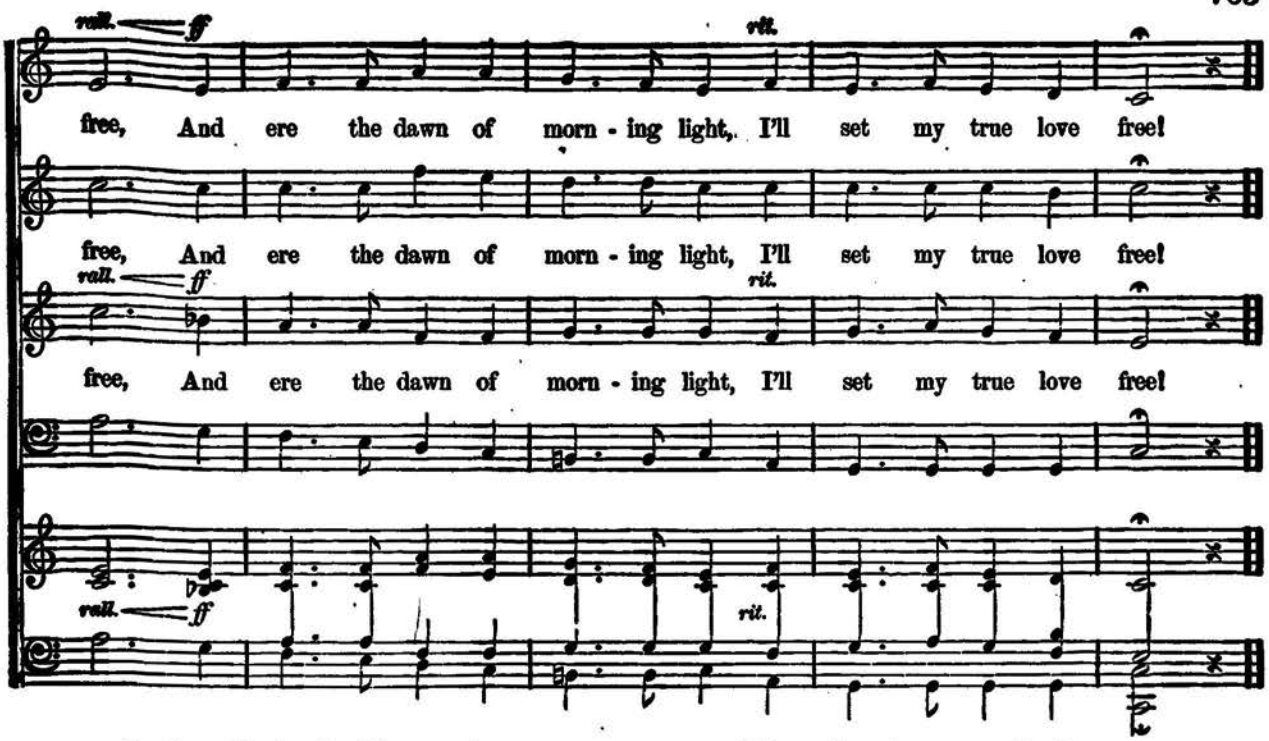

Moderato.
ALTO.
1. O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, O who will up and
1st TENOR.
1. O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, O who will up and
2d TENOR.
1. O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, O who will up and
BASS.
Moderato.
ACCOMP. ♩= 112.


p
cres.
fol - low me, To win a bloom-ing bride? Her fa - ther he has locked the door, Her
fol - low me, To win a bloom-ing bride? Her fa - ther he has locked the door, Her
fol - low me, To win a bloom-ing bride? Her fa - ther he has locked the door, Her

f
ff
rit.
moth-er keeps the key; But nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me!
moth-er keeps the key; But nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me!
moth-er keeps the key; But nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me!


p
cres.
2. I saw her bow'r at twi-light grey, 'Twas guard - ed safe and sure, I saw her bow'r at
2. I saw her bow'r at twi-light grey, 'Twas guard - ed safe and sure, I saw her bow'r at
p
cres.
2. I saw her bow'r at twi-light grey, 'Twas guard - ed safe and sure, I saw her bow'r at
p
cres.
f
p
break of day, 'Twas guard - ed then no more! The var - lets they were all a - sleep, And
break of day, 'Twas guard - ed then no more! The var - lets they were all a - sleep, And
f
p
break of day, 'Twas guard - ed then no more! The var - lets they were all a - sleep, And
f
p


cres.
f
rit.
none was near to see The greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me.
none was near to see The greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me.
cres.
f
rit.
none was near to see The greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me.
cres.
f
rit.


mf
ff
3. I prom - ised her to come at night, With com-rades brave and true, A gal-lant band with
3. I prom - ised her to come at night, With com-rades brave and true, A gal-lant band with
mf
ff
3. I prom - ised her to come at night, With com-rades brave and true, A gal-lant band with
mf
ff

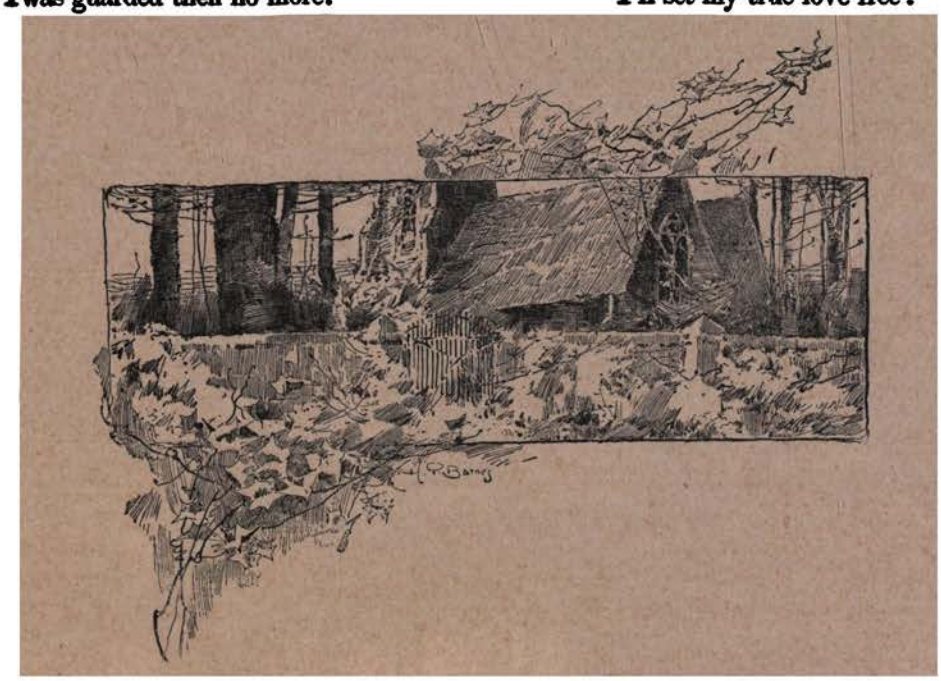

pp
sword in hand To break her pris - on through; I prom - ised her to come at night, She's
sword in hand To break her pris - on through; I prom - ised her to come at night, She's
pp
sword in hand To break her pris - on through; I prom - ised her to come at night, She's
pp

cres.
wait - ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love
wait - ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love
cres.
wait - ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love
cres.

rall. ff
rit.
free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!
free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!
rall. ff
rit.
free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!
rall. ff
rit.

O who will o'er the downs so free,
O who will with me ride,
O who will up and follow me,
To win a blooming bride?
Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key;
But neither door nor bolt shall part
My own true love from me!

I saw her bower at twilight grey,
'Twas guarded safe and sure,
I saw her bower at break of day,
'Twas guarded then no more!

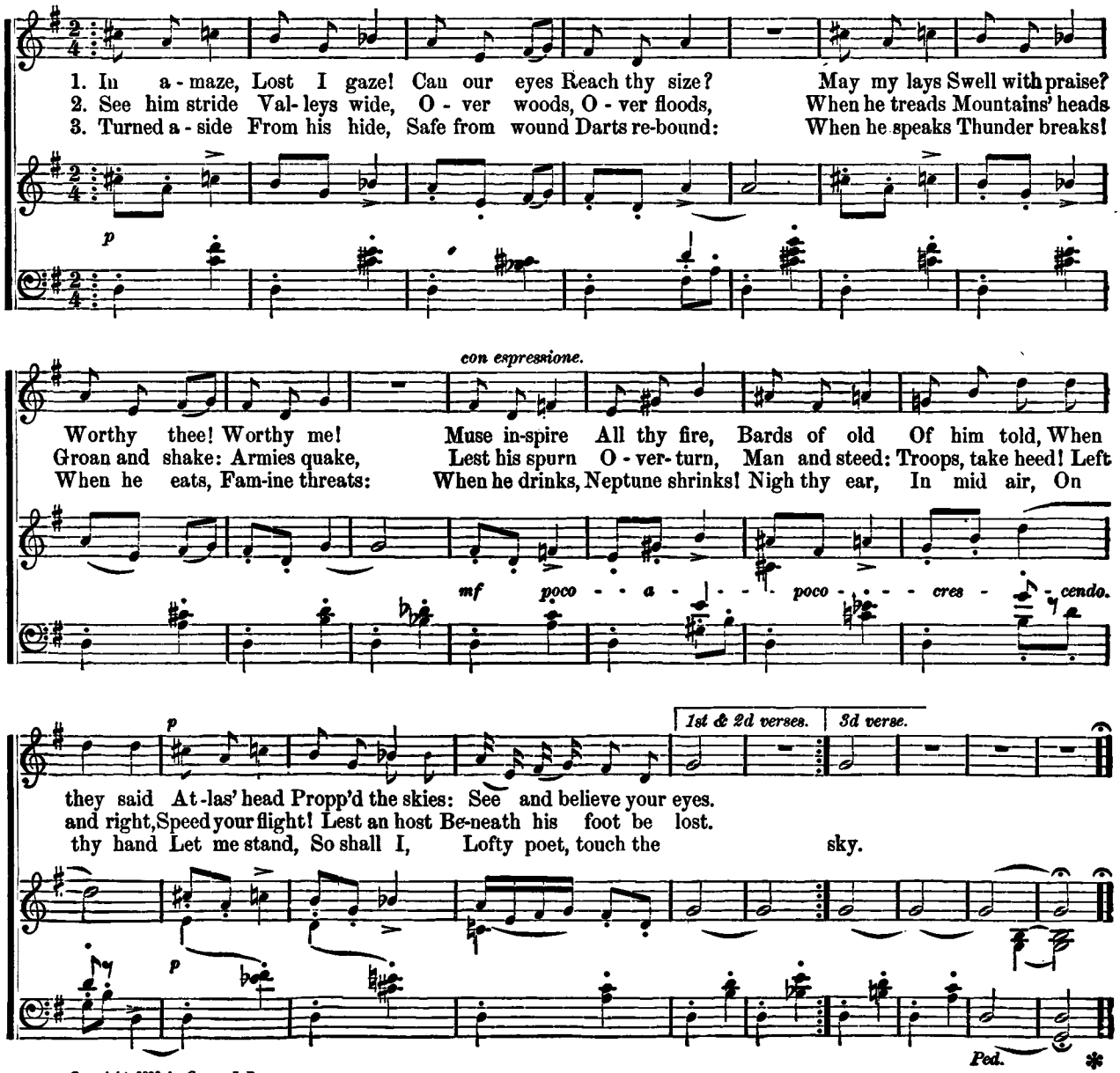
The varlets they were all asleep,
And none was near to see
The greeting fair that passed there
Between my love and me.

I promised her to come at night,
With comrades brave and true,
A gallant band with sword in hand
To break her prison through:
I promised her to come at night,
She's waiting now for me,
And ere the dawn of morning light,
I'll set my true love free!



ODE TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

As to whether TITTY TIT or SWIFT wrote the famous Ode to Gulliver, the reader may decide; but the music is ascribed to the Lilliputian court composer BALDRIL by no less an authority than EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY, whose version of the Glybdrib or national hymn occurs in his symphony "Gulliver." From Mr. Kelley's letter we quote:—"Among those who have rendered themselves justly famous through their travels and adventures, Lemuel Gulliver stands in the front rank. Although his wierd experiences in Brobdingnag, Laputa, Lugnagg and the country of the Houyhnhnms still continue to rivet the attention of the reader, yet, when the name of the distinguished traveller and author is mentioned, the picture of his capture by the Lilliputians rises before the mind's eye. It will be remembered that a poem in honor of Gulliver (whom they called *Quinbus Flestrin*, or Man Mountain) was written by Titty Tit, poet laureate to his majesty the Emperor of Lilliput. The text was rendered into English either by Gulliver himself or by one of his poet friends; but the music, by the Lilliputian court composer Baldril, was never considered worthy of investigation until recently."

Mr. Kelley modestly proceeds to say that he only transcribed the melody and accompaniment from certain Lilliputian musical hieroglyphics which he was so fortunate as to obtain from a descendant of a friend of Gulliver; and concludes as follows: "As I am positive that this is the first attempt to render the Lilliputian musical manuscript in our notation, I hope that the public will appreciate its value."

1. In a - maze, Lost I gaze! Can our eyes Reach thy size? May my lays Swell with praise?
2. See him stride Val- leys wide, O - ver woods, O - ver floods, When he treads Mountains' heads
3. Turned a - side From his hide, Safe from wound Darts re-bound: When he speaks Thunder breaks!
p
con expressione.
Worthy thee! Worthy me! Muse in-spire All thy fire, Bards of old Of him told, When
Groan and shake: Armies quake, Lest his spurn O - ver- turn, Man and steed: Troops, take heed! Left
When he eats, Fam-ine threats: When he drinks, Neptune shrinks! Nigh thy ear, In mid air, On
mf poco - - a - - - - poco - - - - cres - - cendo.
p
1st & 2d verses.
3d verse.
they said At-las' head Propp'd the skies: See and believe your eyes.
and right, Speed your flight! Lest an host Be-neath his foot be lost.
thy hand Let me stand, So shall I, Lofty poet, touch the sky.
p
Ped.
*

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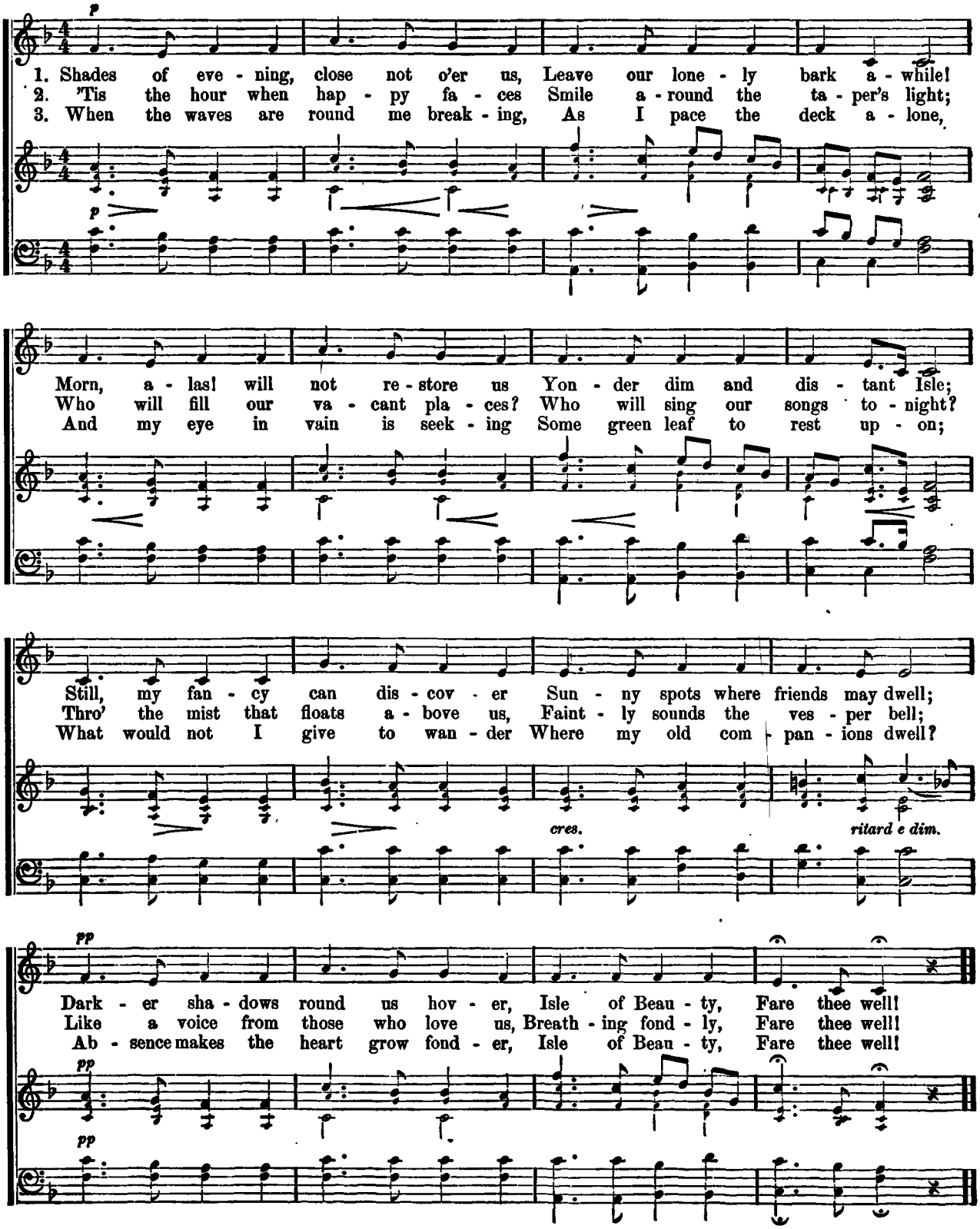
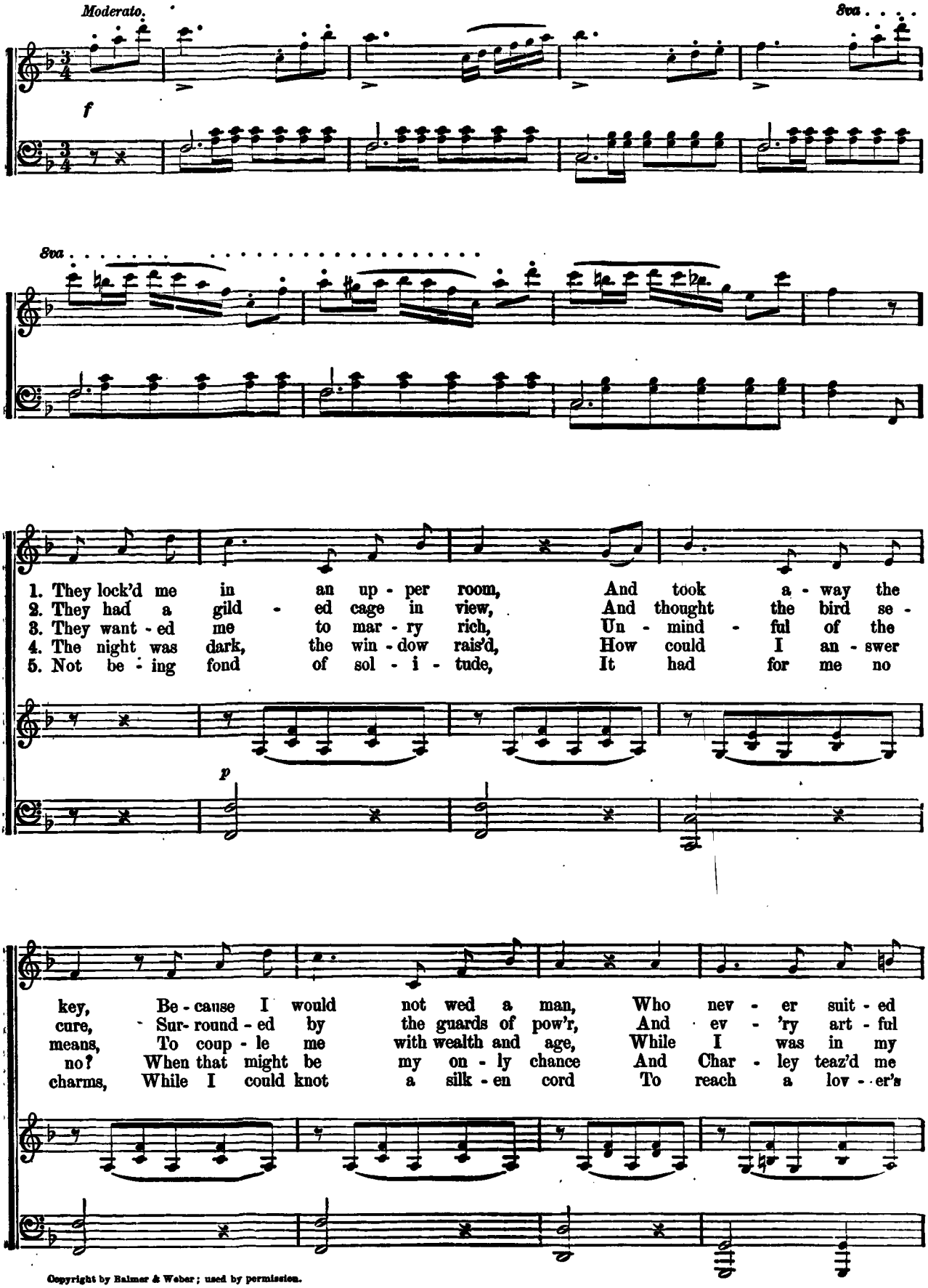
ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

THE words of this favorite of years were written by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, the English writer of so many singable poems. The music was composed by THOMAS A. RAWLINGS, who was the son of an eminent English musician, and was born in 1775. He became distinguished as a composer, and as performer upon various intruments, and died about 1833.

p
1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a - while!
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light;
3. When the waves are round me break - ing, As I pace the deck a - lone,
Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant Isle;
Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces? Who will sing our songs to - night?
And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green leaf to rest up - on;
Still, my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
What would not I give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell?
cres.
ritard e dim.
pp
Dark - er sha - dows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well!
Like a voice from those who love us, Breath - ing fond - ly, Fare thee well!
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well!

THE ELOPEMENT.

"LOVE AND LIBERTY."

THIS humorous song was one of the popular female character pieces of T. B. Prendergast, of Campbell's Minstrels. The words are by J. S. FRELIGH; the music by J. H. ROSS.


Moderato.
8va
f
8va
1. They lock'd me in an up - per room, And took a - way the
2. They had a gild - ed cage in view, And thought the bird se -
3. They want - ed me to mar - ry rich, Un - mind - ful of the
4. The night was dark, the win - dow rais'd, How could I an - swer
5. Not be - ing fond of sol - i - tude, It had for me no
p
key, Be - cause I would not wed a man, Who nev - er suit - ed
cure, Sur- round - ed by the guards of pow'r, And ev - 'ry art - ful
means, To coup - le me with wealth and age, While I was in my
no? When that might be my on - ly chance And Char - ley teaz'd me
charms, While I could knot a silk - en cord To reach a lov - er's

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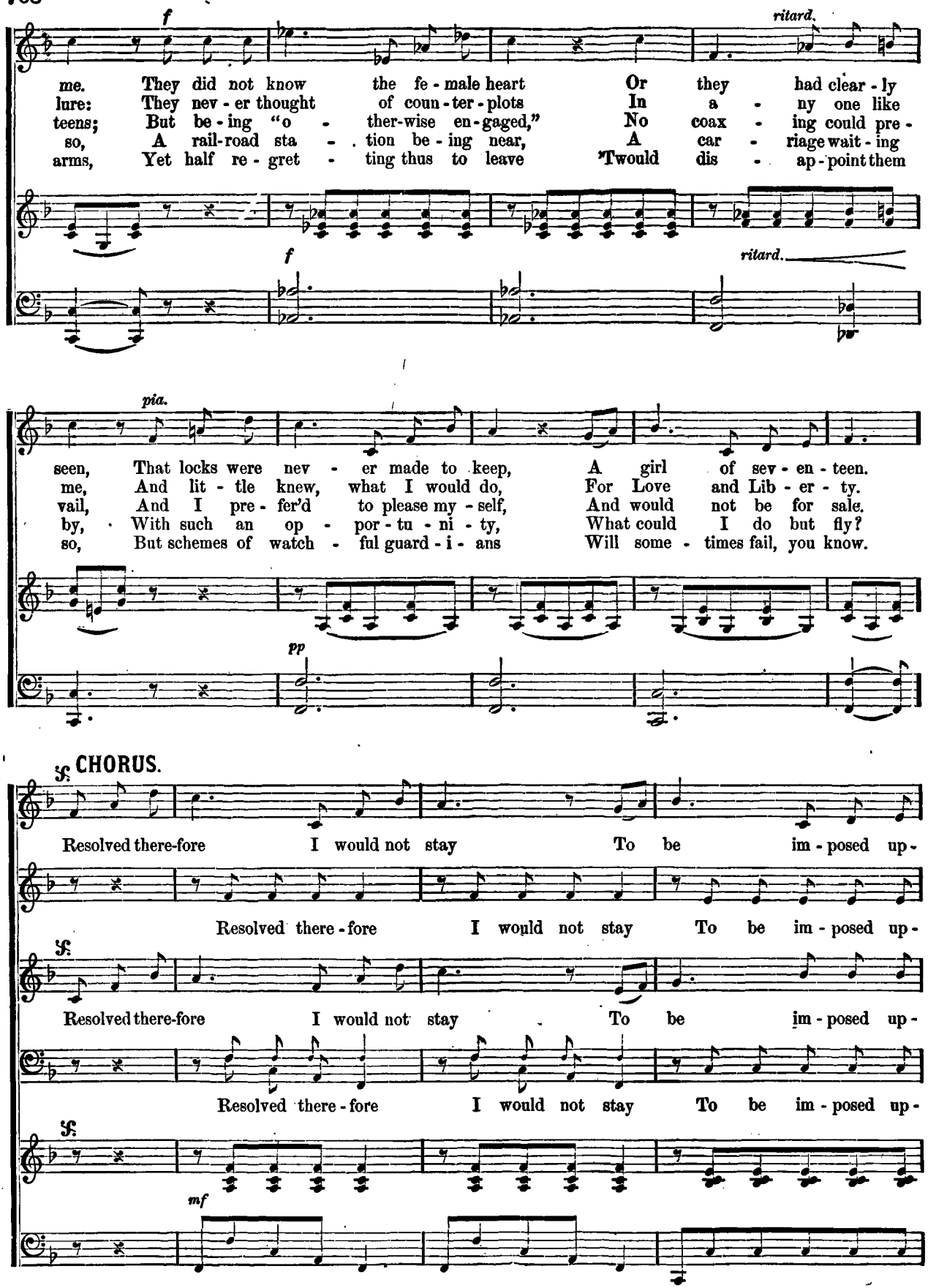

f
ritard.
me. They did not know the fe - male heart Or they had clear - ly
lure: They nev - er thought of coun - ter - plots In a - ny one like
teens; But be - ing "o - ther-wise en - gaged," No coax - ing could pre -
so, A rail-road sta - tion be - ing near, A car - riage wait - ing
arms, Yet half re - gret - ting thus to leave 'Twould dis - ap - point them
f
ritard.
pia.
seen, That locks were nev - er made to keep, A girl of sev - en - teen.
me, And lit - tle knew, what I would do, For Love and Lib - er - ty.
vail, And I pre - fer'd to please my - self, And would not be for sale.
by, With such an op - por - tu - ni - ty, What could I do but fly?
so, But schemes of watch - ful guard - i - ans Will some - times fail, you know.
pp
CHORUS.
Resolved there-fore I would not stay To be im - posed up -
Resolved there - fore I would not stay To be im - posed up -
Resolved there-fore I would not stay To be im - posed up -
Resolved there - fore I would not stay To be im - posed up -
mf

ritard.

on, So while they thought I was se - cure, I was go - ing, go - ing, gone.

on, So while they thought I was se-cure, I was go - ing, gone.

ritard.

on, So while they thought I was se - cure, I was go - ing, go - ing, gone.

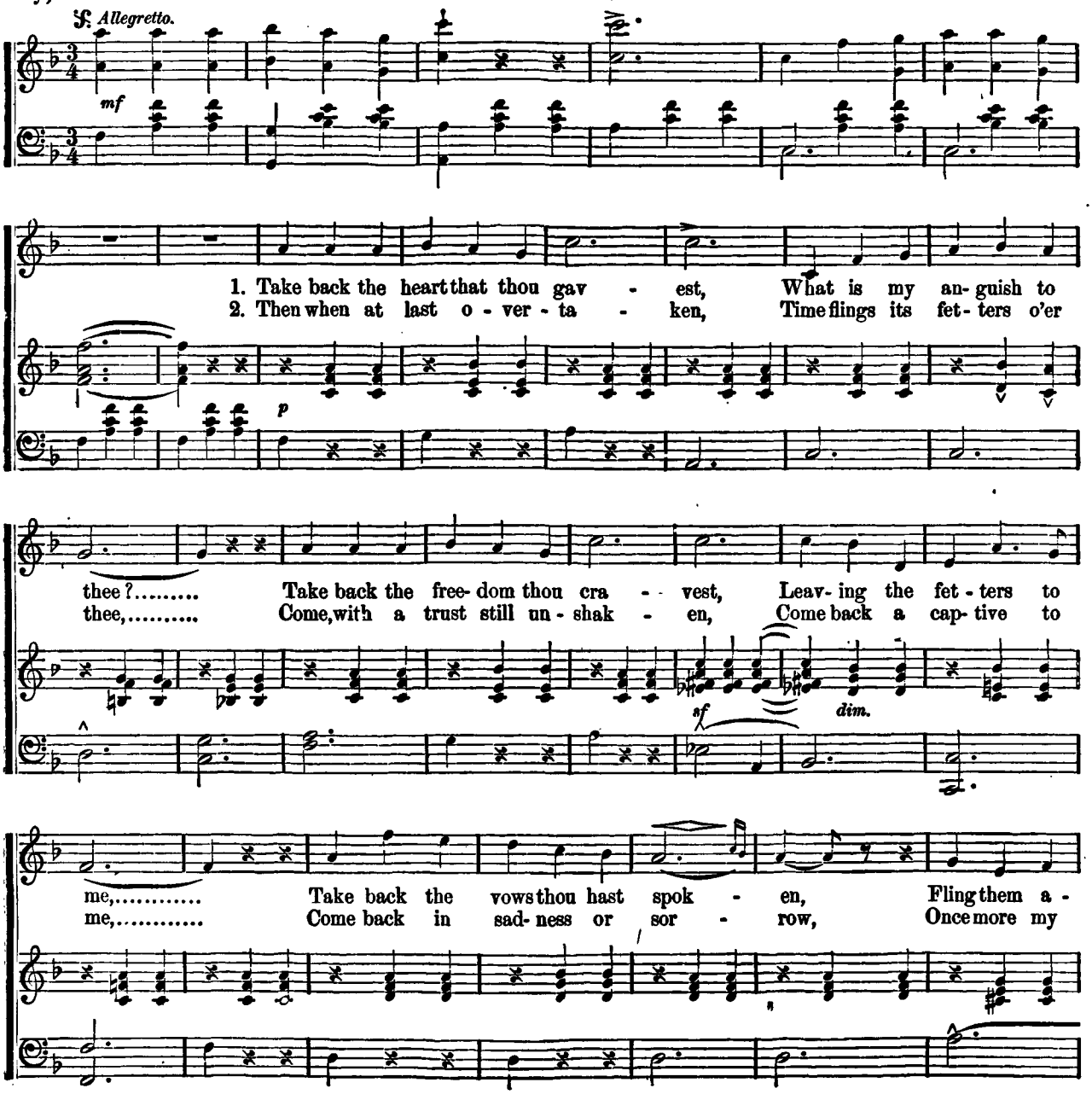
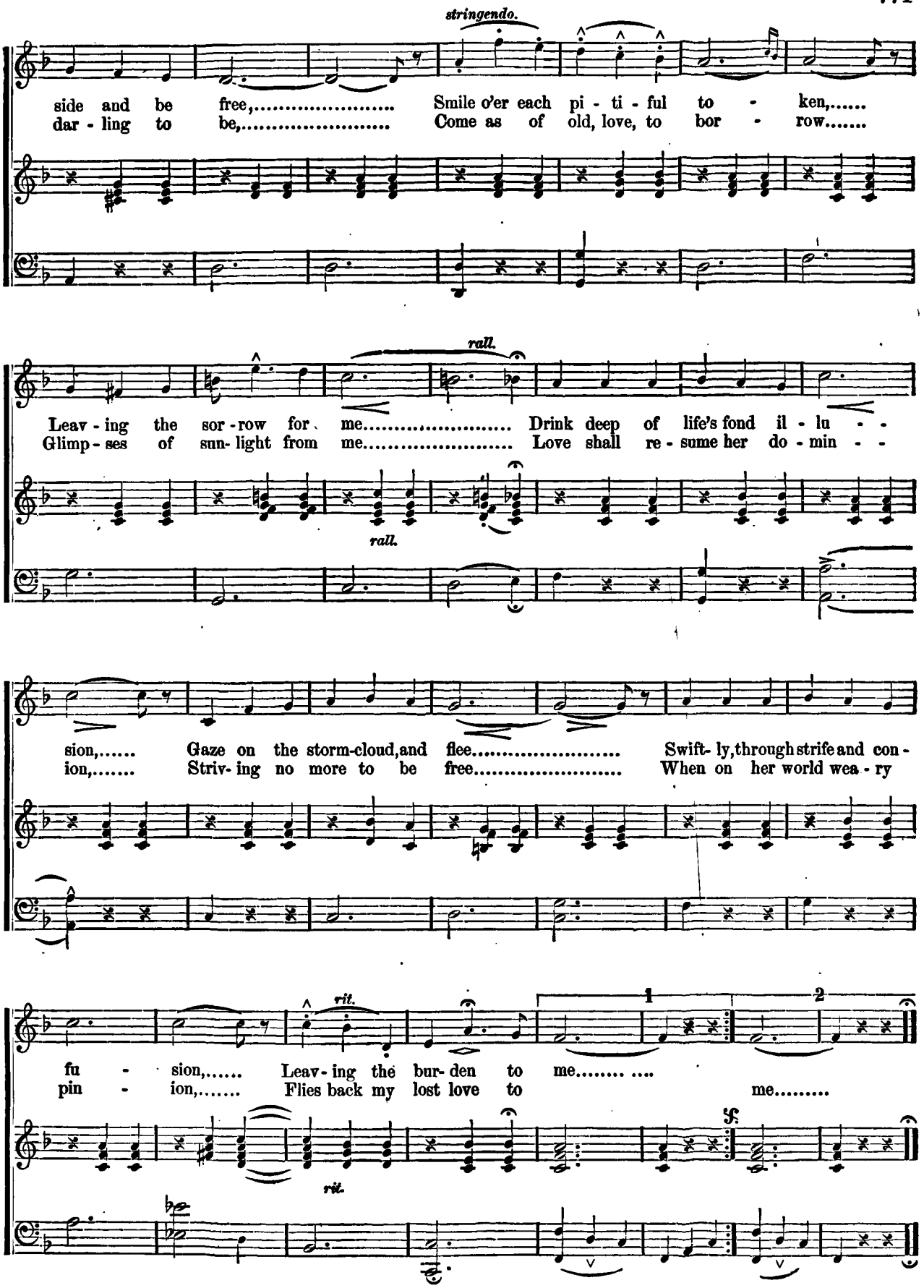
on, So while they thought I was se-cure, I was go - ing, gone.

ritard.

8va.

mf

TAKE BACK THE HEART THAT THOU GAVEST.

THE name of Claribel is perhaps as familiar to the singers of popular songs as that of any other writer, and it has appeared on the title of a number of songs that have been as widely sung as any modern compositions. The real name of this composer was CHARLOTTE ALINGTON BARNARD, the wife of Charles Cary Barnard. She was born in England in 1830, and died (at Dover) in 1869. The period during which her songs appeared—a vast number in all—was comparatively brief, the eleven years between 1858 and the date of her death covering the period of her activity in composition. As specimens of technical music writing her songs have been criticized; but the melodies were usually pretty and well adapted to singing, while the verses, also composed by herself, treated sympathetically of homely and familiar themes, so that the qualities of popularity were generally to be found in what she published. She received slight preparation for musical writing in the way of scientific instruction, though her teachers in the art of singing were eminent, including Mme. Parepa Rosa, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, and Signors Mario and Campana. She wrote also unaccompanied verse for publication which appeared in a volume of "Thoughts, Verses and Songs." Some of the more familiar songs by "Claribel" are: "By the Blue Alsatian Mountains," "Come Back to Erin," "Five o'clock in the Morning," "Golden Days" "Jamie," "Maggie's Secret," "Won't you tell me why, Robin?" and "Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest."

Allegretto.
mf
1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an-guish to
2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - ken, Time flings its fet-ters o'er
p
thee?..... Take back the free-dom thou cra - - vest, Leav-ing the fet-ters to
thee,..... Come, with a trust still un-shak - en, Come back a cap-tive to
sf
dim.
me,..... Take back the vows thou hast spok - en, Fling them a-
me,..... Come back in sad-ness or sor - row, Once more my

stringendo.
side and be free,..... Smile o'er each pi - ti - ful to - ken,.....
dar - ling to be,..... Come as of old, love, to bor - row.....
rall.
Leav - ing the sor - row for me..... Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - -
Glimp - ses of sun- light from me..... Love shall re - sume her do - min - -
rall.
sion,..... Gaze on the storm-cloud,and flee..... Swift- ly,through strife and con -
ion,..... Striv- ing no more to be free..... When on her world wea - ry
rit.
1
2
fu - sion,..... Leav - ing the bur- den to me..... ....
pin - ion,..... Flies back my lost love to me.....
rit.

SOFTLY O'ER THE RIPPLING WATERS.

OF THE songs of which the verses by GEORGE COOPER have been set to sympathetic music by JOHN ROGERS THOMAS, this "echo of an angel's whisper" is perhaps the best in sentimental mood, as "A Jolly Good Laugh" and "Kindly Words and Smiling Faces" are in livelier vein.

Andante tranquillo.

R. H.

dim. e rall.

1. Soft- ly o'er..... the rip- pling wa - ters Wan- der strains ..... of mel - o -
2. Soft- ly o'er..... the rip- pling wa - ters Ear - ly stars..... in beau- ty

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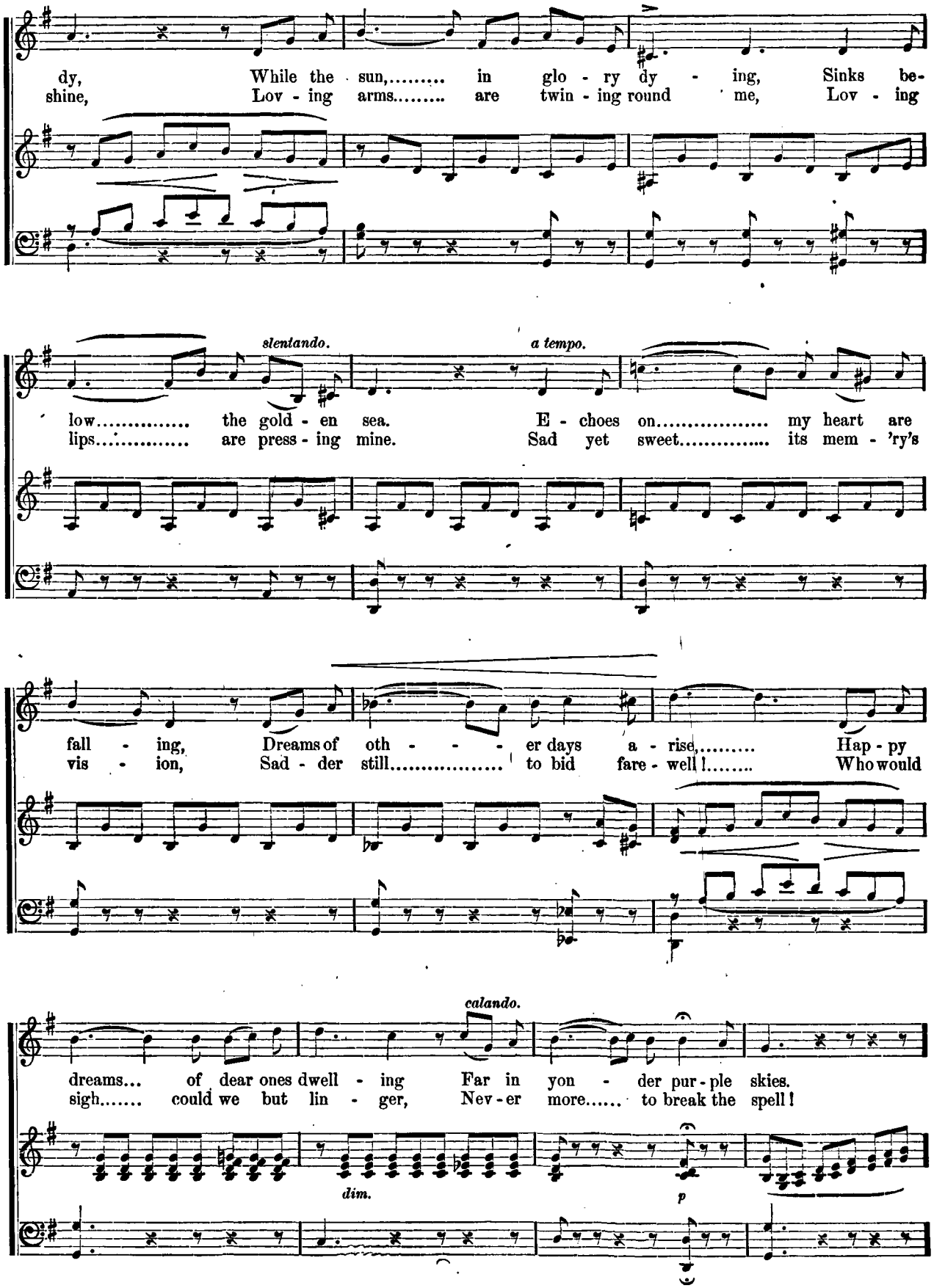

dy, While the sun,..... in glo - ry dy - ing, Sinks be-
shine, Lov - ing arms..... are twin - ing round me, Lov - ing
slentando.
a tempo.
low..... the gold - en sea. E - choes on..... my heart are
lips..... are press - ing mine. Sad yet sweet..... its mem - 'ry's
fall - ing, Dreams of oth - - - - er days a - rise,..... Hap - py
vis - ion, Sad - der still..... to bid fare - well!..... Who would
calando.
dreams... of dear ones dwell - ing Far in yon - der pur - ple skies.
sigh..... could we but lin - ger, Nev - er more..... to break the spell!
dim.
p

CHORUS. (ad lib.)

Hark! hark! the an-gels whisper, And they waft in ho-ly pow'r, Sounds of peace to those who

Hark! hark! the angels whis-per, And they waft in ho-ly pow'r, Sounds of peace to those who

Hark! hark! the angels whis-per, And they waft in ho-ly pow'r, Sounds of peace to those who

sor-row In the twi-light's tranquil hour.

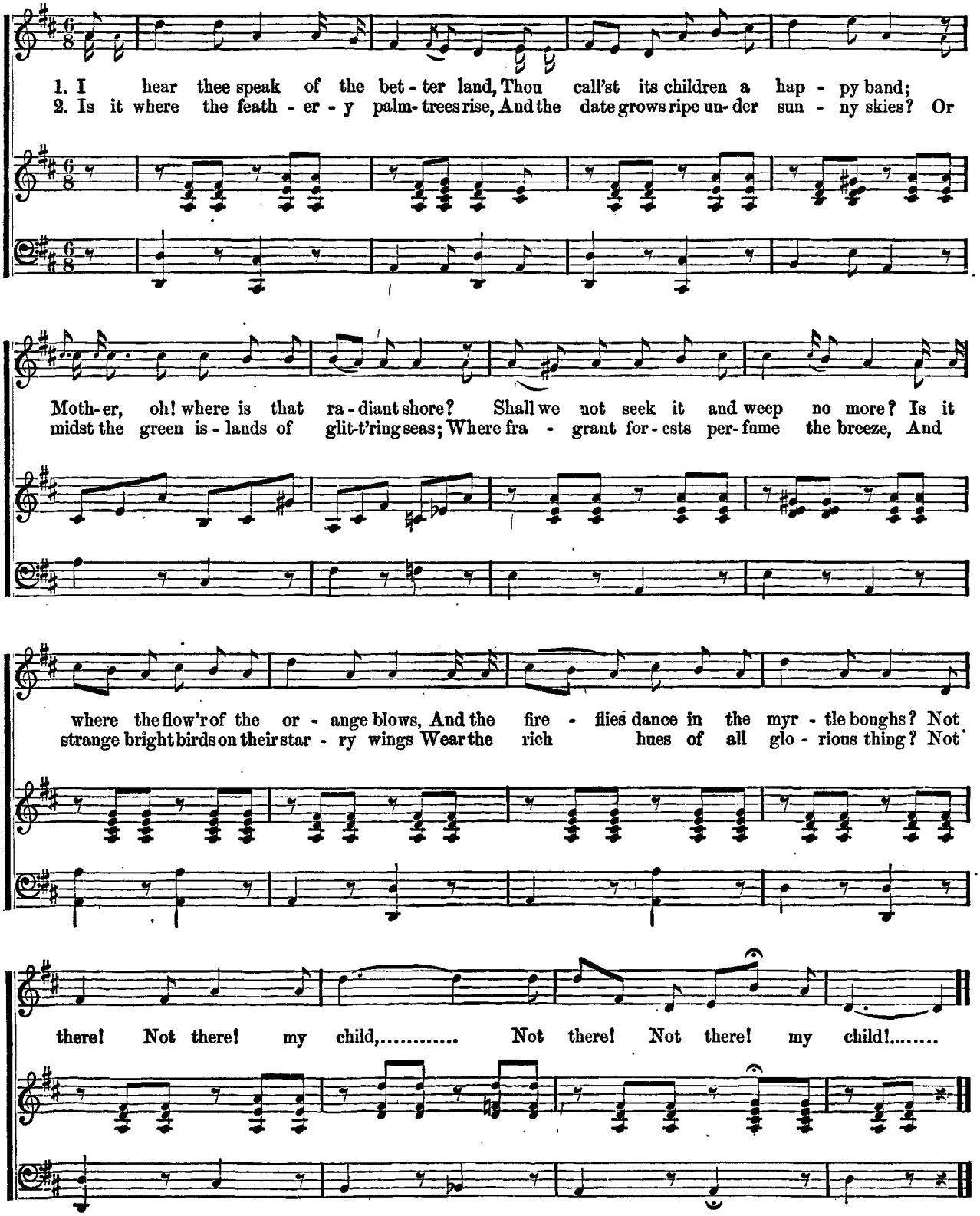
sor-row In the twi-light's tranquil hour.

mf *dim.* *poco rit.*

"THE RIVER."

"It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand."

THE BETTER LAND.

THE words of this song were written by MRS. HEMANS; the music was composed by her sister, MRS. ARKWRIGHT.

1. I hear thee speak of the bet - ter land, Thou call'st its children a hap - py band;
2. Is it where the feath - er - y palm-trees rise, And the date grows ripe un-der sun - ny skies? Or
Moth-er, oh! where is that ra-diant shore? Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Is it
midst the green is - lands of glit-t'ring seas; Where fra - grant for-ests per-fume the breeze, And
where the flow'r of the or - ange blows, And the fire - flies dance in the myr - tle boughs? Not
strange bright birds on their star - ry wings Wear the rich hues of all glo - rious thing? Not
there! Not there! my child,..... Not there! Not there! my child!.....

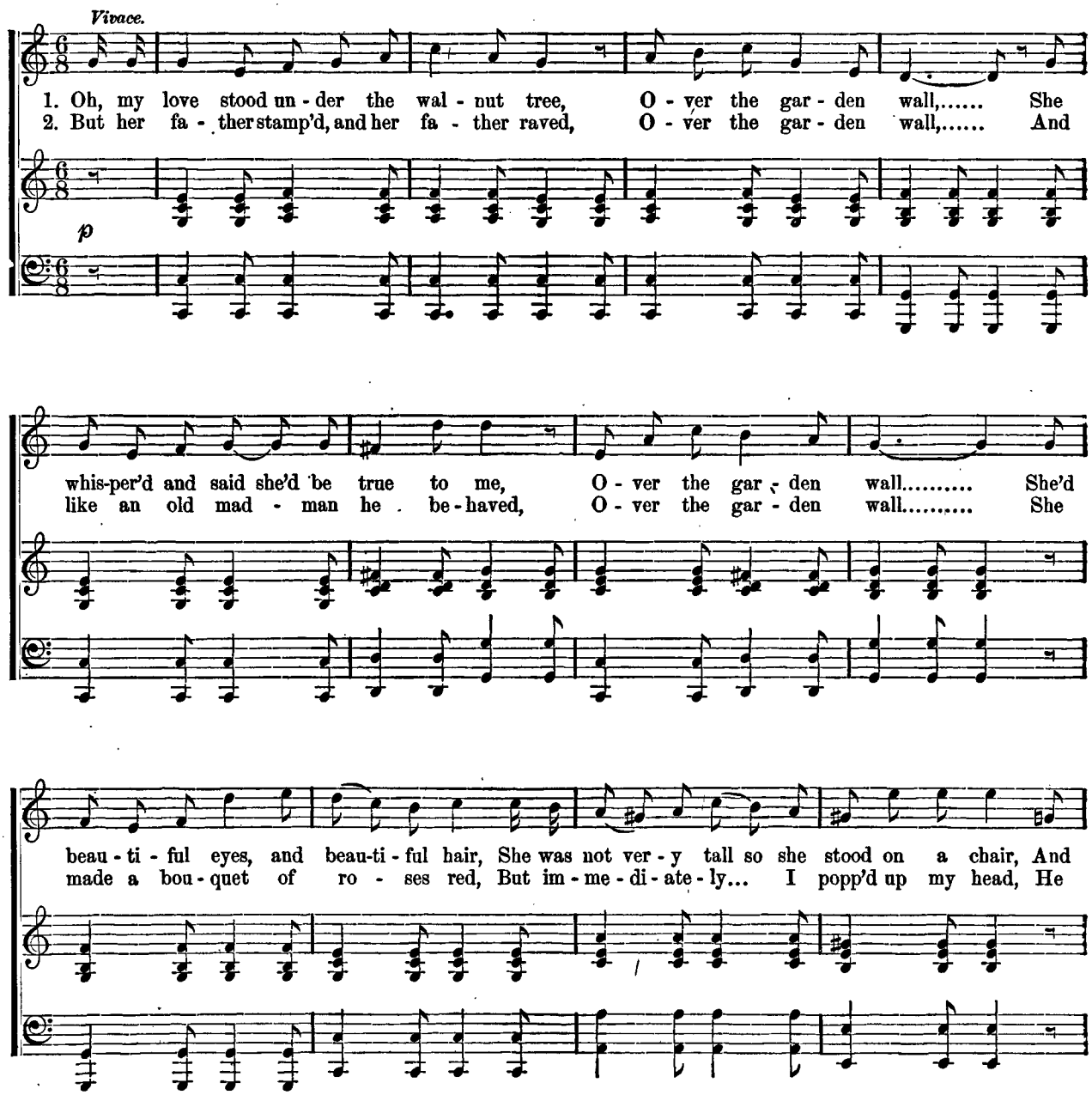
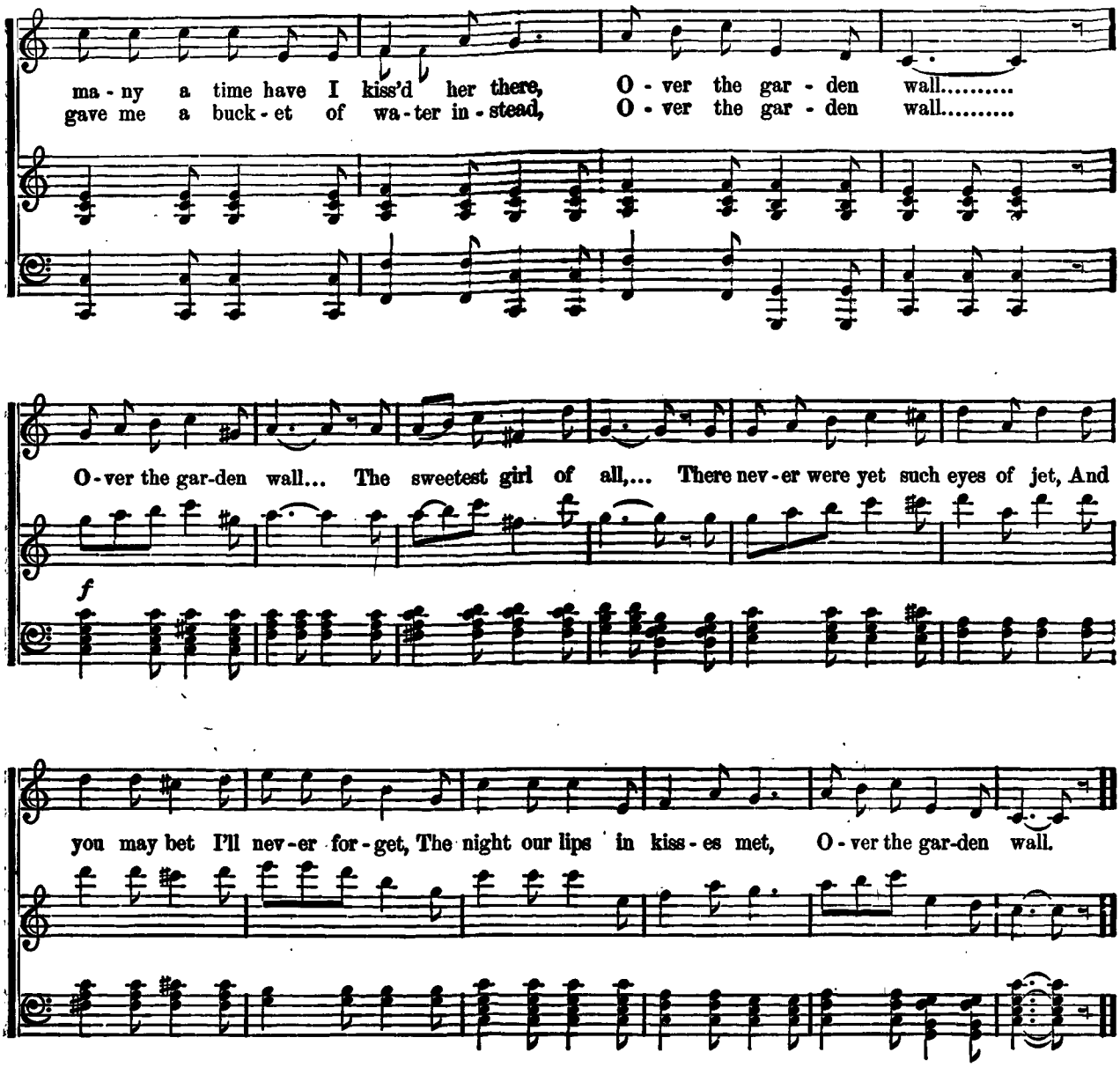
I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
Not there! not there! my child.

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Wear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there! not there! my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there! not there! my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there! it is there! my child.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

SOME songs turn on familiar expressions and find popularity in the clever utilization of forms of words already in vogue; while others, hitting a popular fancy with a verbal refrain or a musical phrase, supply the language with an expression that passes current for a generation. Of this latter class is "Over the Garden Wall," the words by HUNTER and the music by G. D. FOX, which ever since the "sixties" of the nineteenth century has been as generally familiar as any American song. In its day it was a precursor of the well-known "music-hall songs" of a later generation, and was introduced into stage-productions of every kind, attaining even to the crowning celebrity of being parodied. The narrative of neighborhood flirtation is simple enough, and the music, cleverly turned as it is, is not remarkable. Yet it would be well for popular music if popular songs might always keep up to the level of this undeniably attractive and unquestionably popular ditty.

Vivace.
1. Oh, my love stood un - der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall,..... She
2. But her fa - ther stamp'd, and her fa - ther raved, O - ver the gar - den wall,..... And
p
whis-per'd and said she'd be true to me, O - ver the gar - den wall..... She'd
like an old mad - man he be - haved, O - ver the gar - den wall..... She
beau - ti - ful eyes, and beau-ti - ful hair, She was not ver - y tall so she stood on a chair, And
made a bou - quet of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly... I popp'd up my head, He

ma - ny a time have I kiss'd her there, O - ver the gar - den wall.....
gave me a buck - et of wa - ter in - stead, O - ver the gar - den wall.....
O - ver the gar-den wall... The sweetest girl of all,... There nev - er were yet such eyes of jet, And
f
you may bet I'll nev - er for - get, The night our lips in kiss - es met, O - ver the gar-den wall.

Oh, my love stood under the walnut tree,
Over the garden wall,
She whispered and said she'd be true to me,
Over the garden wall.
She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair,
She was not very tall so she stood on a chair,
And many a time have I kissed her there,
Over the garden wall.—CHO.

But her father stamped, and her father raved,
Over the garden wall,
And like an old madman he behaved,
Over the garden wall.
She made a bouquet of roses red,
But immediately I popped up my head,
He gave me a bucket of water instead,
Over the garden wall.—CHO.

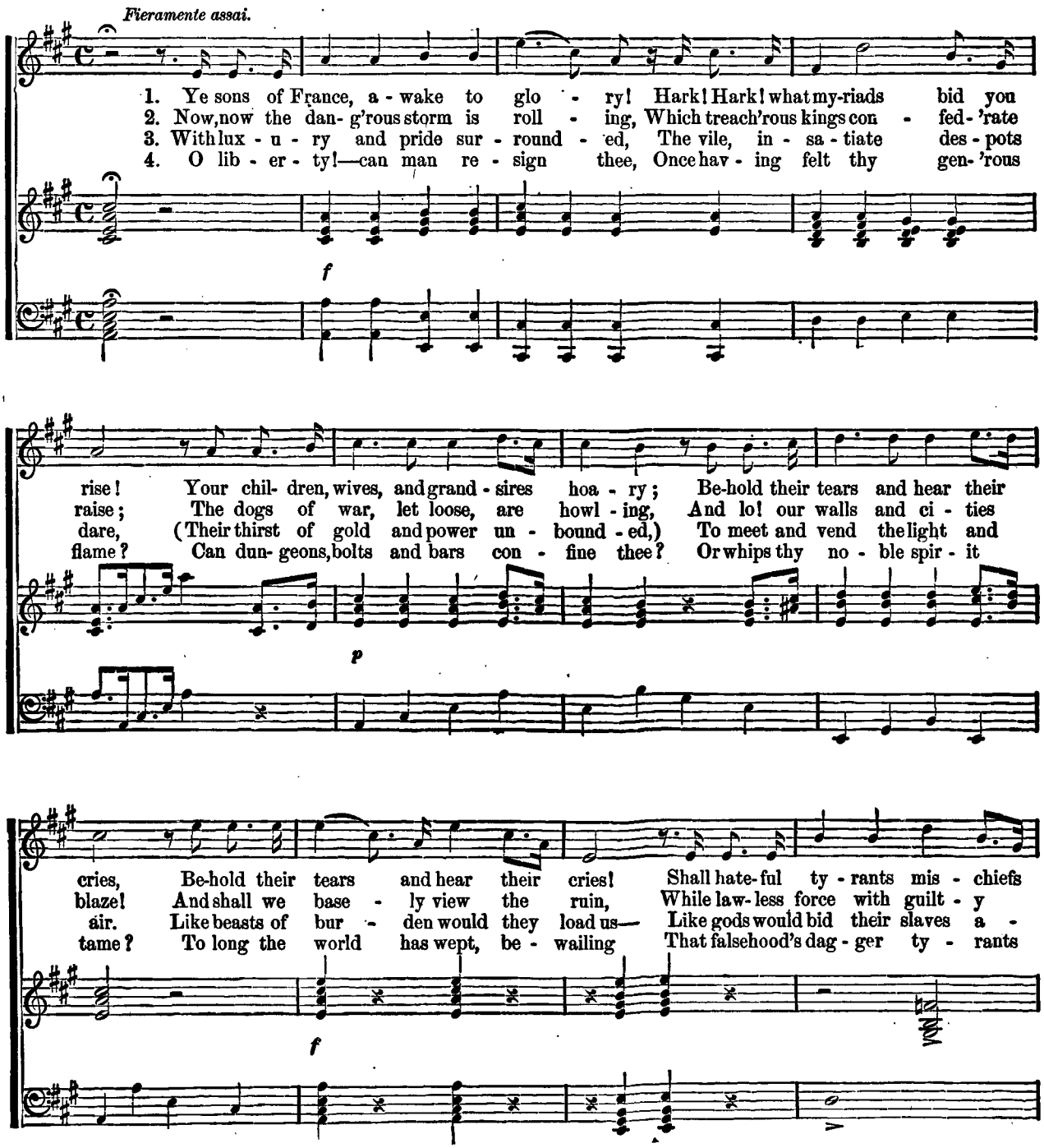
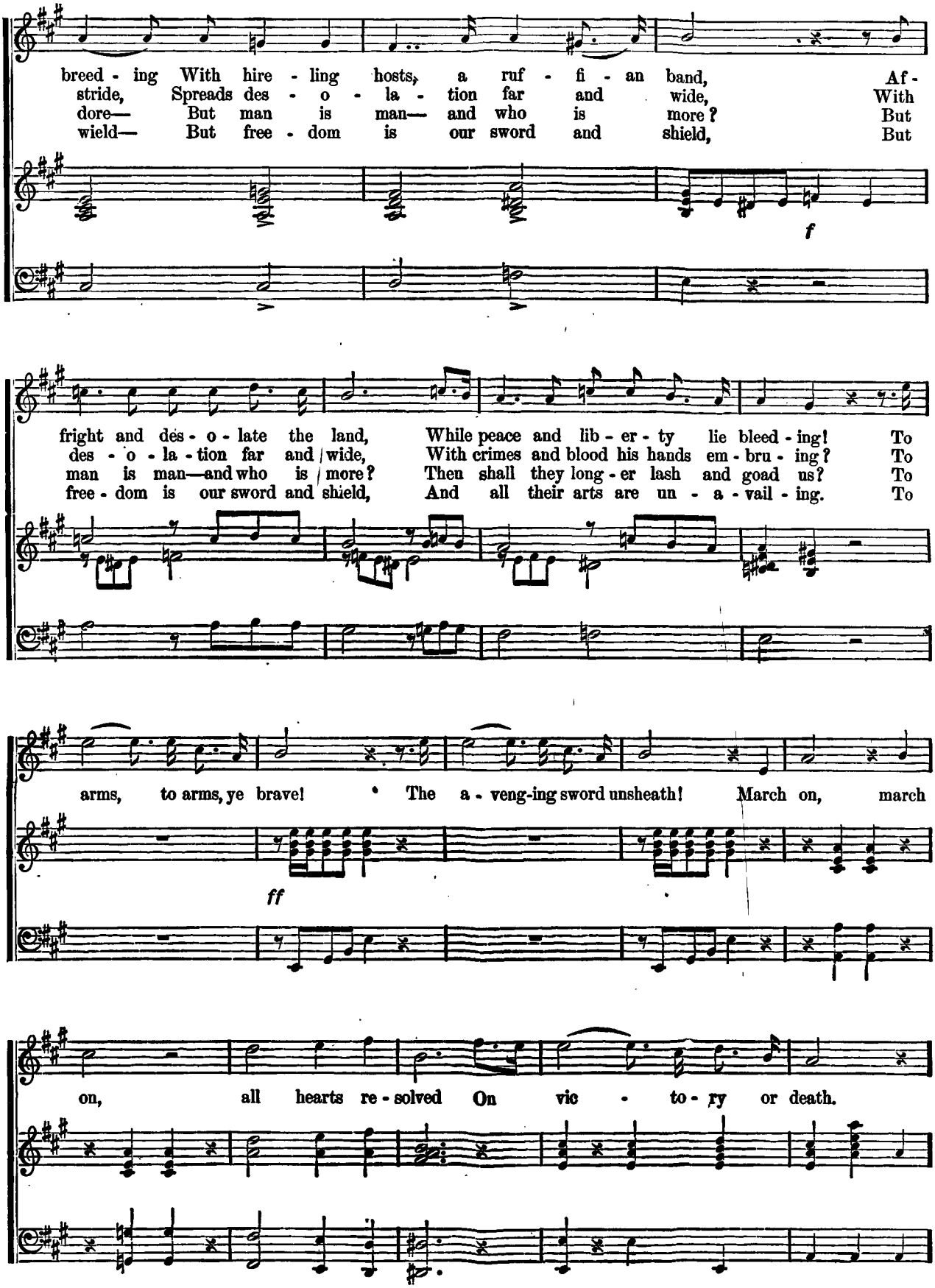
One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall;
But she screamed in a fright, "Here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a stick;"
But I brought the impression of half a brick
Over the garden wall.—CHO.

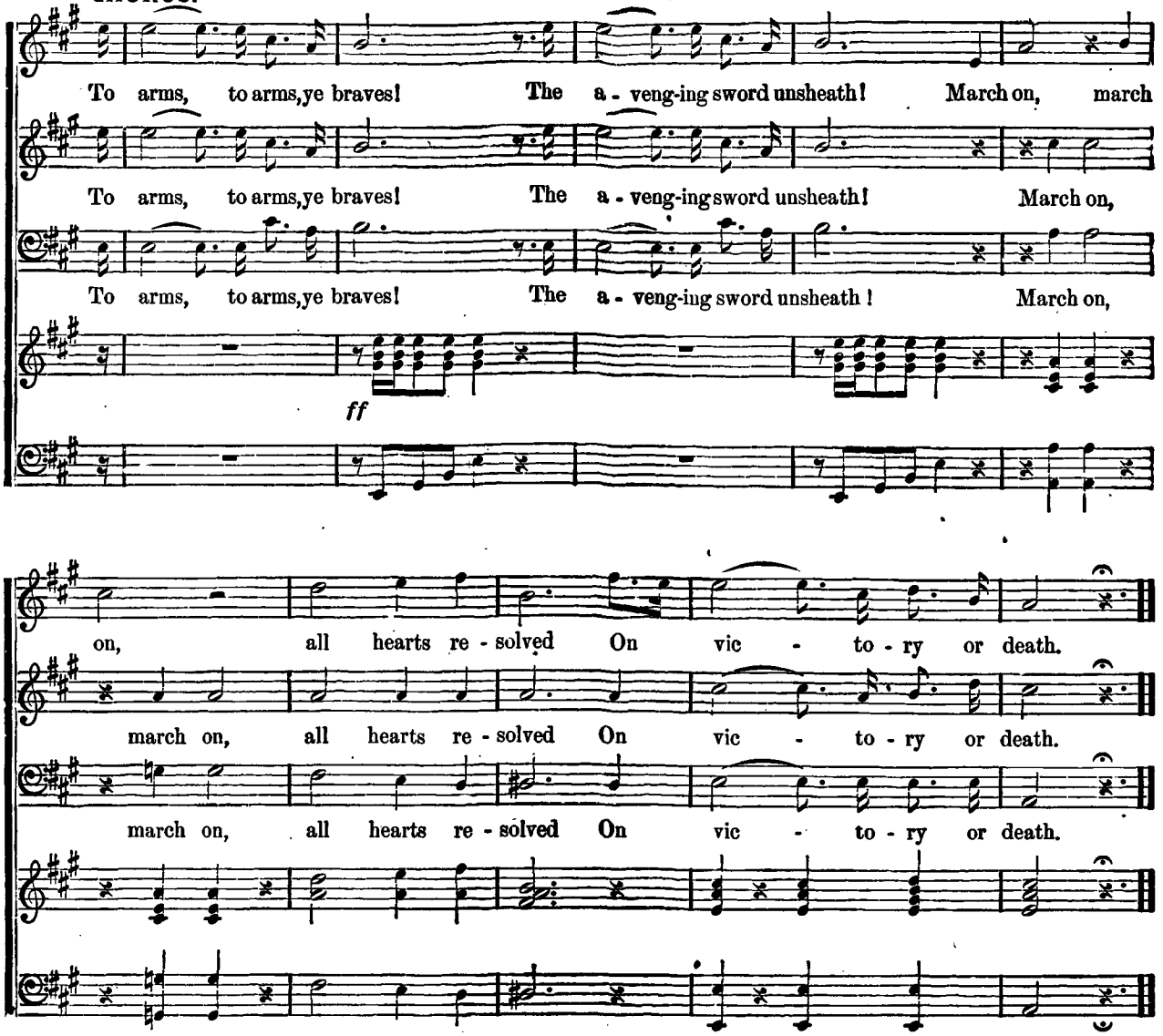
But where there's a will, there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as a day,
Over the garden wall.
We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.—CHO.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

NATIONAL HYMN OF FRANCE.

"THE Marseillaise" is the composition of a captain in the French Army, named ROUGET DE LISLE, who in a fit of patriotic fervor, composed both words and music on the night of April 24th, 1792. Regret had been expressed that there was no patriotic song to fire the blood of the young soldiers as they marched from Strasburg to join Luchmer's army. Young De Lisle was no musician and could only play the melody on his violin. The music was copied however, and played by the band at the review five days later, and on July 30th this army marched into Paris and attacked the Tuilleries on the memorable 10th of August chanting the now famous song as they marched. It was soon known from one end of France to the other and has been recognized as the National anthem ever since.


Fieramente assai.
1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! Hark! what my-riads bid you
2. Now, now the dan- g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which treach'rous kings con - fed- 'rate
3. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in - sa - tiate des - pots
4. O lib - er - ty!—can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen- 'rous
f
rise! Your chil- dren, wives, and grand - sires hoa - ry; Be-hold their tears and hear their
raise; The dogs of war, let loose, are howl - ing, And lo! our walls and ci - ties
dare, (Their thirst of gold and power un - bound - ed,) To meet and vend the light and
flame? Can dun- geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it
p
cries, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants mis - chiefs
blaze! And shall we base - ly view the ruin, While law- less force with guilt - y
air. Like beasts of bur - den would they load us— Like gods would bid their slaves a -
tame? To long the world has wept, be - wailing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants
f

breed - ing With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fi - an band, Af -
stride, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and wide, With
dore— But man is man— and who is more? But
wield— But free - dom is our sword and shield, But
f
fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing! To
des - o - la - tion far and wide, With crimes and blood his hands em - bru - ing? To
man is man—and who is more? Then shall they long - er lash and goad us? To
free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To
arms, to arms, ye brave! The a - veng-ing sword unsheath! March on, march
ff
on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye braves! The a - veng-ing sword unsheath! March on, march
To arms, to arms, ye braves! The a - veng-ing sword unsheath! March on,
To arms, to arms, ye braves! The a - veng-ing sword unsheath! March on,
ff
on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.
march on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.
march on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

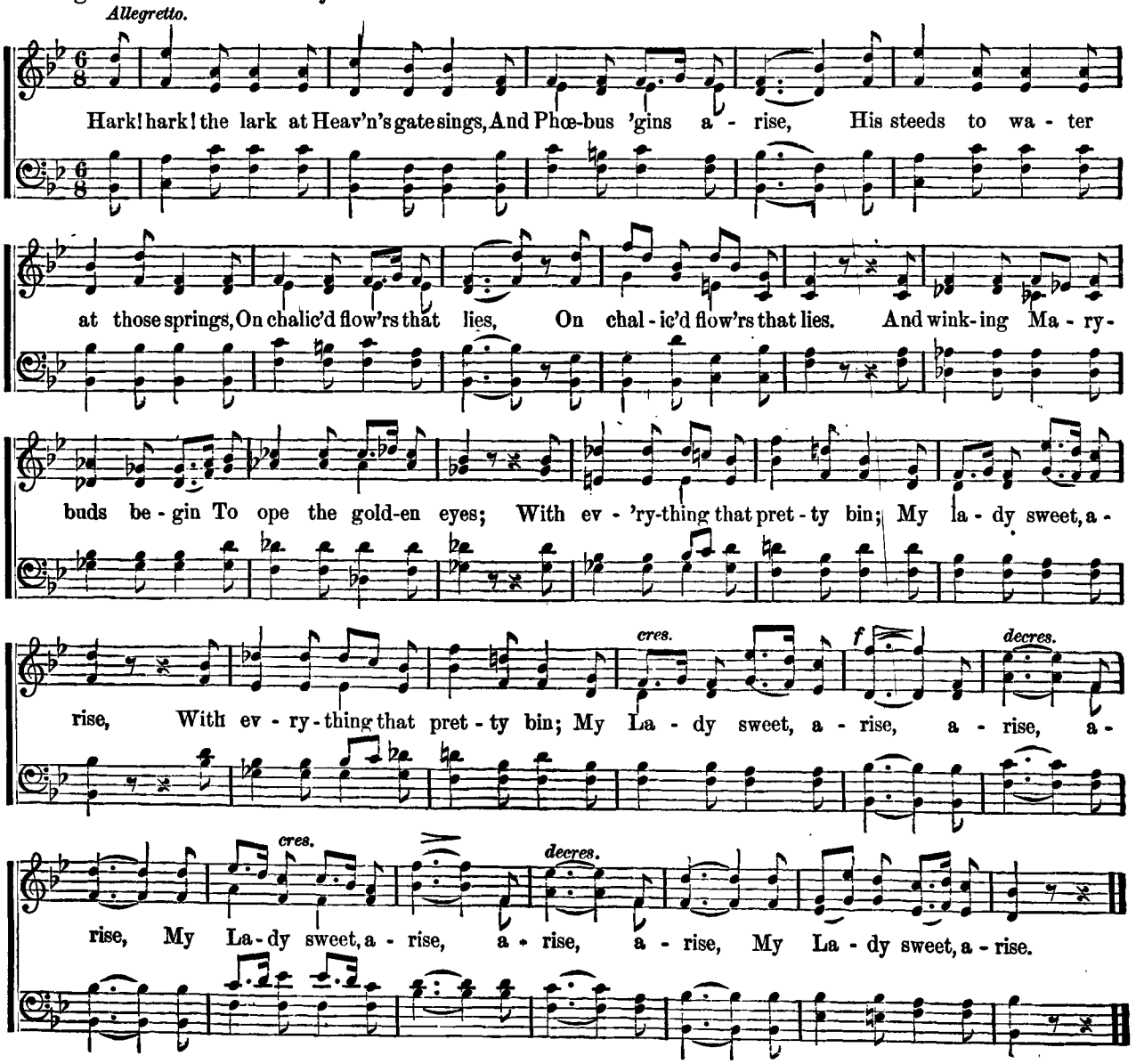
Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!
To arms, *etc.*

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our walls and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
To arms, *etc.*

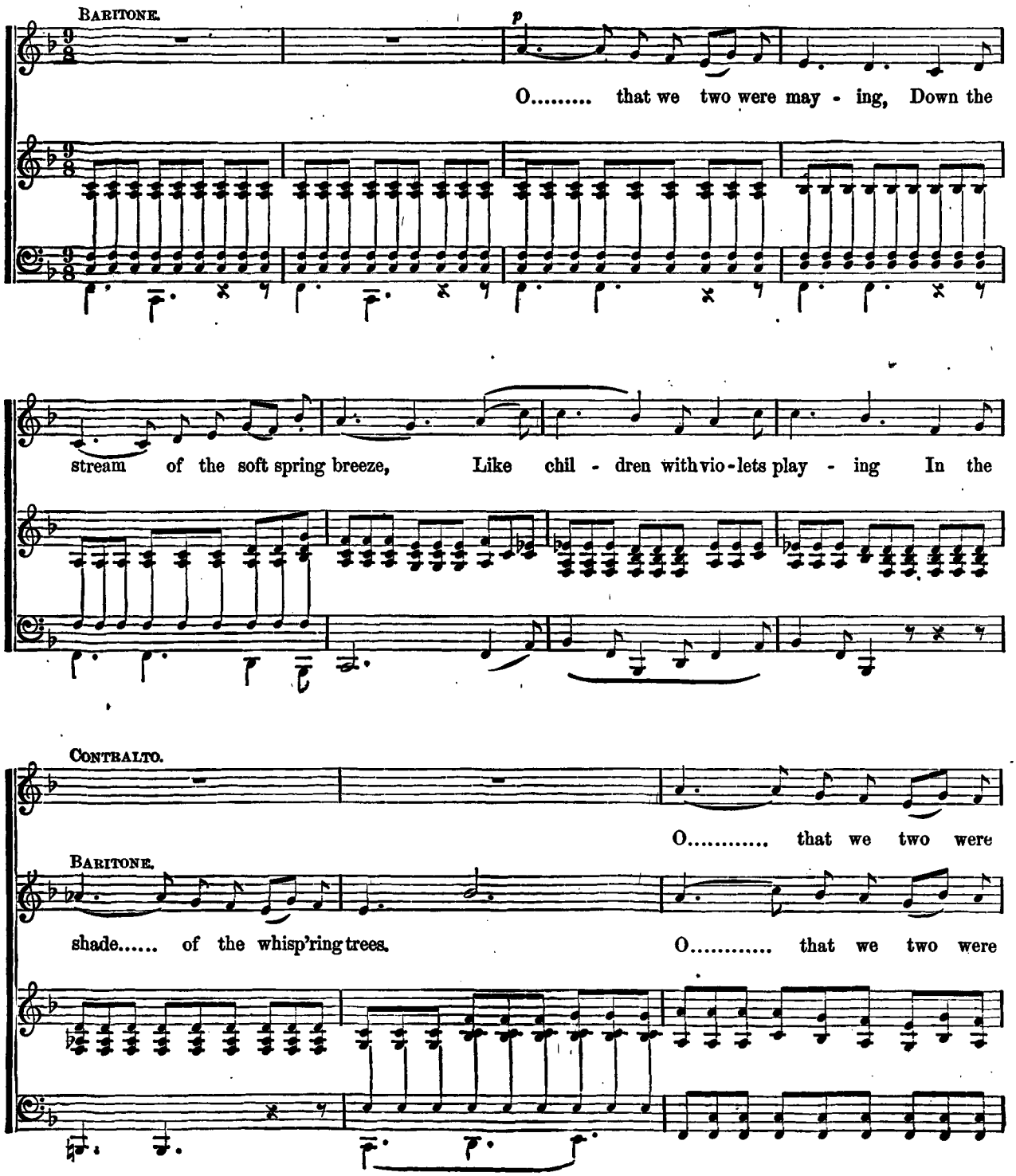
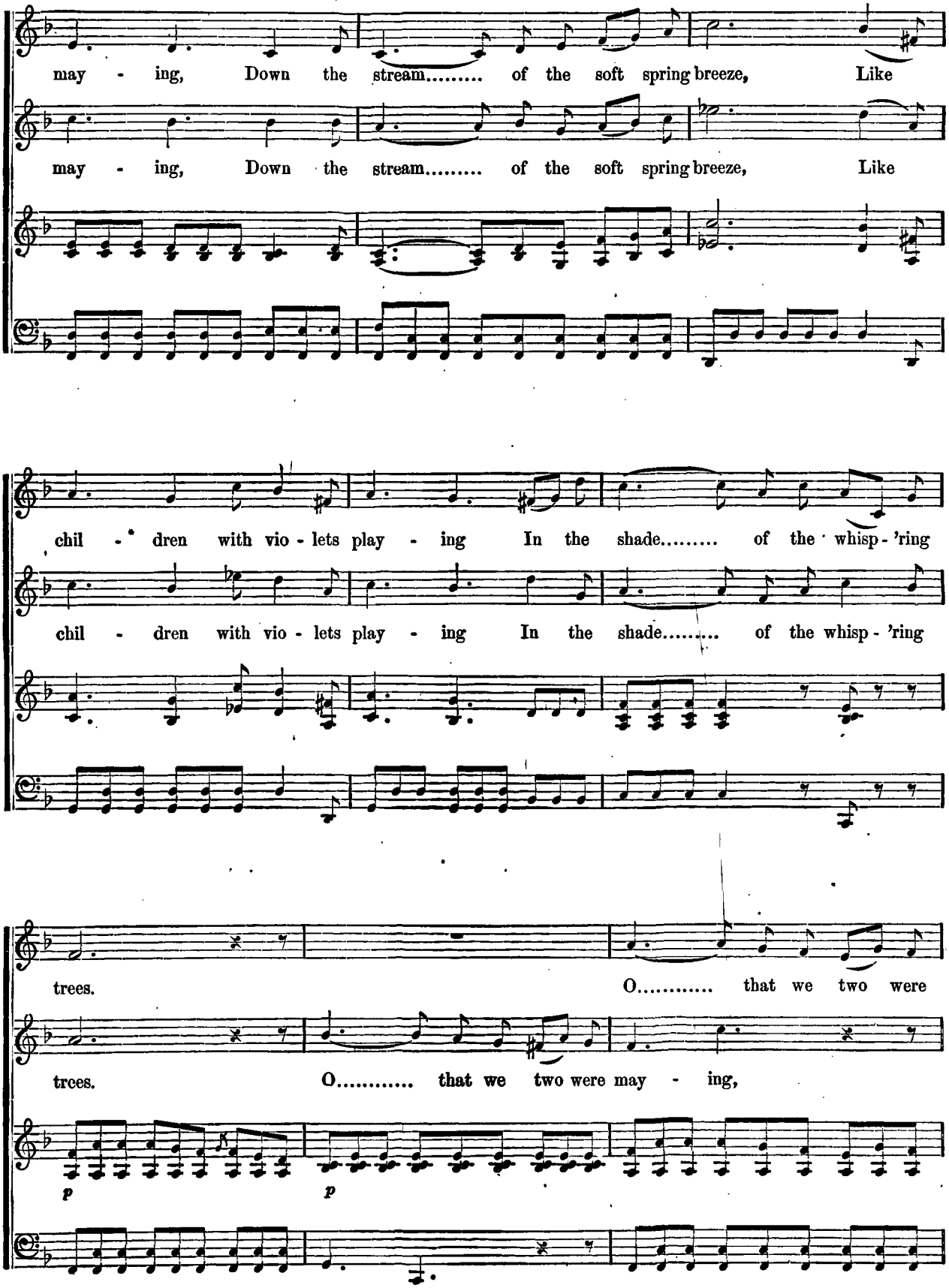
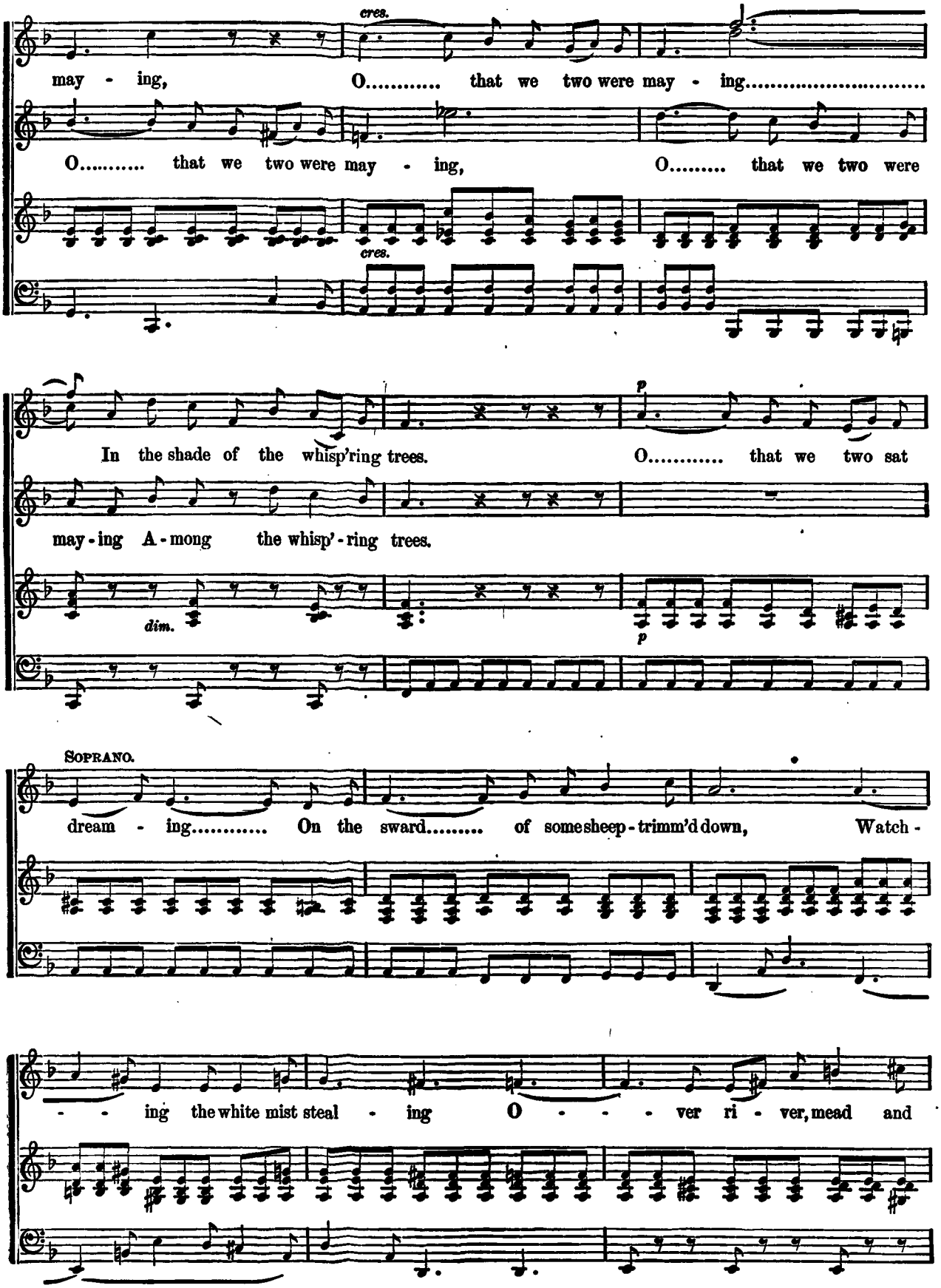
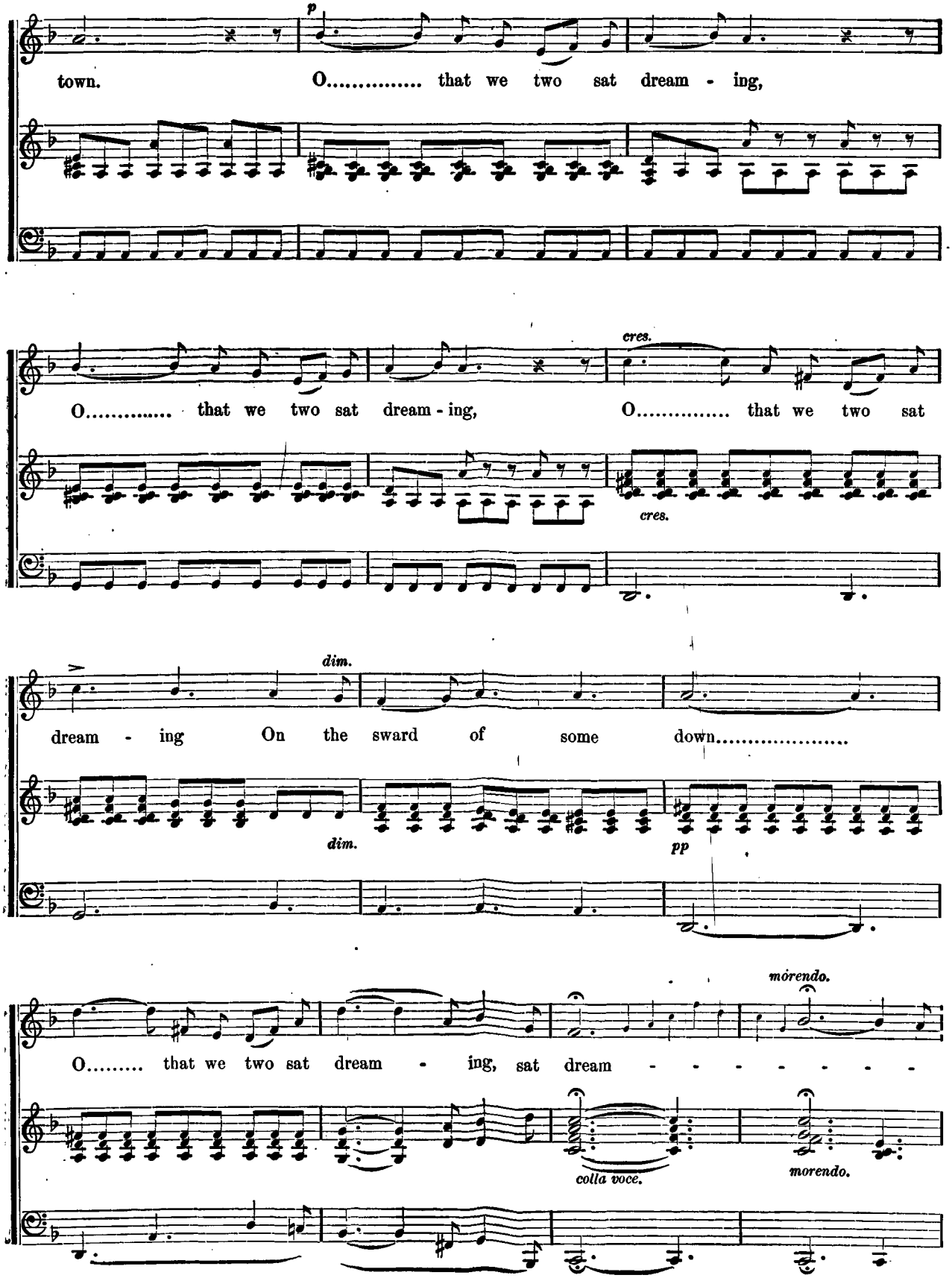
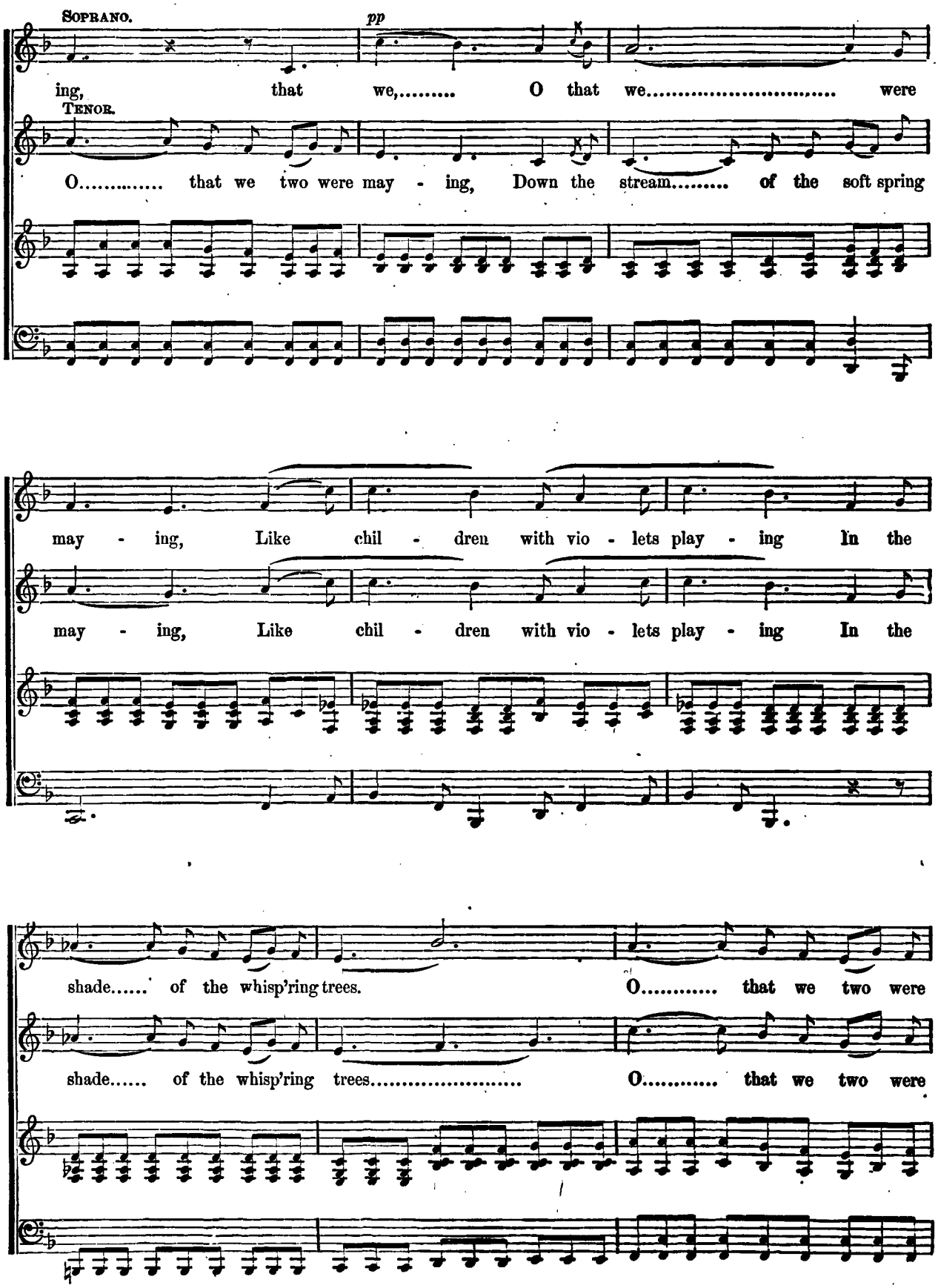
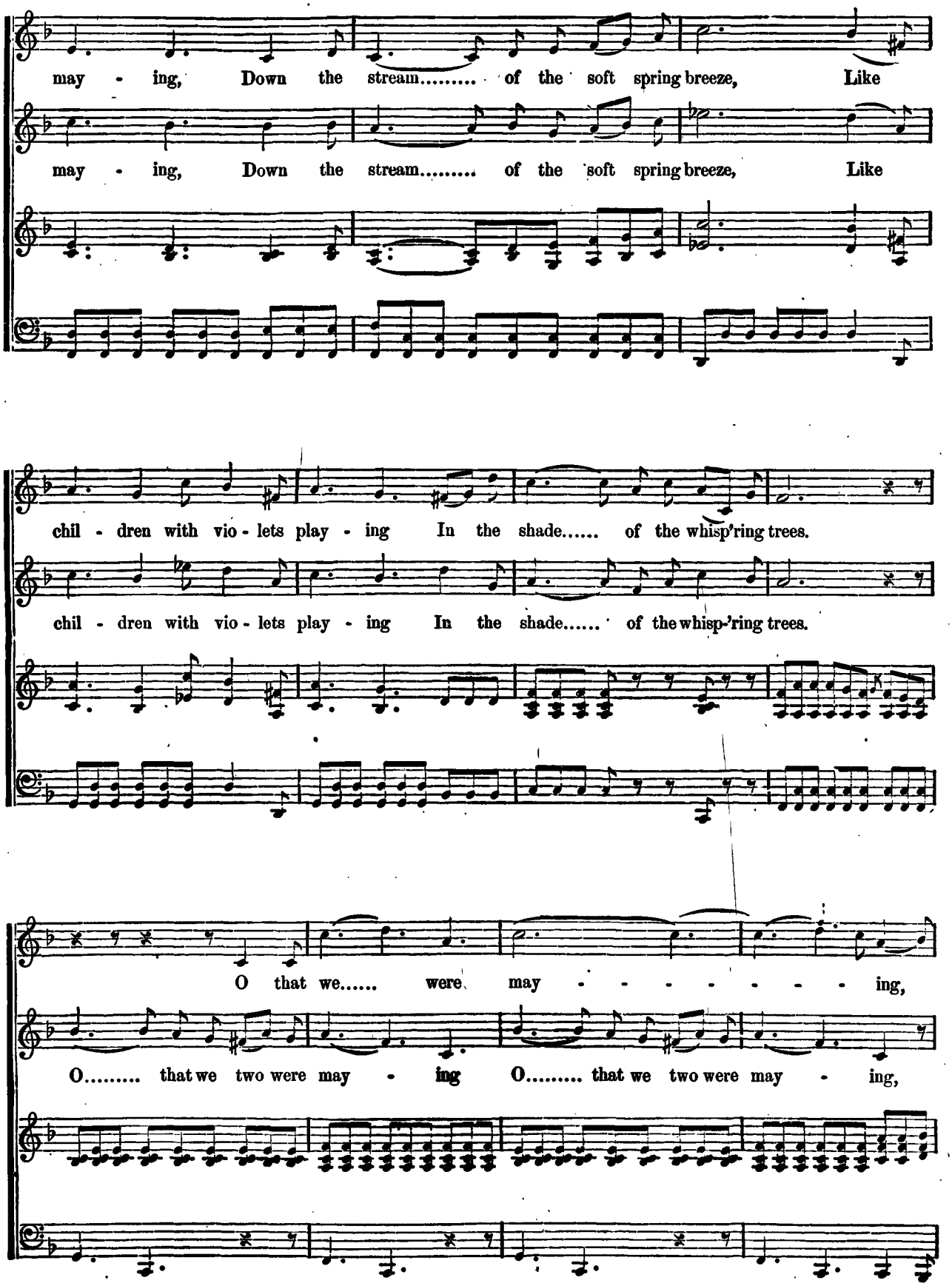
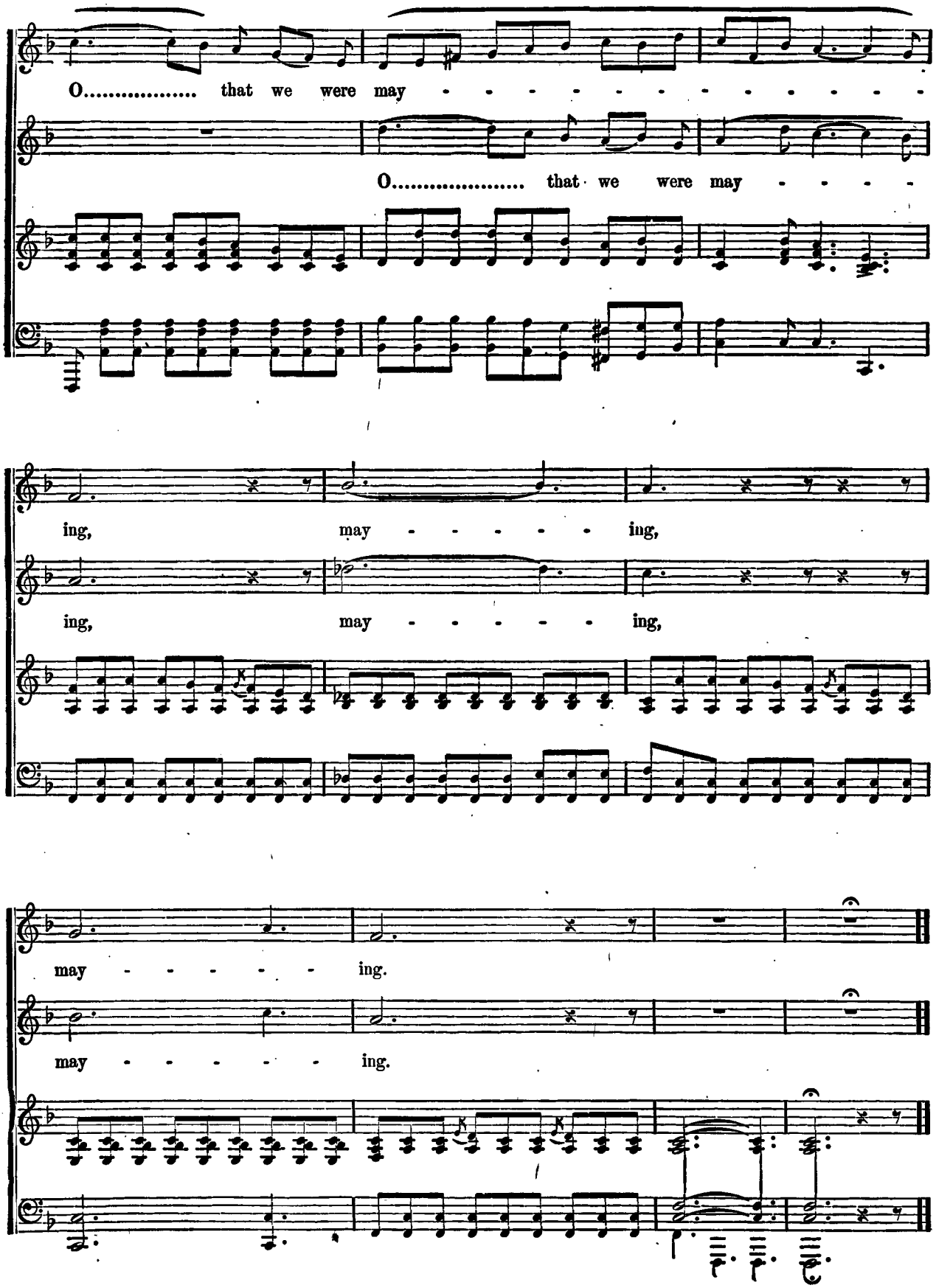
With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
(Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,)
To meet and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, *etc.*

O liberty!—can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, *etc.*

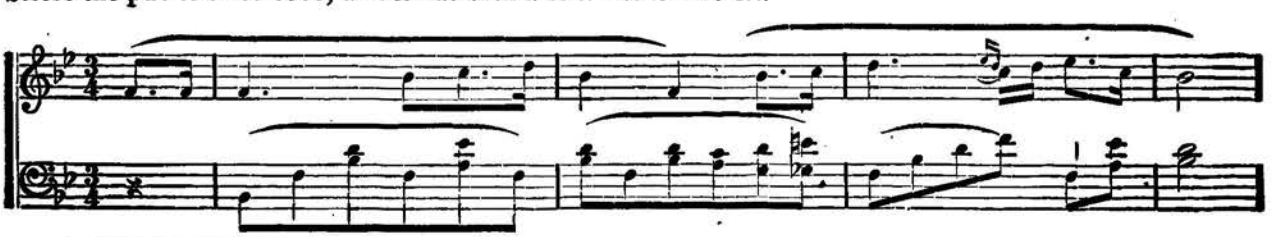
HARK! HARK! THE LARK.
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalicèd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!
G.E.Moira

IT has been said that Shakspeare has stimulated more composers to write music than any other English author. This does not refer merely to the musical settings to the songs which are scattered throughout his plays, though there have been great numbers of these, but also to great musical works of which Shakspeare's masterpieces have been the inspiration. An early work of Richard Wagner's, "Das Liebesverbot," was suggested by "Measure for Measure;" "The Merry Wives of Windsor" gave the theme for Nicolai's opera of that name, and for Verdi's latest work, the opera of "Falstaff." Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Thomas's "Hamlet," and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music are among the many compositions of the highest order that have been prompted by study of the chief poet of England. Moreover, nearly every one of the exquisite lyric verses appearing in the plays has been set to music by numerous composers. FRANZ SCHUBERT has done a number of them, of which perhaps "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" is the best and most familiar. The circumstances under which this delicious music was written are interesting. In the summer of 1826, Schubert was strolling with friends in the suburbs of Vienna, and stopping at a little open-air restaurant they joined other acquaintances. One of these was reading a volume of Shakspeare's short poems and sonnets, which Schubert, ever on the lookout for words to set to music, took and ran over the pages. Suddenly he exclaimed, "If I only had music paper here! I have thought of the very melody to fit this poem." One of the party took a restaurant bill of fare and drawing the requisite lines across its back, handed it to Schubert. "Then and there," says a writer in '*The Looker On*,' "in the confusion of a Viennese restaurant, on a Sunday morning, and in the short space of time while the party were waiting for their breakfast, was prepared Schubert's 'Hark, the Lark,' a setting which gives to Cloten's morning serenade to Imogen a double immortality."

Allegretto.
Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phœ-bus 'gins a - rise, His steeds to wa - ter
at those springs, On chalic'd flow'rs that lies, On chal - ic'd flow'rs that lies. And wink-ing Ma - ry-
buds be - gin To ope the gold-en eyes; With ev - 'ry-thing that pret - ty bin; My la - dy sweet, a -
cres.
f
decres.
rise, With ev - ry - thing that pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -
cres.
decres.
rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

O! THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING.

MRS. ALICE MARY SMITH WHITE, who wrote the air of this song, was an English composer of some note who wrote most prolifically during the last few years of her life. She had been a favorite pupil of Sterndale-Bennet and MacFarren and was honored by being elected to the position of Female Professional Associate of the Philharmonic Society in 1867, and in 1884 was made Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music. Her music to "O! That We Two Were Maying" ranks with the settings of the same words by Gounod and many other of the best modern composers. The words used are from "The Saint's Tragedy" by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BARITONE.
p
O..... that we two were may - ing, Down the
stream of the soft spring breeze, Like chil - dren with vio - lets play - ing In the
CONTRALTO.
O..... that we two were
BARITONE.
shade..... of the whisp'ring trees.
O..... that we two were

may - ing, Down the stream..... of the soft spring breeze, Like
may - ing, Down the stream..... of the soft spring breeze, Like
chil - dren with vio - lets play - ing In the shade..... of the whisp - 'ring
chil - dren with vio - lets play - ing In the shade..... of the whisp - 'ring
trees. O..... that we two were
trees. O..... that we two were may - ing,
p
p

cres.
may - ing, O..... that we two were may - ing.....
O..... that we two were may - ing, O..... that we two were
cres.
In the shade of the whisp'ring trees. O..... that we two sat
p
may-ing A-mong the whisp'-ring trees.
dim.
p
SOPRANO.
dream - ing..... On the sward..... of some sheep-trimm'd down, Watch -
- - ing the white mist steal - ing O - - - ver ri - ver, mead and

p
town.
O..... that we two sat dream - ing,
cres.
O..... that we two sat dream - ing,
O..... that we two sat
cres.
dim.
dream - ing On the sward of some down.....
dim.
pp
mórendo.
O..... that we two sat dream - ing, sat dream - - - - - - - -
colla voce.
morendo.

Soprano.
pp
ing, that we,..... O that we..... were
Tenor.
O..... that we two were may - ing, Down the stream..... of the soft spring
may - ing, Like chil - dren with vio - lets play - ing In the
may - ing, Like chil - dren with vio - lets play - ing In the
shade..... of the whisp'ring trees. O..... that we two were
shade..... of the whisp'ring trees..... O..... that we two were

may - ing, Down the stream..... of the soft spring breeze, Like
may - ing, Down the stream..... of the soft spring breeze, Like
chil - dren with vio - lets play - ing In the shade..... of the whisp'ring trees.
chil - dren with vio - lets play - ing In the shade..... of the whisp-'ring trees.
O that we..... were may - - - - - - - - ing,
O..... that we two were may - ing O..... that we two were may - ing,

O..... that we were may - - - - - - - - - - - -
O..... that we were may - - - -
ing, may - - - - - - ing,
ing, may - - - - - - ing,
may - - - - - - ing.
may - - - - - - ing.

KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.

THIS song and chorus is well adapted for home-singing, a purpose to which the simplicity of the music and the gentle significance of the words admirably adapt it. The composition is by JOHN ROGERS THOMAS, to whom we owe many favorite home ballads; and the words are by GEORGE COOPER. The song has been before the public since 1863, and it has been a continuous favorite.

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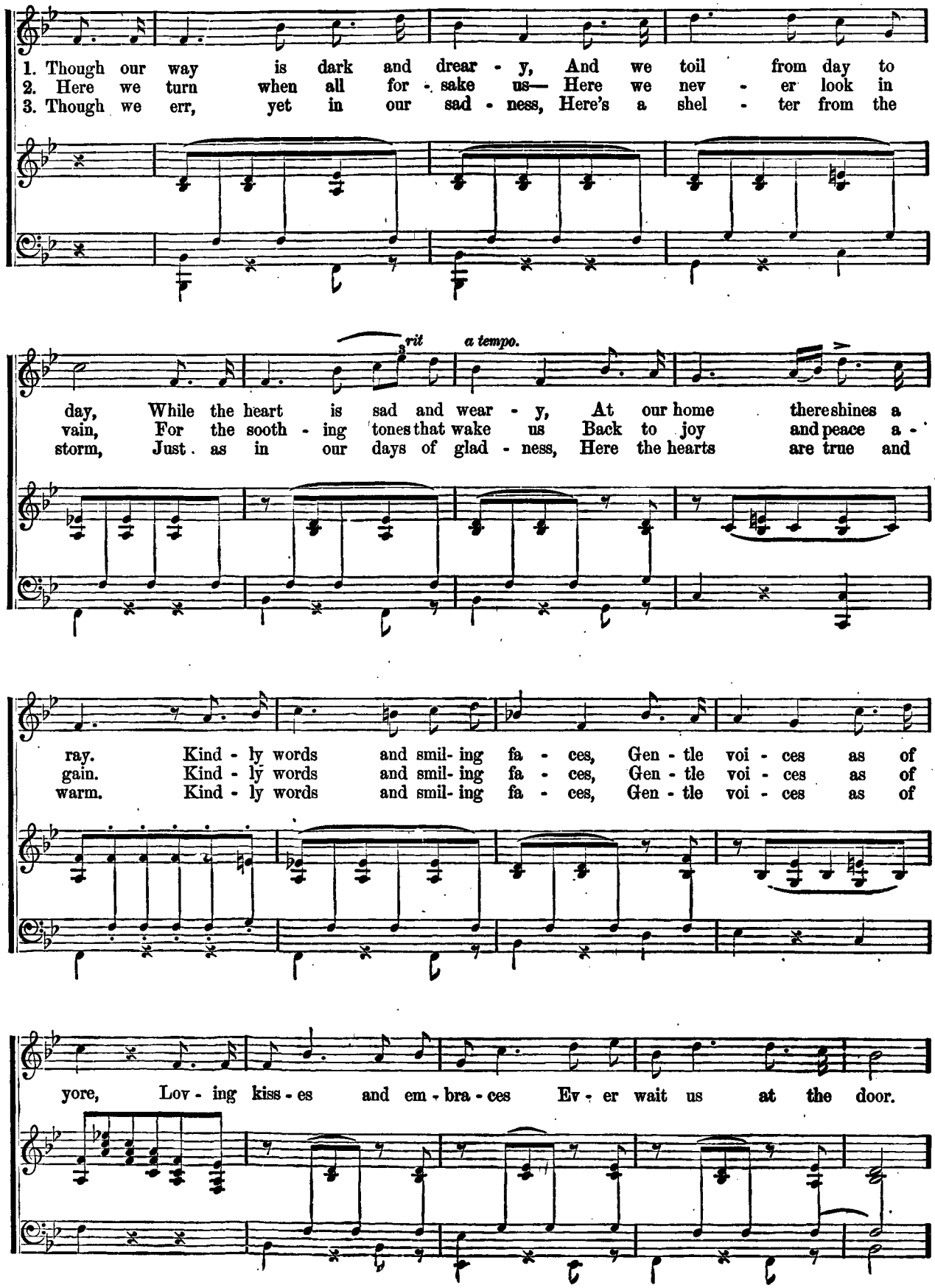
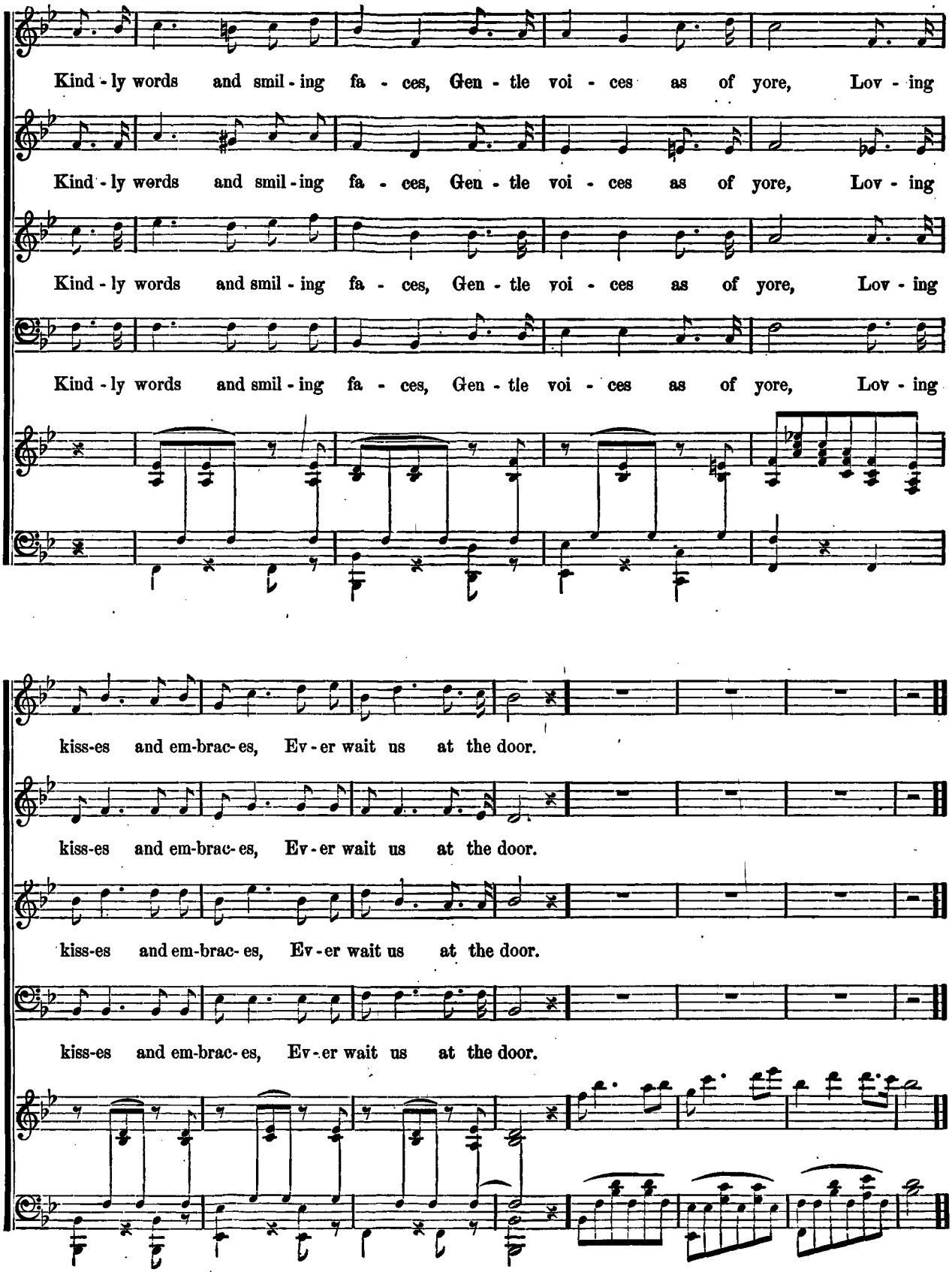
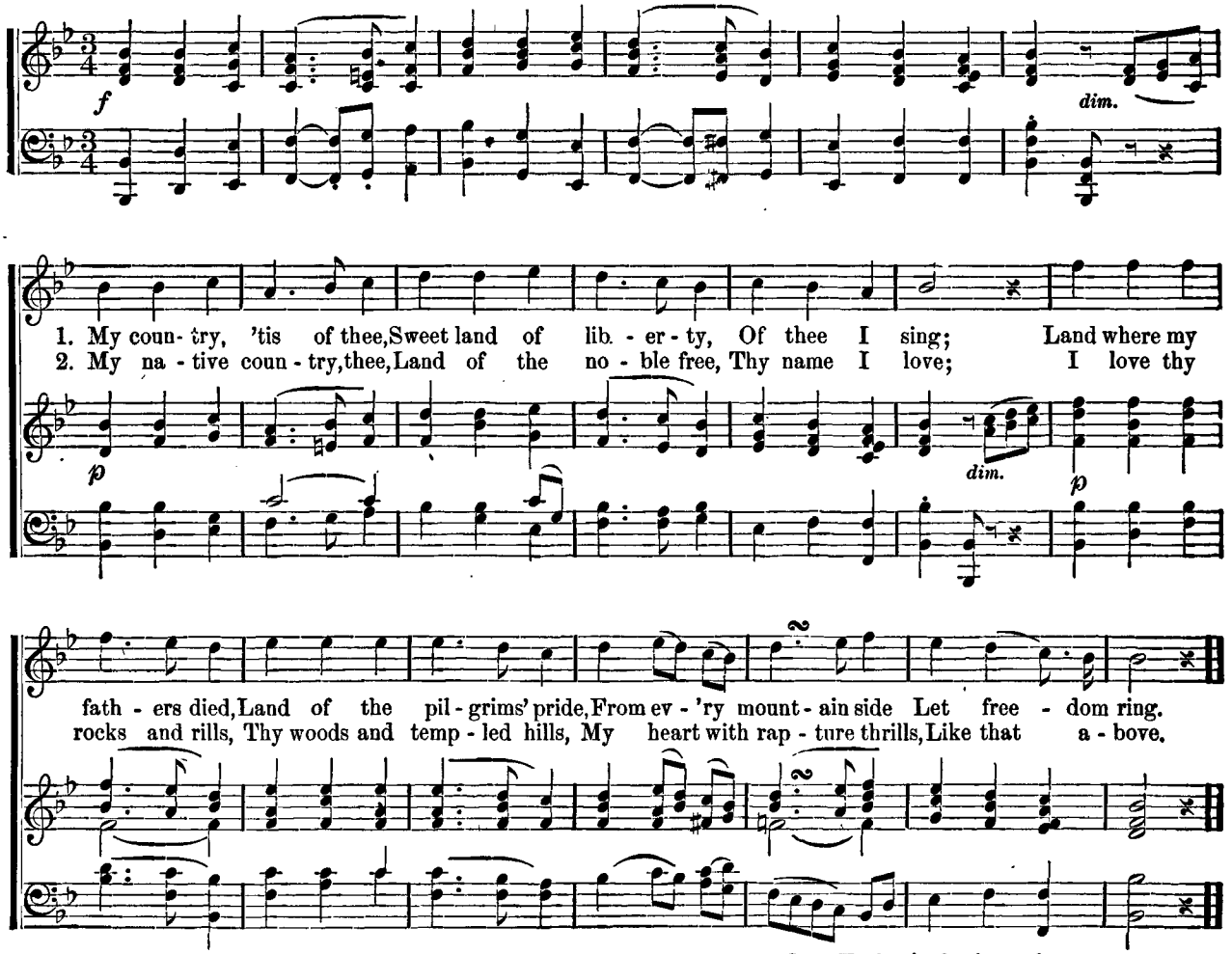

1. Though our way is dark and drear - y, And we toil from day to
2. Here we turn when all for - sake us— Here we nev - er look in
3. Though we err, yet in our sad - ness, Here's a shel - ter from the
rit
a tempo.
day, While the heart is sad and wear - y, At our home there shines a
vain, For the sooth - ing tones that wake us Back to joy and peace a -
storm, Just as in our days of glad - ness, Here the hearts are true and
ray. Kind - ly words and smil- ing fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of
gain. Kind - ly words and smil- ing fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of
warm. Kind - ly words and smil- ing fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of
yore, Lov - ing kiss - es and em - bra - ces Ev - er wait us at the door.

CHORUS.

Kind - ly words and smil - ing fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of yore, Lov - ing
Kind - ly words and smil - ing fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of yore, Lov - ing
Kind - ly words and smil - ing fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of yore, Lov - ing
Kind - ly words and smil - ing fa - ces, Gen - tle voi - ces as of yore, Lov - ing
kiss-es and em-brac-es, Ev - er wait us at the door.
kiss-es and em-brac-es, Ev - er wait us at the door.
kiss-es and em-brac-es, Ev - er wait us at the door.
kiss-es and em-brac-es, Ev - er wait us at the door.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

THE author of the words of "America," SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, was born in Boston, October 21, 1808, and was for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton, Mass. After his resignation he devoted himself to literary and religious pursuits. He died in 1895. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a classmate of Dr. Smith's at Harvard, once remarked:—"Now, there's Smith. His name will be honored by every school-child in the land when I have been forgotten a hundred years. He wrote 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' If he had said 'Our Country' the hymn would not have been immortal, but that 'my' was a master-stroke. Every one who sings the hymn at once feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country." It is of him that Holmes says, in his poem entitled "The Boys:"

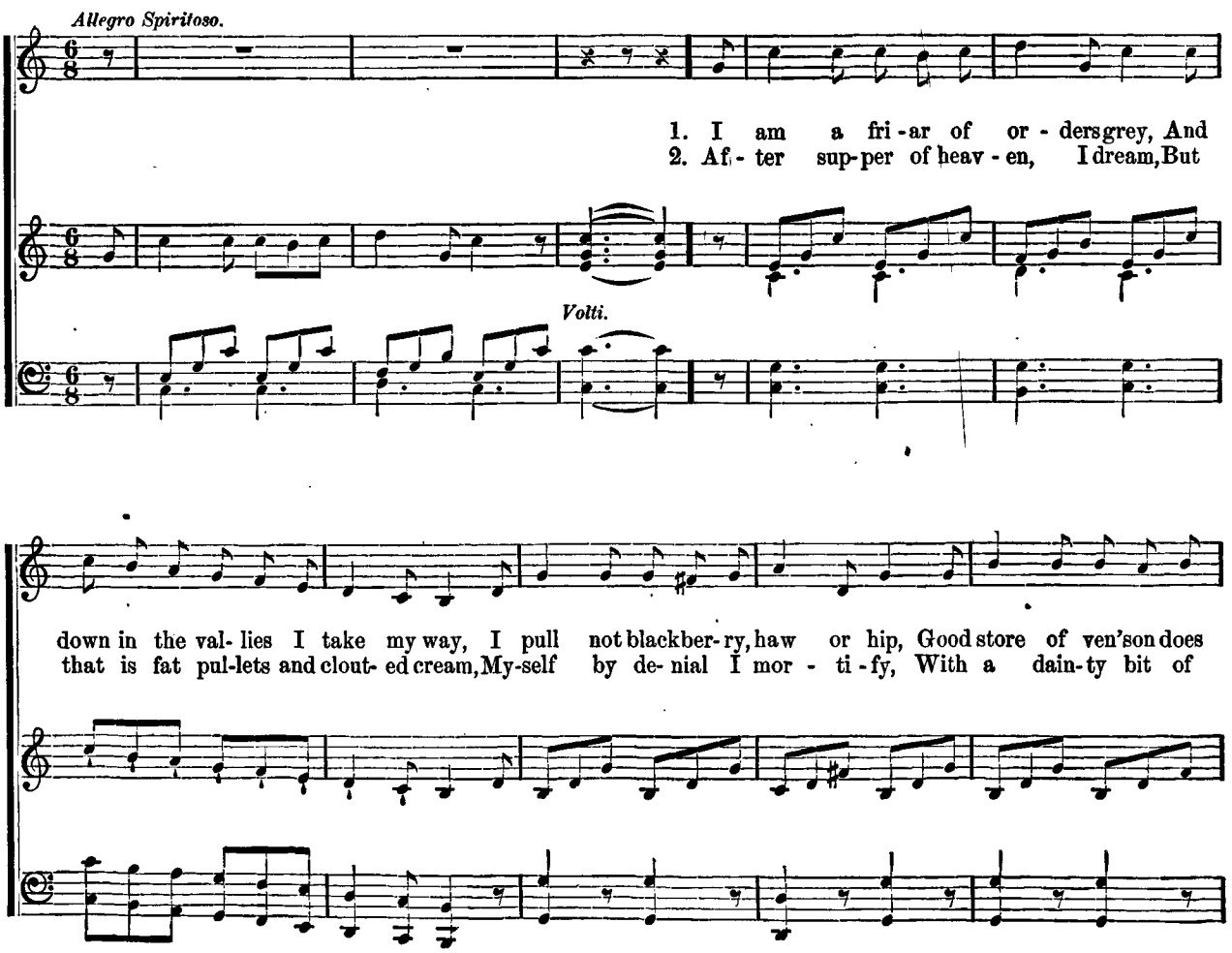
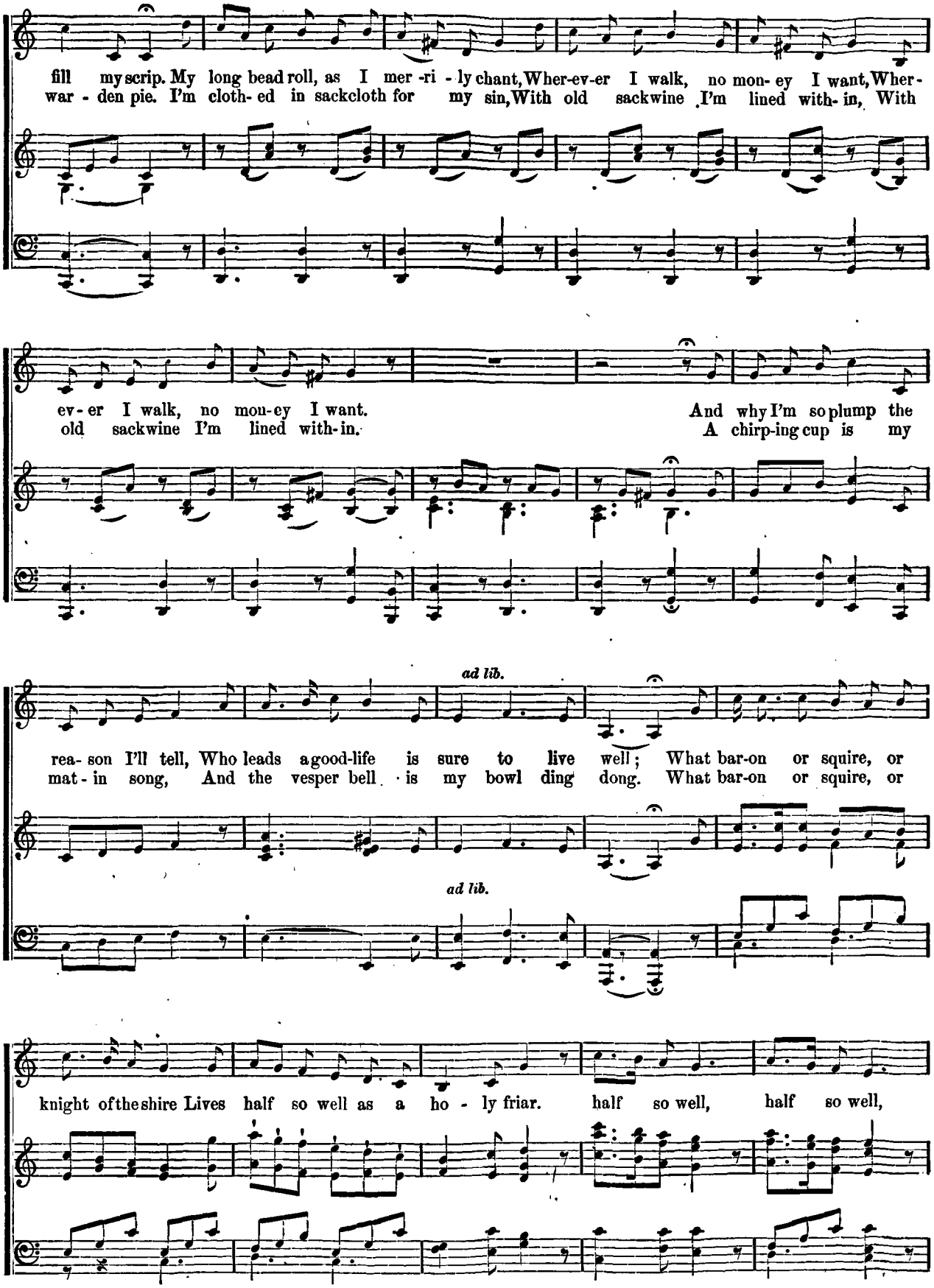
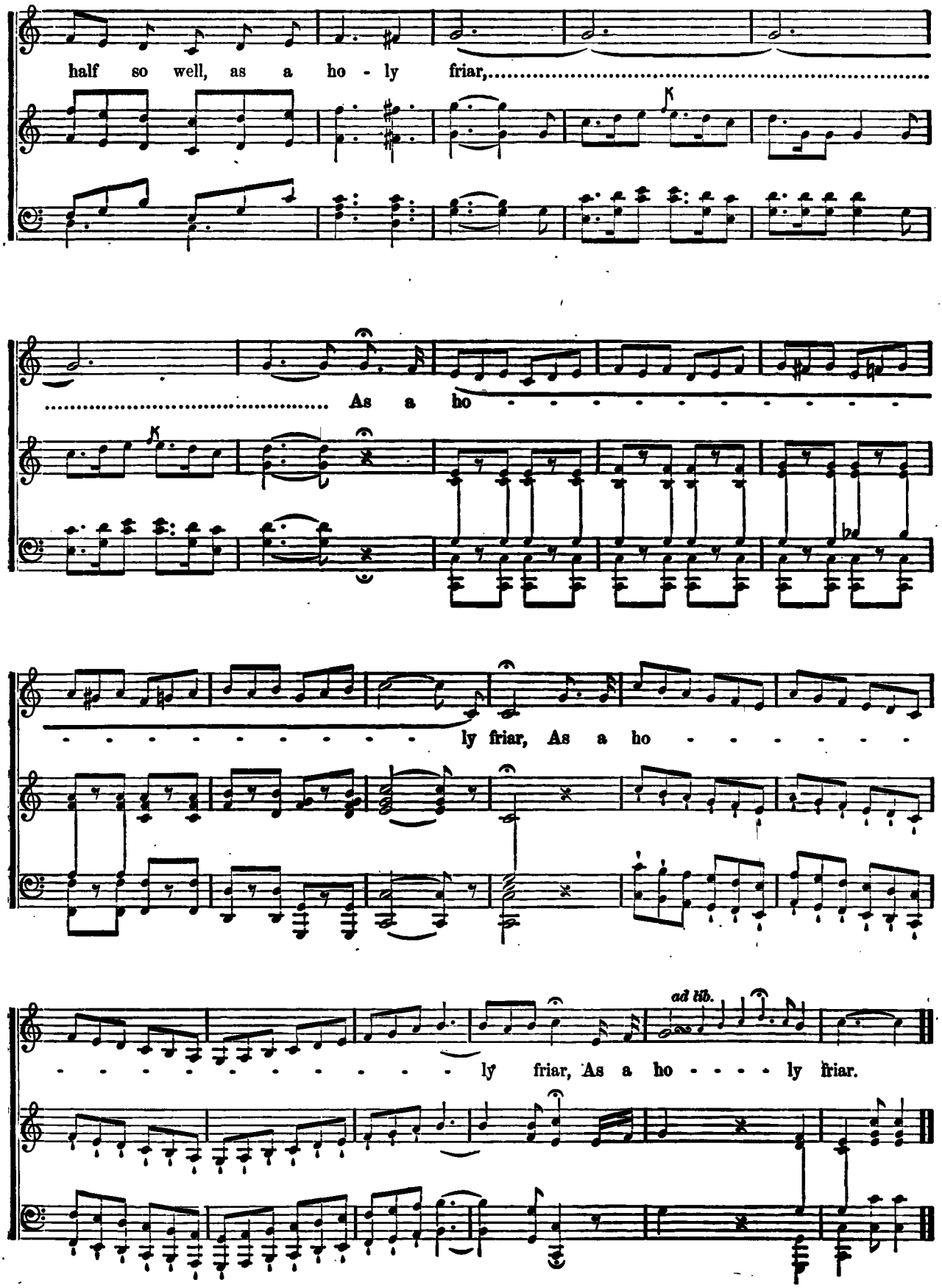
"And there's a nice fellow of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of thee!'"

In a letter dated Newton Centre, Mass, June 11, 1861, Dr. Smith said: "The song was written at Andover during my student life there, I think in the winter of 1831–2. It was first used publicly at a Sunday-school celebration of July 4th, in the Park Street Church, Boston. I had in my possession a quantity of German song-books, from which I was selecting such music as pleased me, and finding 'God save the King,' I proceeded to give it the ring of American republican patriotism."

f
dim.
1. My coun- try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib. - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
p
dim.
p
fath - ers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and temp - led hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song,
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with thy might,
Great God, our King!

A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

THIS song, the most celebrated in its vein, is from the opera of "Robin Hood." The words are by THOMAS O'KEEFE, an Irish writer, who was born in 1747 and died in 1833. HENRY RUSSELL, the composer, attained on both sides the Atlantic a celebrity which was phenomenal. It is hard to say whether he was better known as the composer of eight hundred songs, or as the spirited singer of them who aroused in the concert hall the greatest possible enthusiasm. His music was set to words entirely worthy of it, selected from the best song-writers in England and America. Among these were the spirited lyrics of Dr. Charles Mackay, George P. Morris, Park Benjamin and Epes Sargeant. It is told that when Russell sang Morris's "Woodman, Spare that Tree" at a concert in Boulogne, an old gentlemen in the audience was so moved by it that he rose and asked if the tree was finally spared, and on being assured that it was he said "Thank God!" and sat down amid thunders of applause which alone could relieve the intense enthusiasm and excitement of the occasion. Russell was born in 1815, and as a boy sang in "Gulliver and the Lilliputians." He was musically educated at Boulogne. Personally attractive, he enlisted the affections of a wealthy young Quakeress, who ran away and married him. A series of concerts throughout the British Islands brought him fame and popularized his songs. He spent seven years in America, from 1833 to 1840, and his concerts in Niblo's Garden were the rage. He lived to a great age, in his later years amassing a fortune as a note broker. Among his songs are "The Maniac," "The Gambler's Wife," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Old Arm Chair," "We Have Been Friends Together," and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

Allegro Spiritoso.
1. I am a fri-ar of or-ders grey, And
2. Af-ter sup-per of heav-en, I dream, But
Volti.
down in the val-lies I take my way, I pull not black ber-ry, haw or hip, Good store of ven'son does
that is fat pul-lets and clout-ed cream, My-self by de-nial I mor-ti-fy, With a dain-ty bit of

fill my scrip. My long bead roll, as I mer-ri-ly chant, Wher-ev-er I walk, no mon-ey I want, Wher-
war-den pie. I'm cloth-ed in sackcloth for my sin, With old sackwine I'm lined with-in, With
ev-er I walk, no mon-ey I want. And why I'm so plump the
old sackwine I'm lined with-in. A chirp-ing cup is my
ad lib.
rea-son I'll tell, Who leads a good-life is sure to live well; What bar-on or squire, or
mat-in song, And the vesper bell is my bowl ding dong. What bar-on or squire, or
ad lib.
knight of the shire Lives half so well as a ho-ly friar. half so well, half so well,

half so well, as a ho - ly friar,
As a ho
ly friar, As a ho
ad lib.
ly friar, As a ho - - - - ly friar.

NUT-BROWN MAIDEN.

THERE is an element of simplicity, and yet enough of melodic beauty, in this slight composition, to account for its popularity as a college song; and as such it has done duty for many years. When tenderly rendered by male voices, it is quite effective. The verses given here are only specimens; for the making of additional verses is a mere matter of exercising the faculty of turning couplets in praise of love and beauty. The song originated in the German Universities, and may be found in all the collections of Student Songs, under the title of "Schwarzbraunes Mädchen," to which usually a footnote is appended to the effect that "there may be many verses of the same sort, composed according to the different feminine charms." The melody is carried by the second tenor part, the first tenor being sung lightly as an alto. On the piano, the music of the upper parts should be played an octave lower than it is written.

1. Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye;
2. Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip;
3. Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist;

A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kiss - ing of it's mine, love!
A slen - der waist is thine, love! The arm a-round it's mine, love!

Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut-brown-maid-en,
Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut-brown-maid-en,
Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut-brown-maid-en,

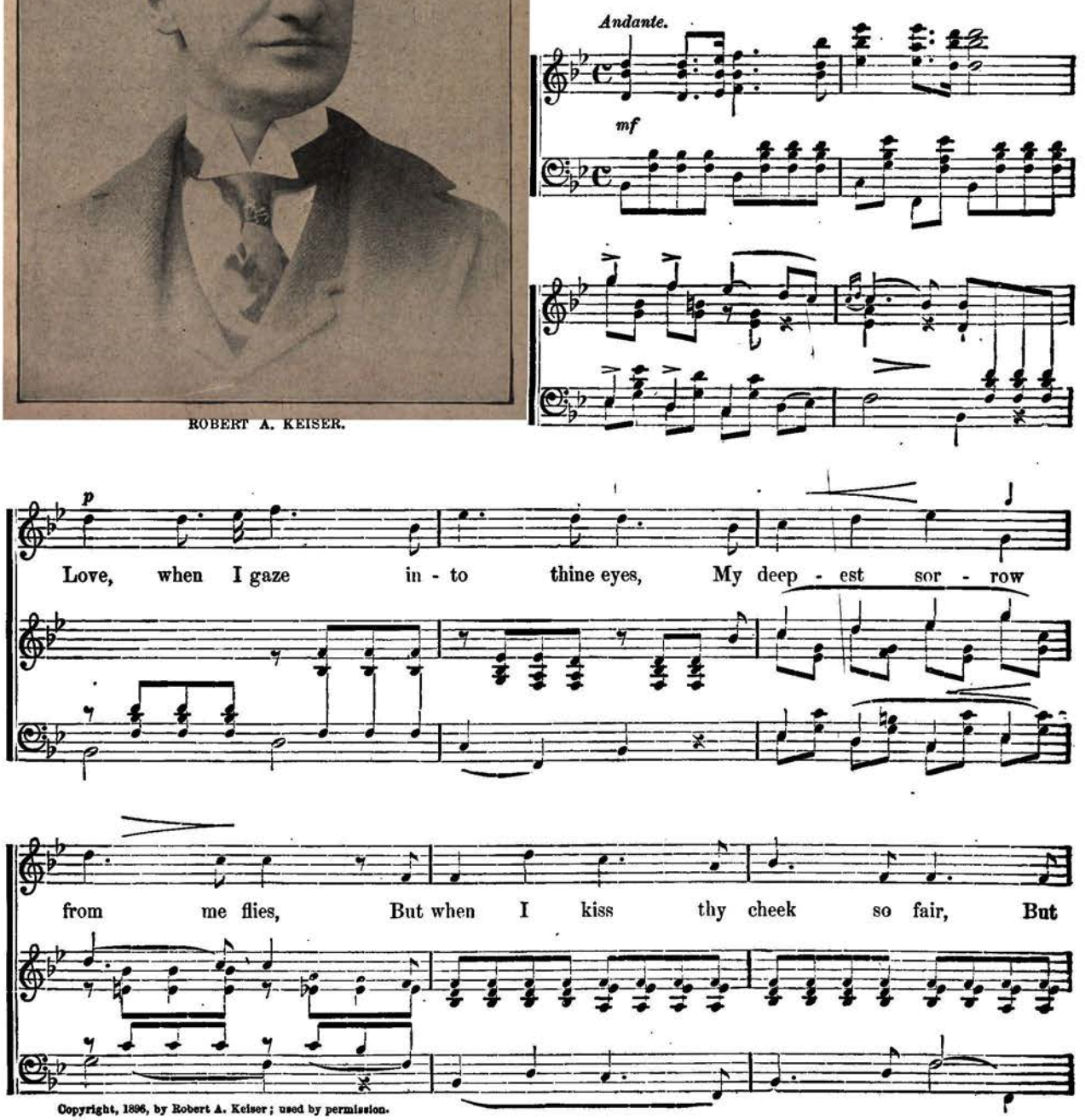
Thou hast a bright blue eye.
Thou hast a ru - by lip.
Thou hast a slen - der waist.

THE SONGS WE SANG AT HOME.

LOVE, WHEN I GAZE.

ROBERT A. KEISER.

ROBERT A. KEISER, the composer of this song, has for many years been identified with a leading music publishing house in New York City, where he was born in 1863. He has produced a number of songs and instrumental pieces that have been very popular. "Uncertainty," the first song he composed, was written as a musical inspiration, and the words were afterwards fitted to it. In 1893 he composed "America's Fair Women" waltzes, and more recently The "Sorosis" waltzes, both of which became popular. Among his songs are "Dearest in the World to Me," "Eyes of Sunny Spain," and "Love, when I gaze;" the words of this latter being a translation from the German of Heinrich Heine.



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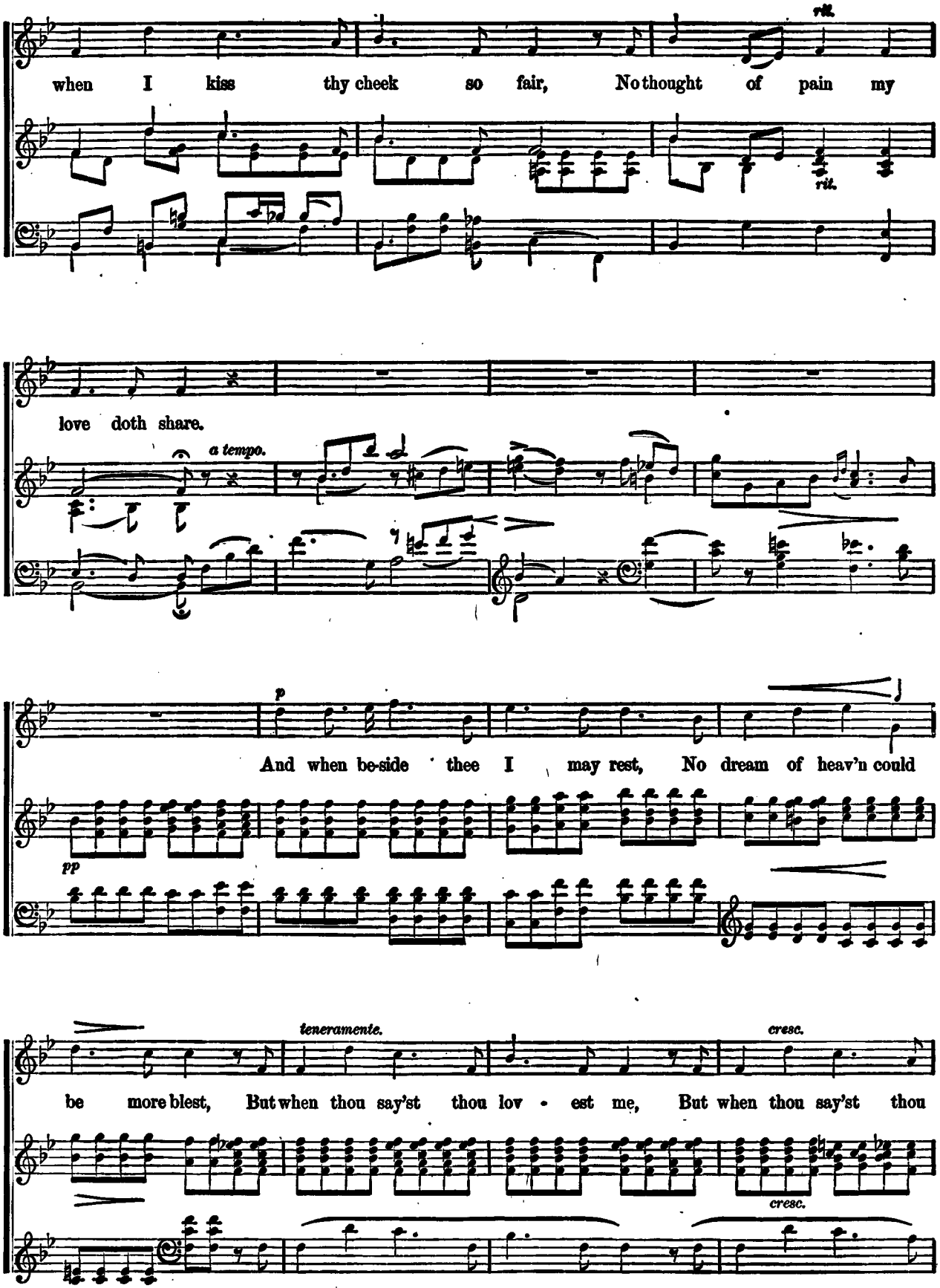
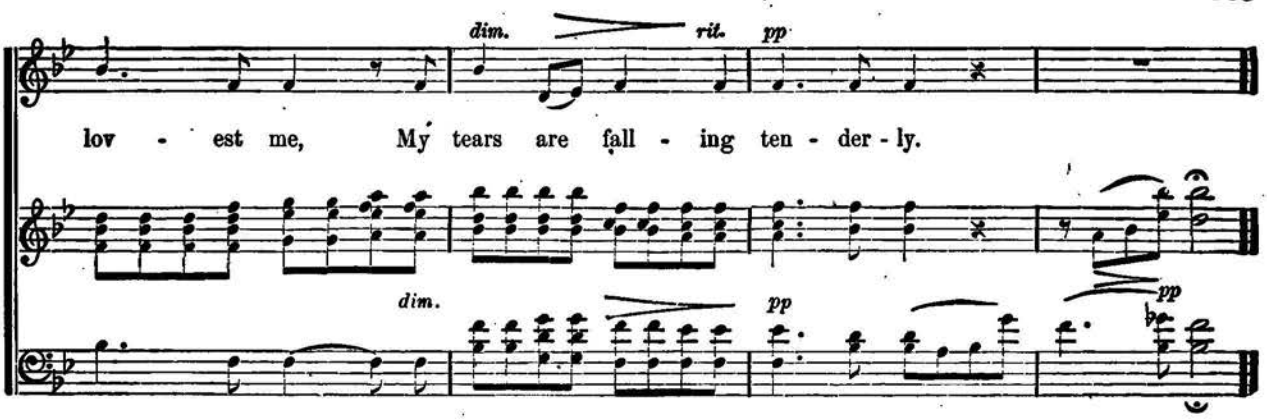
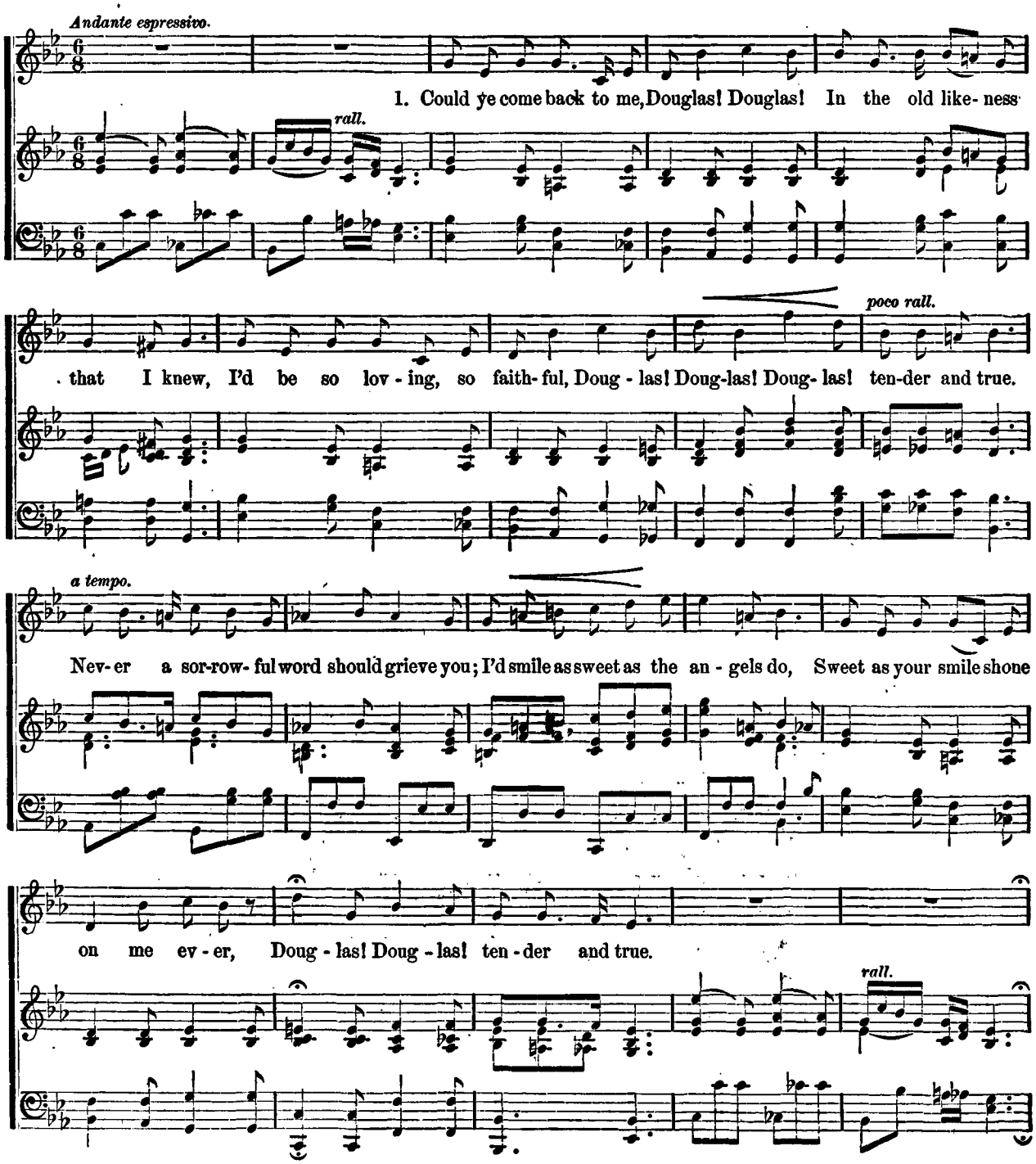
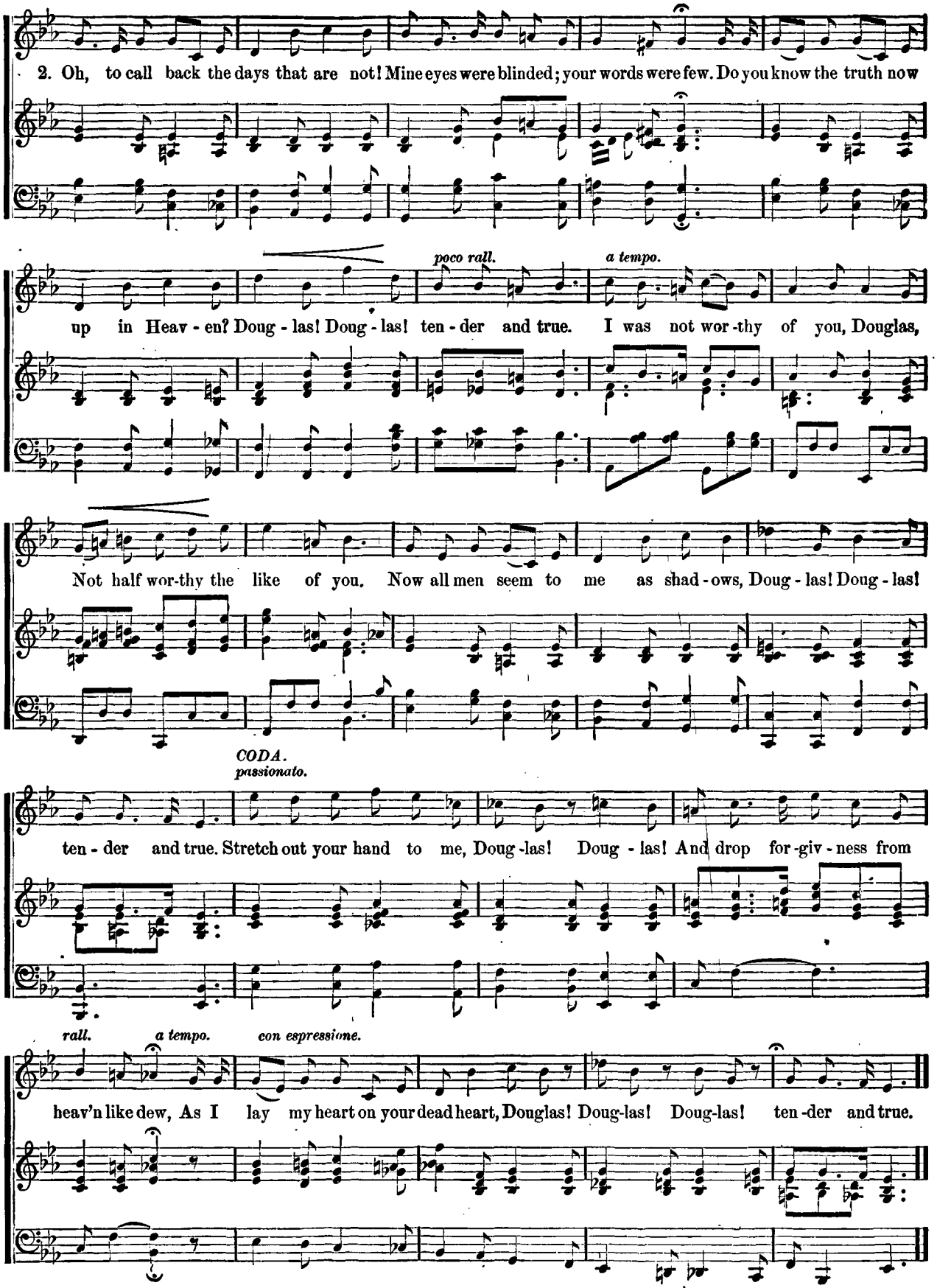

when I kiss thy cheek so fair, No thought of pain my
rit.
rit.
love doth share.
a tempo.
p
And when be-side thee I may rest, No dream of heav'n could
pp
teneramente.
cresc.
be more blest, But when thou say'st thou lov - est me, But when thou say'st thou
cresc.

Love, when I gaze into thine eyes,
My deepest sorrow from me flies,
But when I kiss thy cheek so fair,
No thought of pain my love doth share.

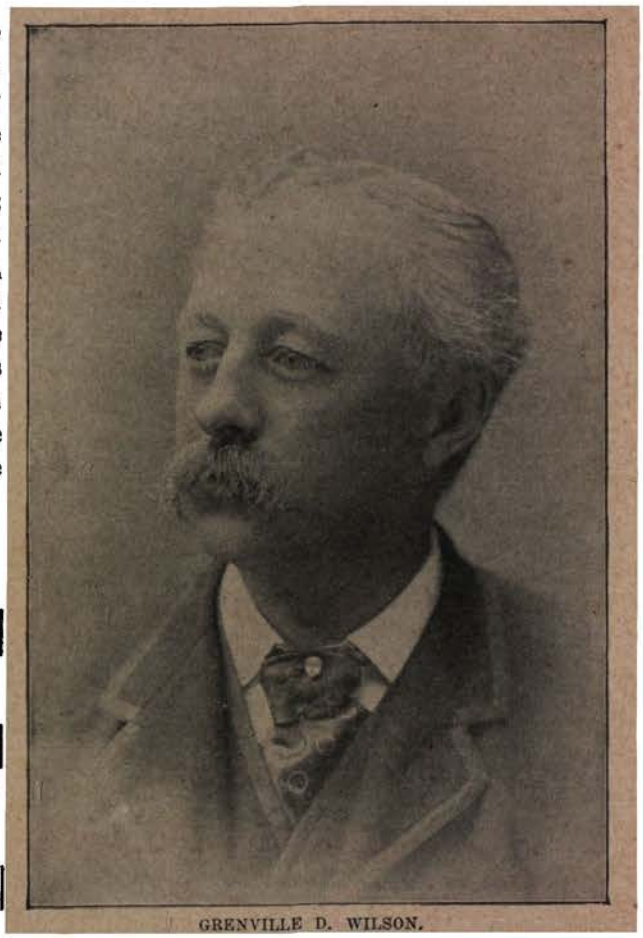
And when beside thee I may rest,
No dream of heav'n could be more blest,
But when thou sayest thou lovest me,
My tears are falling tenderly.

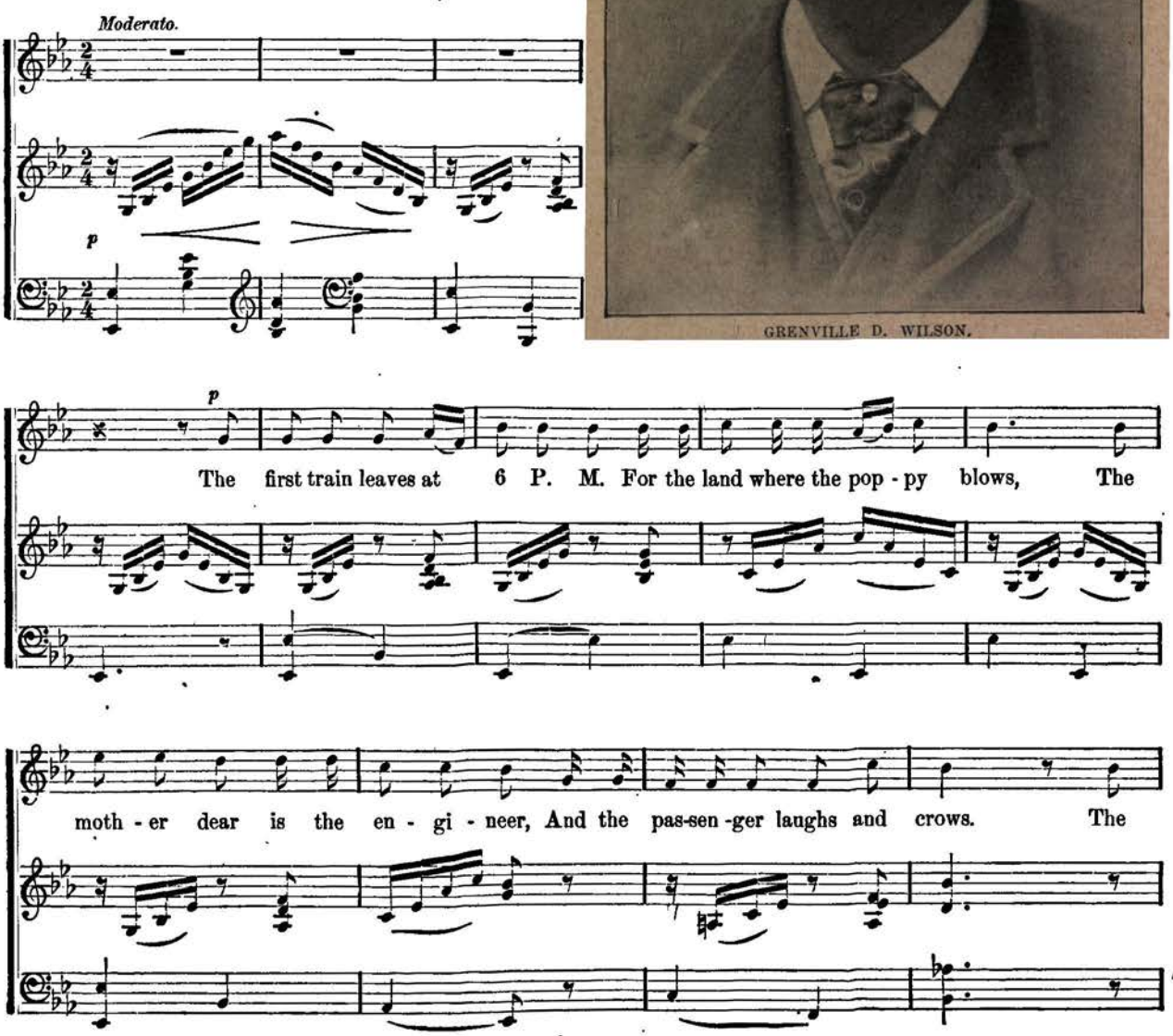
TENDER AND TRUE.

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," wrote for the most part anonymously, the authorship of the novel mentioned being the only work she openly acknowledged, and this she did only when it was claimed by another. DINAH MARIA MULOCK, afterwards Mrs. Craik, was born in 1826, at Stoke-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire, and was a prolific and popular writer both of poetry and fiction. None of the novels, however, acquired the celebrity of "John Halifax," and of her poems the most widely known are the selection here presented and "Philip My King." Her first novel was published in 1849, "The Ogilvies," and, like the others, was remarkable for its subtle delineations of character. Her fugitive poems were collected and published in a volume in 1860. The music of "Tender and True," thoroughly in keeping with the touching sadness of the words, is by MARSTON.

Andante espressivo.
1. Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas! In the old like-ness
rall.
poco rall.
that I knew, I'd be so lov-ing, so faith-ful, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.
a tempo.
Nev-er a sor-row-ful word should grieve you; I'd smile as sweet as the an-gels do, Sweet as your smile shone
on me ev-er, Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.
rall.

2. Oh, to call back the days that are not! Mine eyes were blinded; your words were few. Do you know the truth now
poco rall.
a tempo.
up in Heav - en? Doug - las! Doug - las! ten - der and true. I was not wor - thy of you, Douglas,
Not half wor-thy the like of you. Now all men seem to me as shad - ows, Doug - las! Doug - las!
CODA.
passionato.
ten - der and true. Stretch out your hand to me, Doug - las! Doug - las! And drop for - giv - ness from
rall.
a tempo.
con espressione.
heav'n like dew, As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten-der and true.

THE TRAIN FOR POPPY-LAND.

THIS delightful mother-song, already popular in the homes of England as well as of America, was written by EDGAR WADE ABBOT, and was set to music by GRENVILLE D. WILSON, composer of that exquisite tone-picture "The Shepherd Boy." Professor Wilson passed his early youth among the Berkshire Hills; where his father was actively interested in the promotion of sacred music. He studied music under his mother, a noted singer and pianist, and under teachers in Boston and New York. He adopted the profession of music early in life, and taught successfully in several seminaries for young ladies. In 1872 he settled permanently on the banks of the Hudson; and somewhat later he organized the Choral Society of Nyack, and became prominent as a promoter of musical enterprises.



GRENVILLE D. WILSON.

Moderato.
p
p
The first train leaves at 6 P. M. For the land where the pop - py blows, The
moth - er dear is the en - gi - neer, And the pas-sen -ger laughs and crows. The

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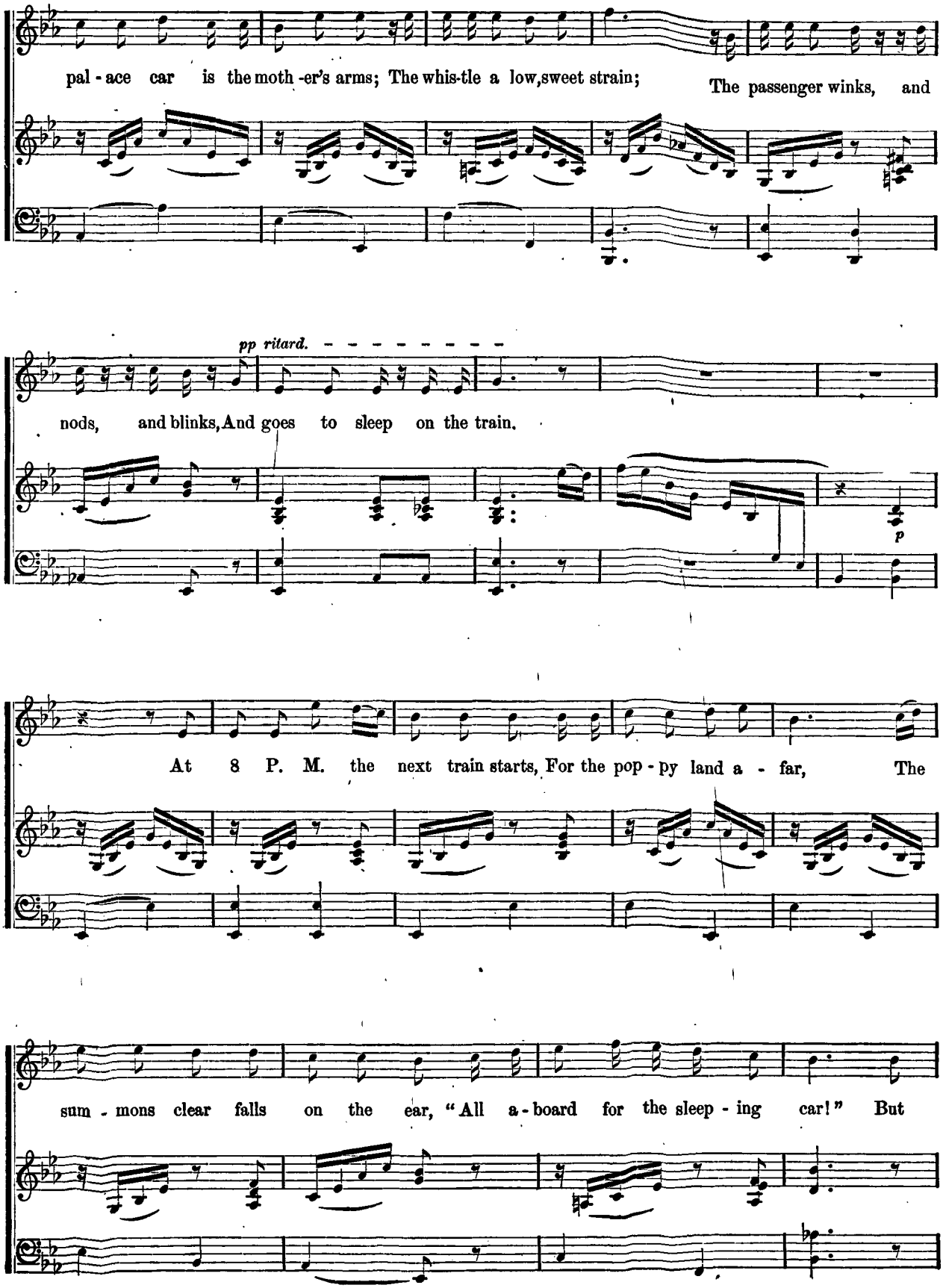
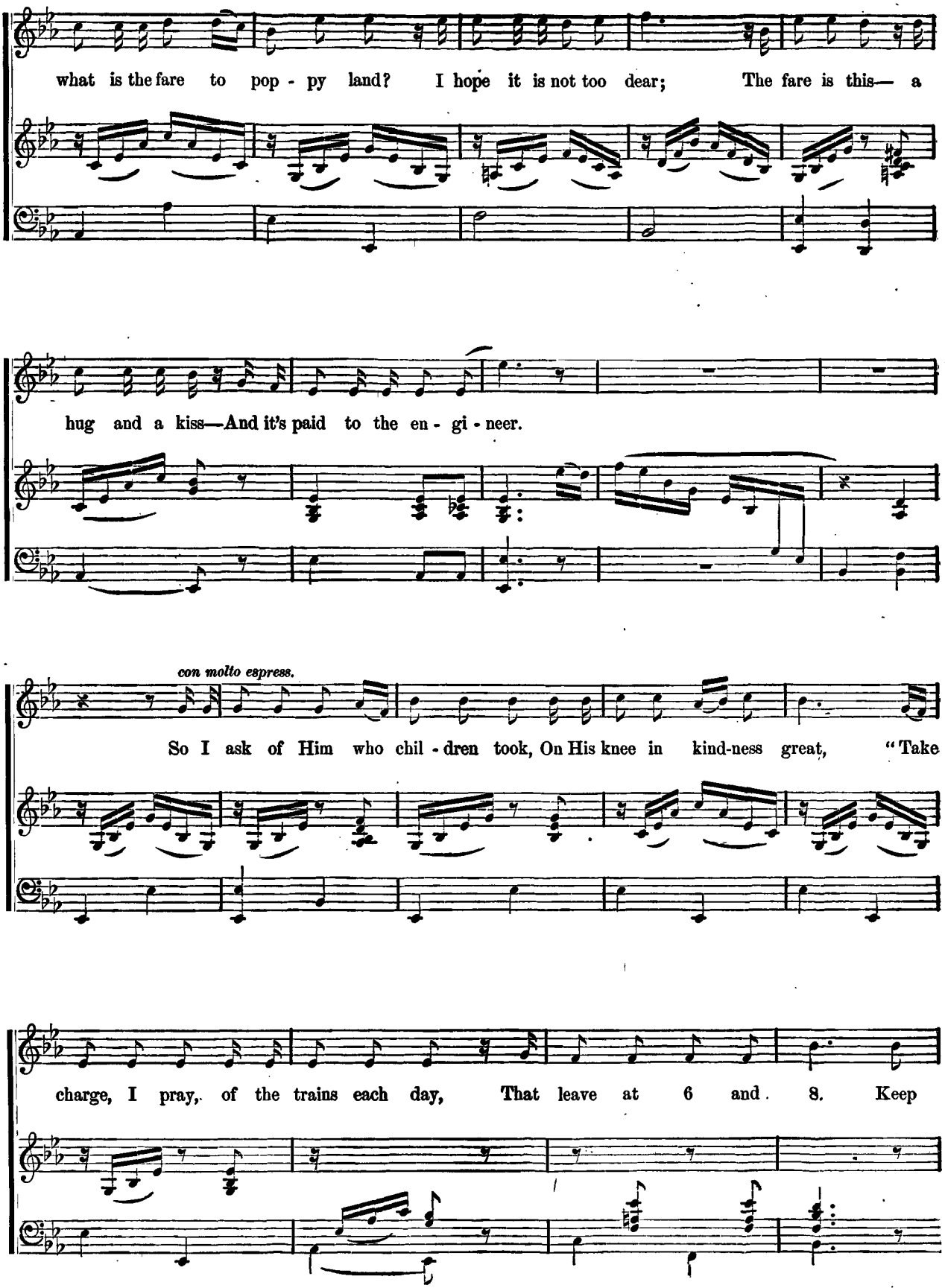

pal - ace car is the moth -er's arms; The whis-tle a low,sweet strain; The passenger winks, and
pp ritard.
nods, and blinks, And goes to sleep on the train.
p
At 8 P. M. the next train starts, For the pop - py land a - far, The
sum - mons clear falls on the ear, "All a - board for the sleep - ing car!" But

what is the fare to pop - py land? I hope it is not too dear; The fare is this— a
hug and a kiss—And it's paid to the en - gi - neer.
con molto espress.
So I ask of Him who chil - dren took, On His knee in kind-ness great, "Take
charge, I pray, of the trains each day, That leave at 6 and 8. Keep

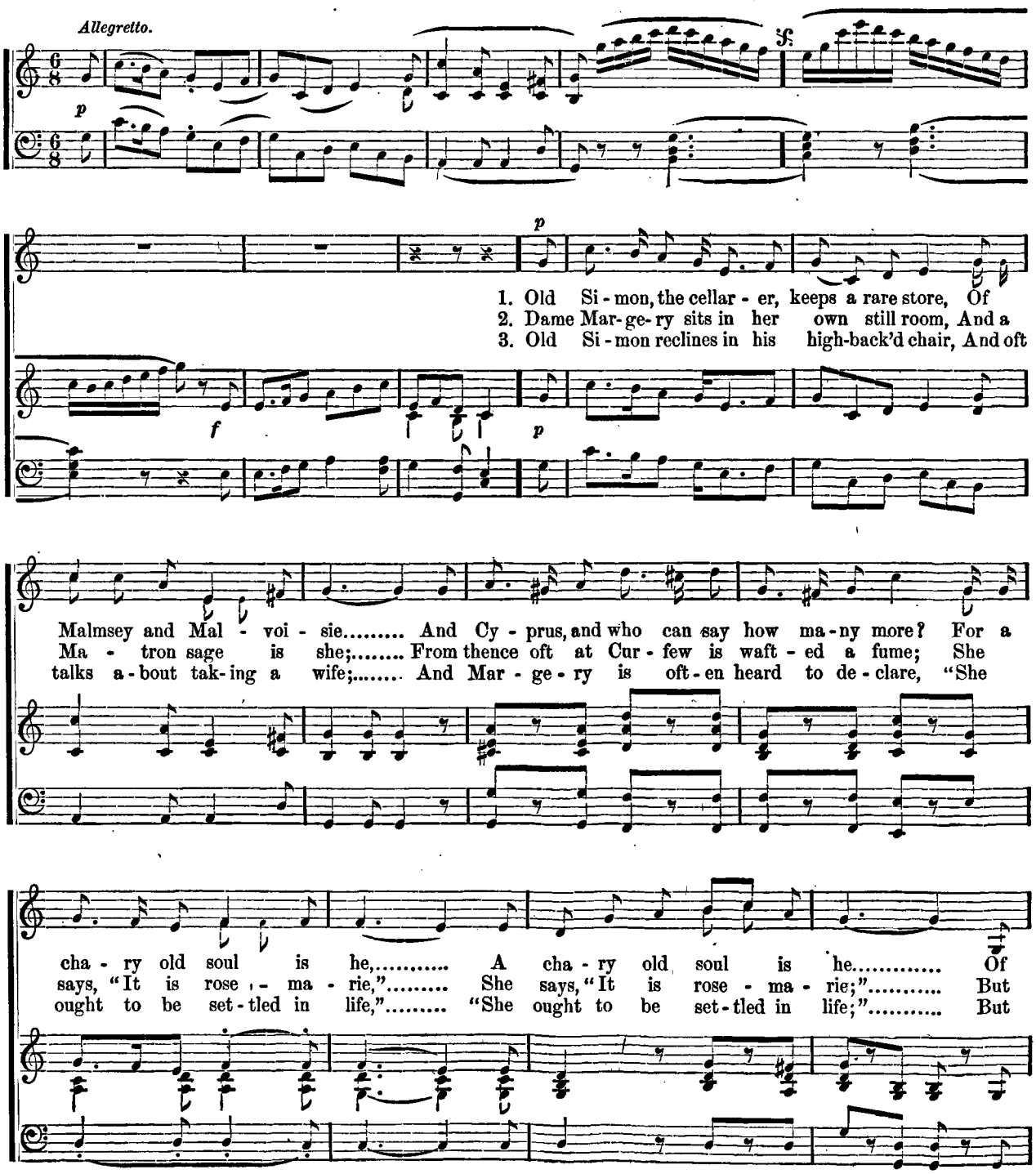
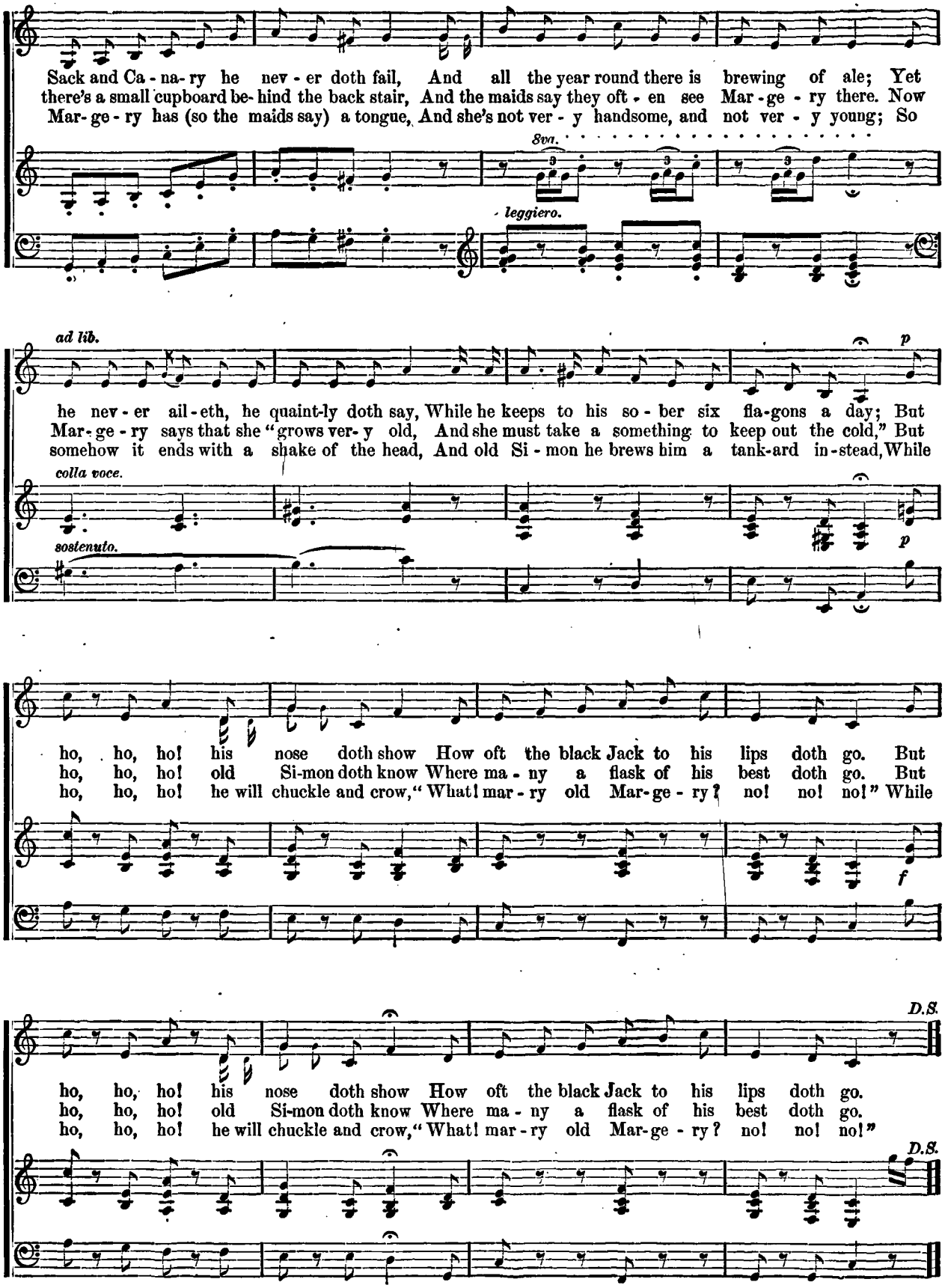
watch on the pas-sen-gers," thus I pray, "For to me they are ve - ry dear; And

spe-cial ward, O gra-cious Lord, O'er the gen-tle en - gi - neer."

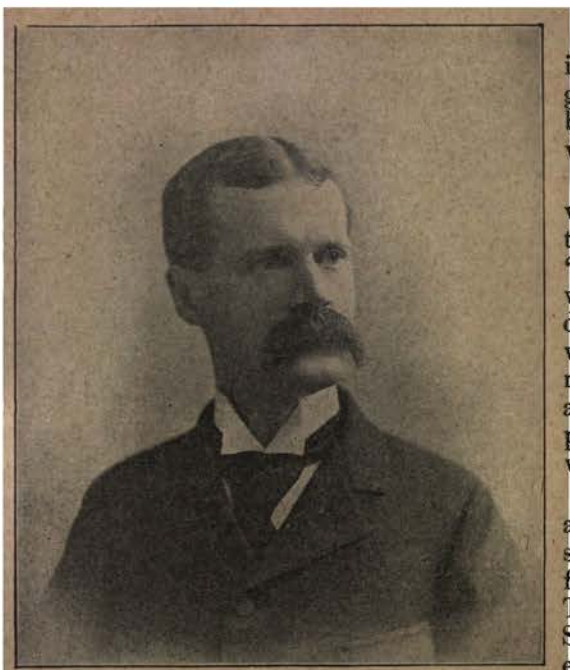
L. H.

Ped. *

SIMON THE CELLARER.

THIS jovial song was a great favorite with Charles Santley the great English baritone, who as a singer of ballads was equally famous in oratorio and opera. It was composed by JOHN LIPHOT HATTON, a pianist, composer and basso of great ability, who was born in Liverpool, Oct. 12th, 1809, and died at Margate, in 1886. His compositions were exceedingly popular, and consisted of operettas ("The Queen of the Thames," and "Love's Ransom"); a sacred drama "Hezekiah;" several cantatas, among which may be mentioned "Robin Hood;" and many songs for parts and for the single voice. His part songs were regarded as the most effective work he accomplished. His "Songs for Sailors" are very much in the style of Dibdin. "Simon the Cellarer," which is his most famous song, was published in 1849, and achieved immediate popularity. The words were written by W. A. BELLAMY.

Allegretto.
p
f
1. Old Si - mon, the cellar - er, keeps a rare store, Of
2. Dame Mar-ge-ry sits in her own still room, And a
3. Old Si - mon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And oft
Malmsey and Mal - voi - sie..... And Cy - prus, and who can say how ma-ny more? For a
Ma - tron sage is she;..... From thence oft at Cur - few is waft - ed a fume; She
talks a-bout tak-ing a wife;..... And Mar - ge - ry is oft-en heard to de - clare, "She
cha - ry old soul is he,..... A cha - ry old soul is he..... Of
says, "It is rose - ma - rie,"..... She says, "It is rose - ma - rie;"..... But
ought to be set - tled in life,"..... "She ought to be set - tled in life;"..... But

Sack and Ca - na- ry he nev - er doth fail, And all the year round there is brewing of ale; Yet
there's a small cupboard be- hind the back stair, And the maids say they oft - en see Mar - ge - ry there. Now
Mar- ge - ry has (so the maids say) a tongue, And she's not ver - y handsome, and not ver - y young; So
8va.
leggiero.
ad lib.
p
he nev - er ail - eth, he quaint-ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six fla-gons a day; But
Mar- ge - ry says that she "grows ver- y old, And she must take a something to keep out the cold," But
somehow it ends with a shake of the head, And old Si - mon he brews him a tank-ard in-stead, While
colla voce.
sostenuto.
p
ho, ho, ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go. But
ho, ho, ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma - ny a flask of his best doth go. But
ho, ho, ho! he will chuckle and crow, "What! mar - ry old Mar-ge - ry? no! no! no!" While
f
D.S.
ho, ho, ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
ho, ho, ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma - ny a flask of his best doth go.
ho, ho, ho! he will chuckle and crow, "What! mar - ry old Mar-ge - ry? no! no! no!"
D.S.

LOVE'S GARDEN.



ALONZO STONE.

Mr. Alonzo Stone, the composer of "Love's Garden," is a Philadelphian by birth. He gave strong evidence of great musical talent in his early boyhood, and wrote a number of piano pieces, and songs which became very popular, whilst yet in his "teens."

After careful study in his own city he went to New York, where he studied the voice under the famous Brignoli, and then went to Europe. On his return to America he wrote "The Norsemen" a cantata for soli, chorus and orchestra, for which the University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the degree of Bachelor of Music. His more important works whenever given have called forth the most enthusiastic admiration. The splendid Larghetto of his symphony in F. alone must place him in the first ranks of American composers; it is a work of wonderful beauty and tenderness, with all the dignity of the great classics.

Mr. Stone writes in the modern school, with a style that is always fresh and vigorous, yet refined and idealistic. He is still a young man and unquestionably has a great future before him. His most important works are, symphony in F., Trio B. flat., "The Norsemen" cantata, Suite Orientale., Suite "Scenes from Marionette Life," published for organ and etc. Under the nom de plume of "Sylvian Hart" he has written the words of a number of songs.

Allegro gaio.

f

p

1. I wish that you and I could find Of all the world a - lone, Love's
2. In that fair gar - den which we seek, E - ter - nal spring holds sway, The

p *p*

lit - tle gar - den where my dear I'd have thee for my own; There ros - es spring on ev - ery hand, And
bloom of Na-ture's fair - est flow'rs Will nev - er pass a - way; 'Tis there beneath the gold-en sun, The

cresc. *cresc.*

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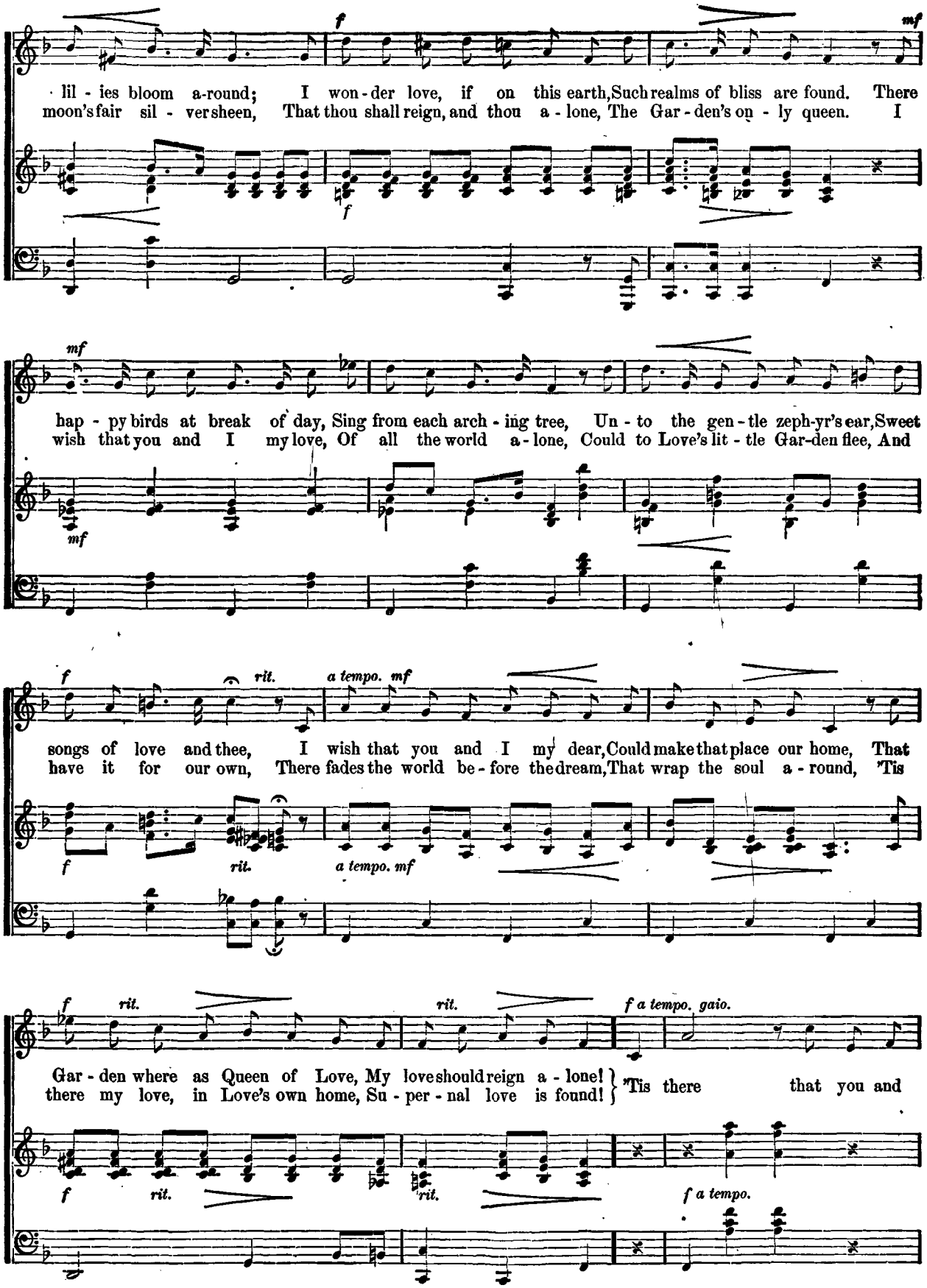
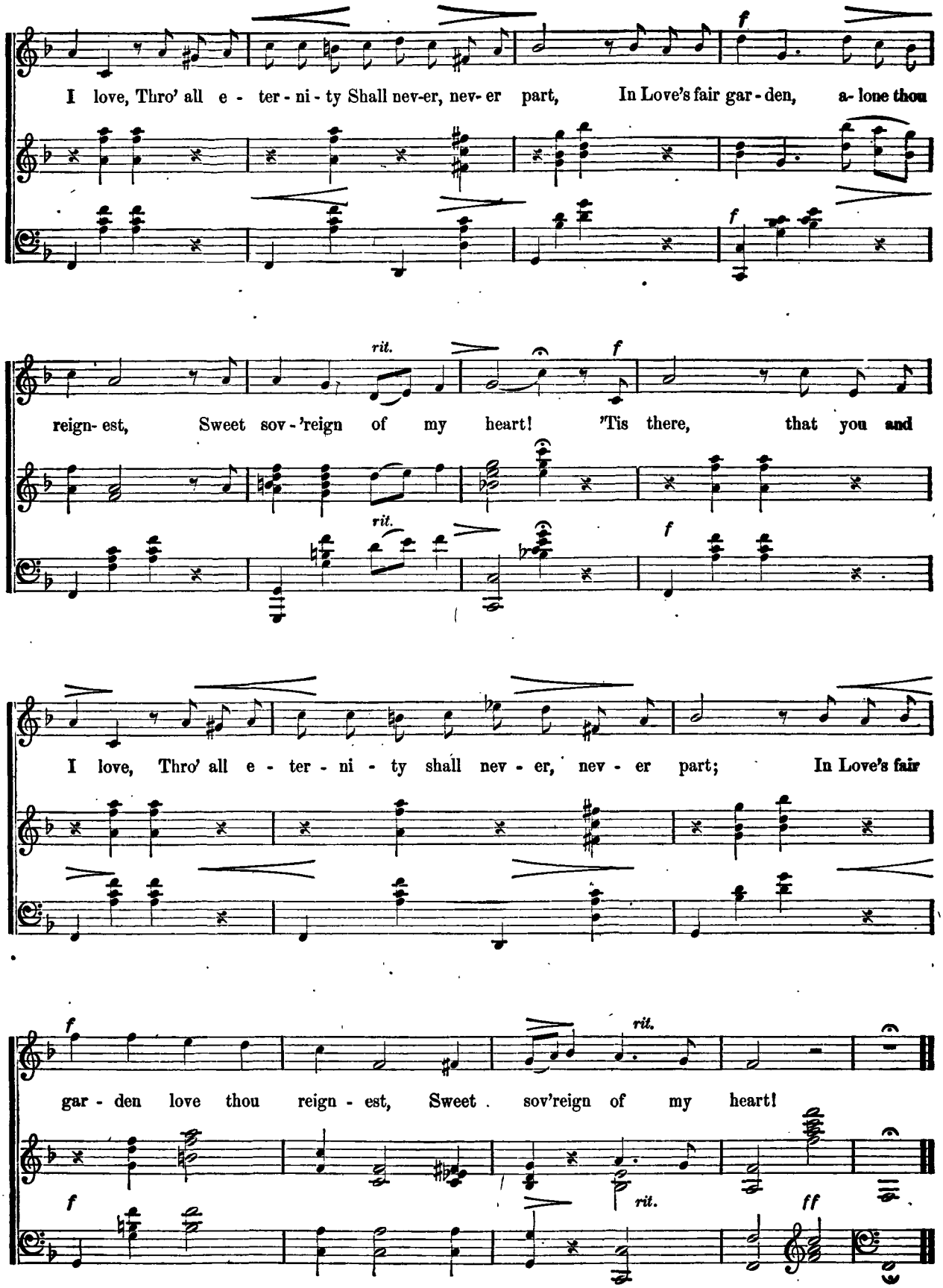

f
mf
lil - ies bloom a-round; I won-der love, if on this earth, Such realms of bliss are found. There
moon's fair sil - ver sheen, That thou shall reign, and thou a - lone, The Gar - den's on - ly queen. I
f
mf
hap - py birds at break of day, Sing from each arch - ing tree, Un - to the gen - tle zeph-yr's ear, Sweet
wish that you and I my love, Of all the world a - lone, Could to Love's lit - tle Gar-den flee, And
mf
f
rit.
a tempo. mf
songs of love and thee, I wish that you and I my dear, Could make that place our home, That
have it for our own, There fades the world be - fore the dream, That wrap the soul a - round, 'Tis
f
rit.
a tempo. mf
f
rit.
rit.
f a tempo. gaio.
Gar - den where as Queen of Love, My love should reign a - lone!
there my love, in Love's own home, Su - per - nal love is found!
'Tis there that you and
f
rit.
rit.
f a tempo.

I love, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Shall nev-er, nev- er part, In Love's fair gar - den, a- lone thou
reign- est, Sweet sov - 'reign of my heart! 'Tis there, that you and
I love, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty shall nev - er, nev - er part; In Love's fair
gar - den love thou reign - est, Sweet . sov'reign of my heart!
rit.
f
ff

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

ALLAN WATER.

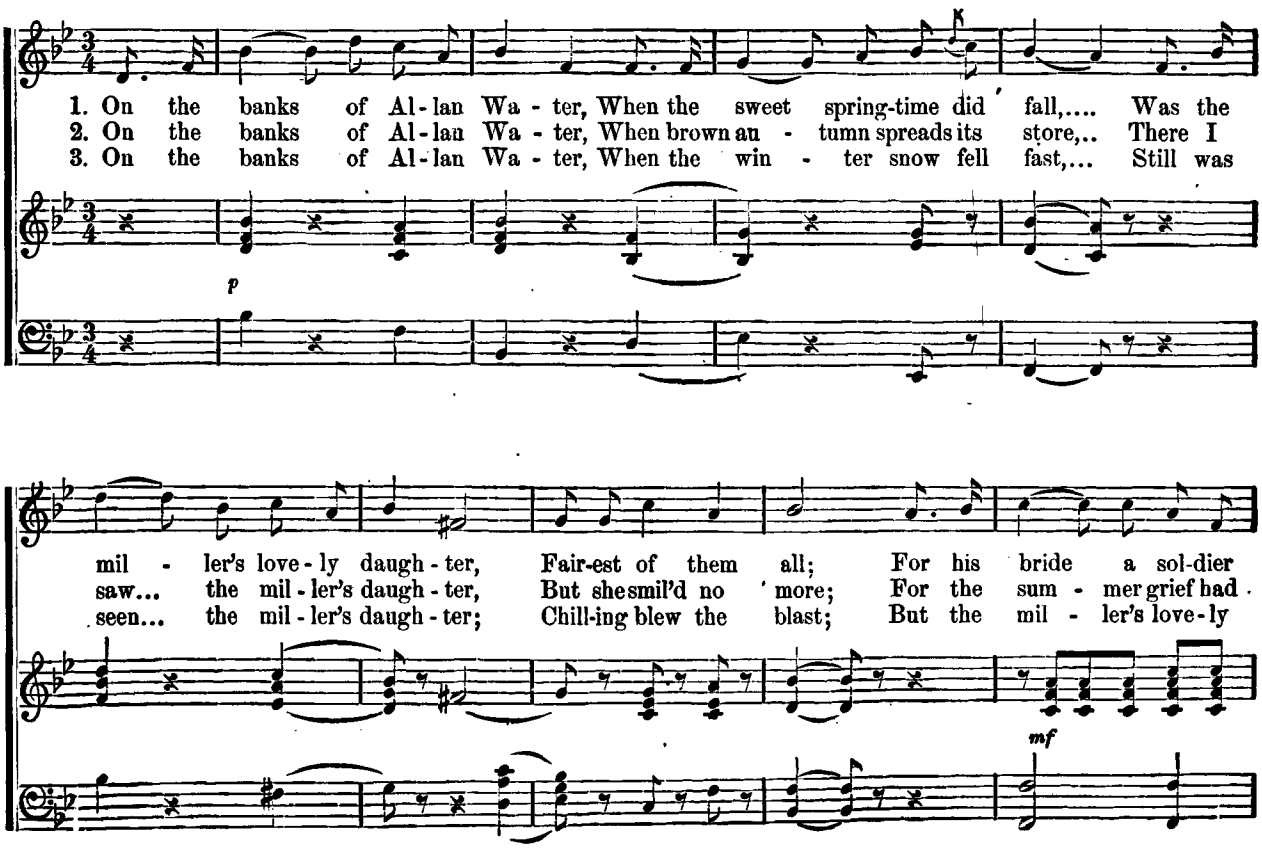
MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, who wrote the words of "Allan Water," was born in London, England, in 1775. His father was wealthy, and at one time held the office of Deputy Secretary-at-War. The son is best known as a writer of tales which are characterized by frightful and revolting picturesqueness. He is so identified with the chief of these, "The Monk," that he is familiarly known as "Monk Lewis." He spent several years in Germany, but on his father's death, removed to inherited estates in Jamaica, West Indies. He was a genial, warm-hearted man. Byron says: "Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially,—Madame de Stäel, or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was the jewel of a man, had he been better set, I don't mean personally,—but less tiresome; for he was tedious as well as contradictory to everything and everybody. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches,—of a second visit to Jamaica:

'I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again!'

That is,

I would give many a sugar-cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again!"

Sir Walter Scott says of Lewis: "How few friends one has whose faults are only ridiculous. His visit was one of humanity, to ameliorate the condition of his slaves. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature." Lewis died at sea in 1818.

The familiar music is the composition of CHARLES EDWARD HORN. He was born in London, in 1786. His father was a noted German musician, but the son surpassed him. He evinced musical talent very early, became one of the finest baritone singers in London, wrote many operas, and composed some of the sweetest and most popular ballad airs of his day. Chorley speaks of him as "one of those delicious and refined English tune composers, to whom the time present offers no equivalent." Unfortunately for his airs, they were too often set to meaningless words, and so have perished. Horn came to the United States, and sang in the Park Theatre in New York, but lost his voice, and afterward kept a music store. His wife was also a well-known singer. He died in New York in 1849.

1. On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter, When the sweet spring-time did fall,.... Was the
2. On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter, When brown au - tumn spreads its store,.. There I
3. On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter, When the win - ter snow fell fast,... Still was
p
mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter, Fair-est of them all; For his bride a sol-dier
saw... the mil - ler's daugh - ter, But she smil'd no more; For the sum - mer grief had
seen... the mil - ler's daugh - ter; Chill-ing blew the blast; But the mil - ler's love-ly
mf

ad lib. f

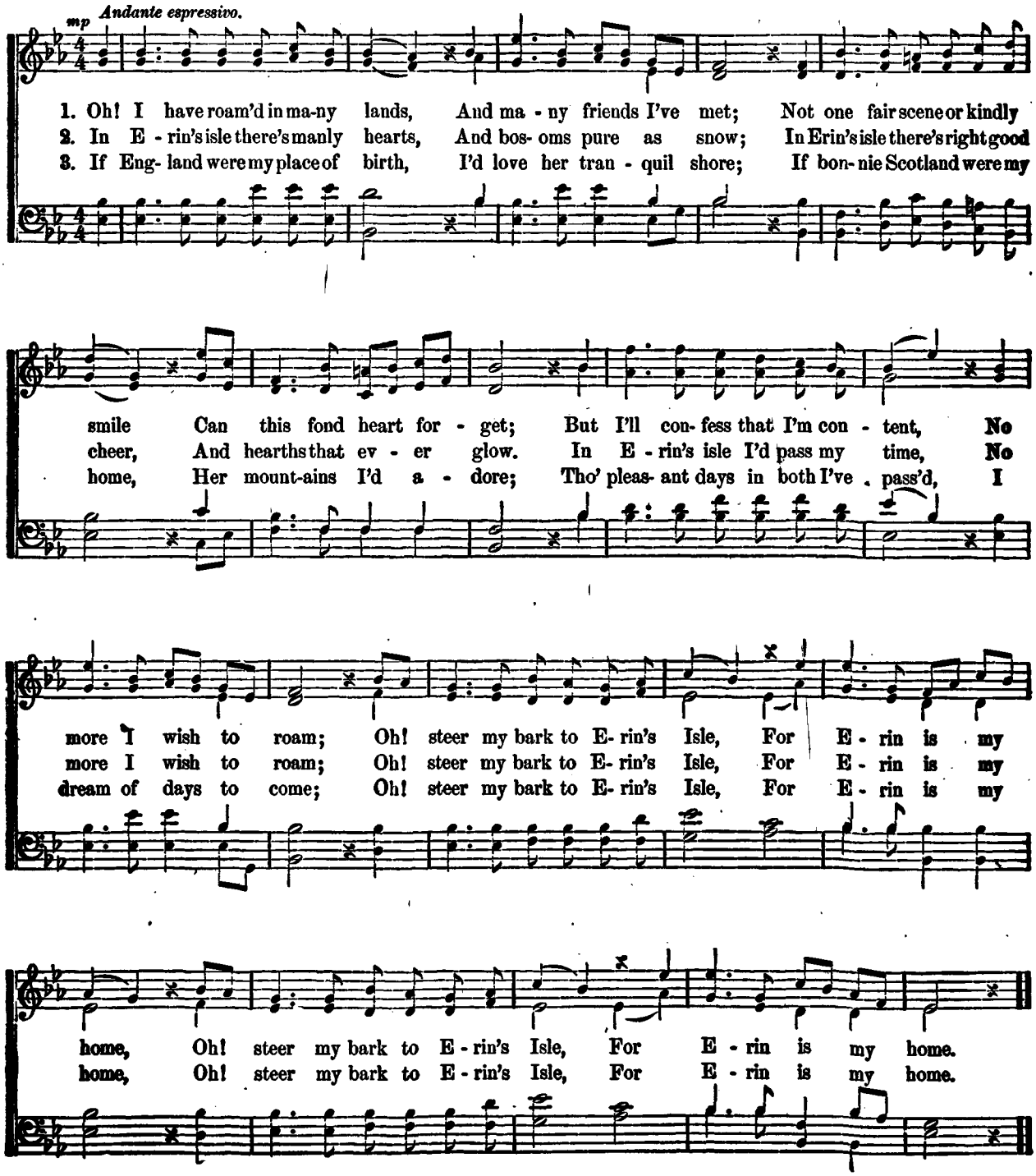
sought her, And a win - ning tongue had he;..... On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter,
brought her, And the sol - dier, false was he;..... On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter,
daugh - ter, Both from cold and care was free;..... On the banks of Al-lan Wa - ter,

colla voce. f

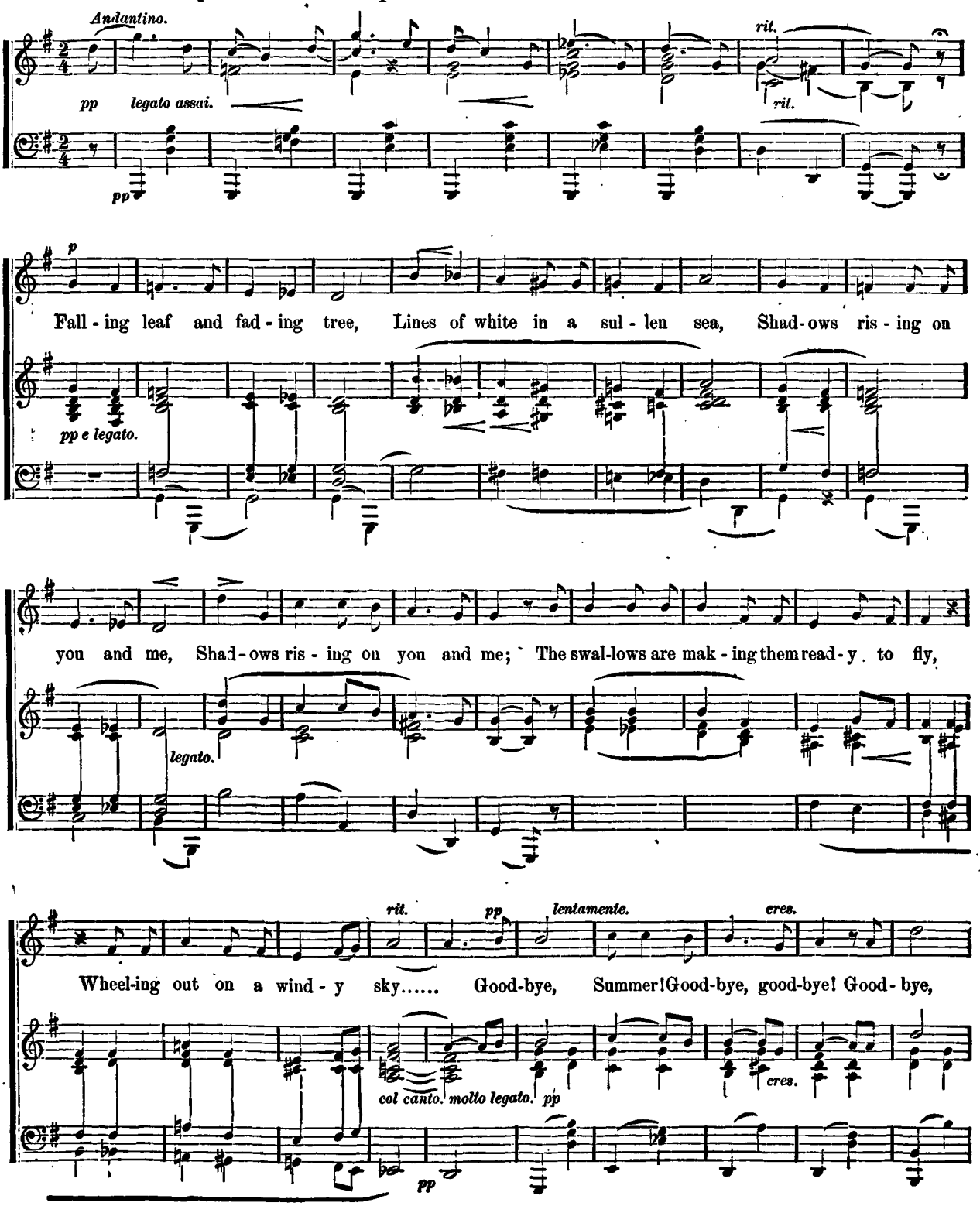
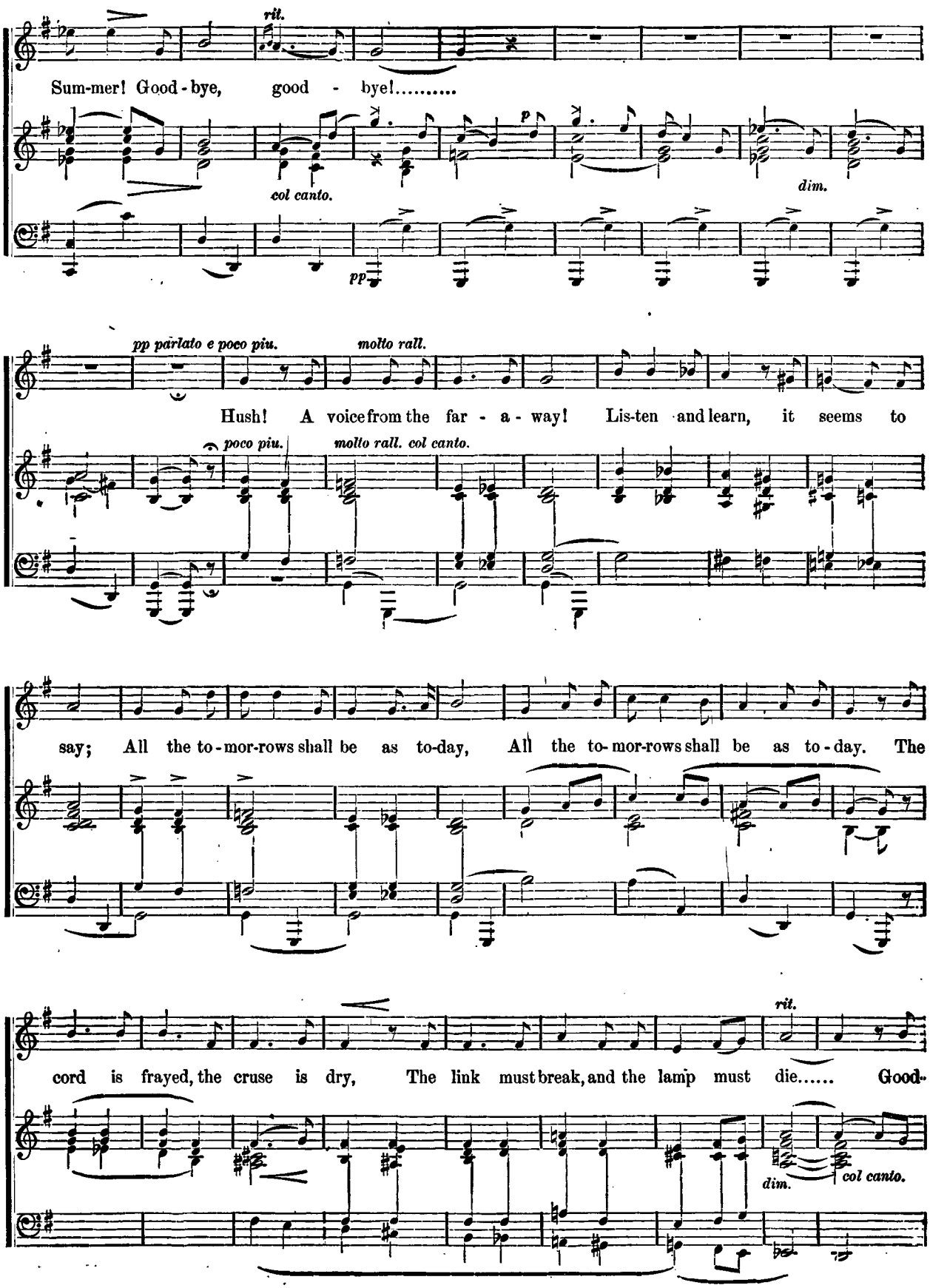
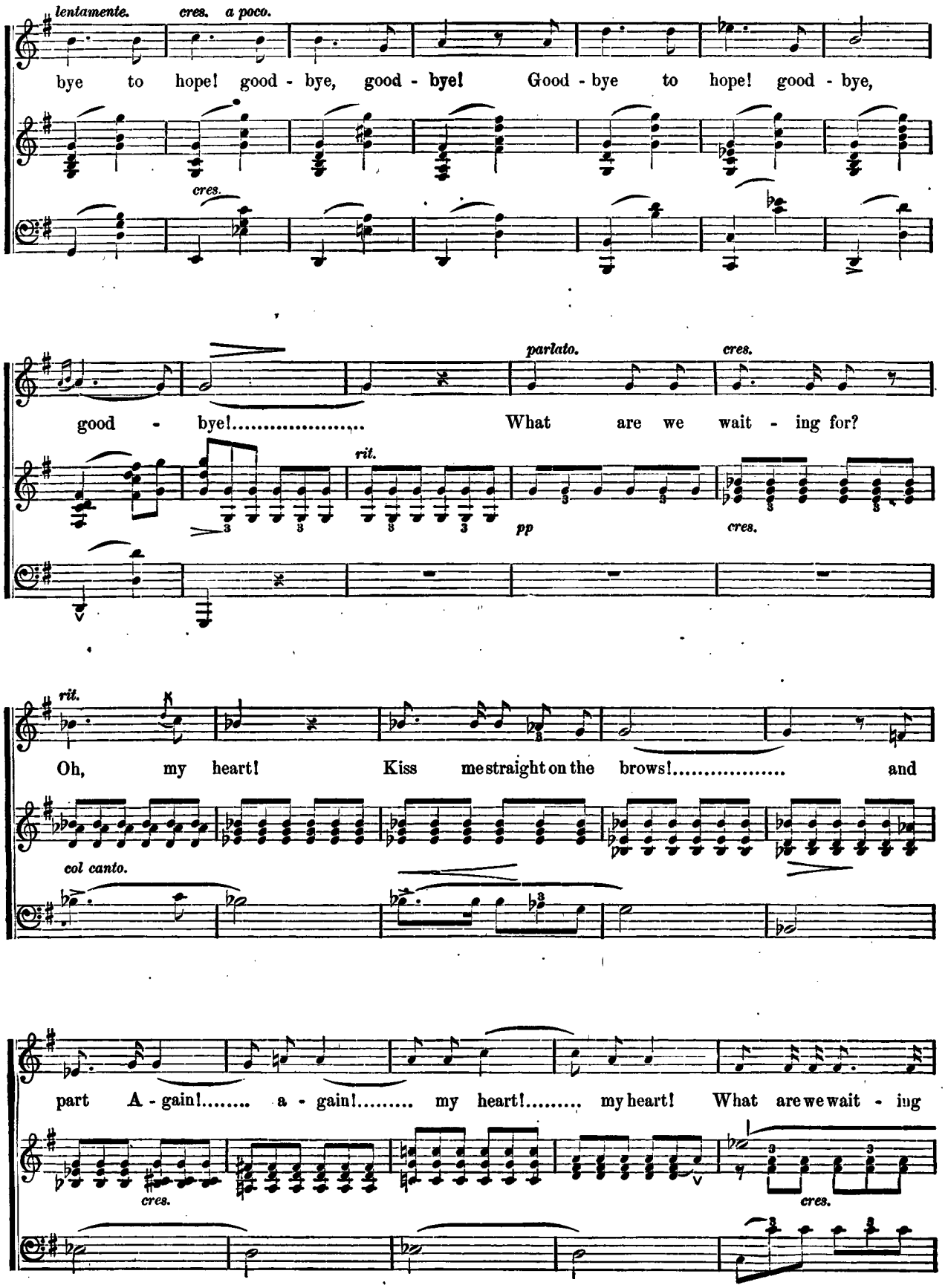
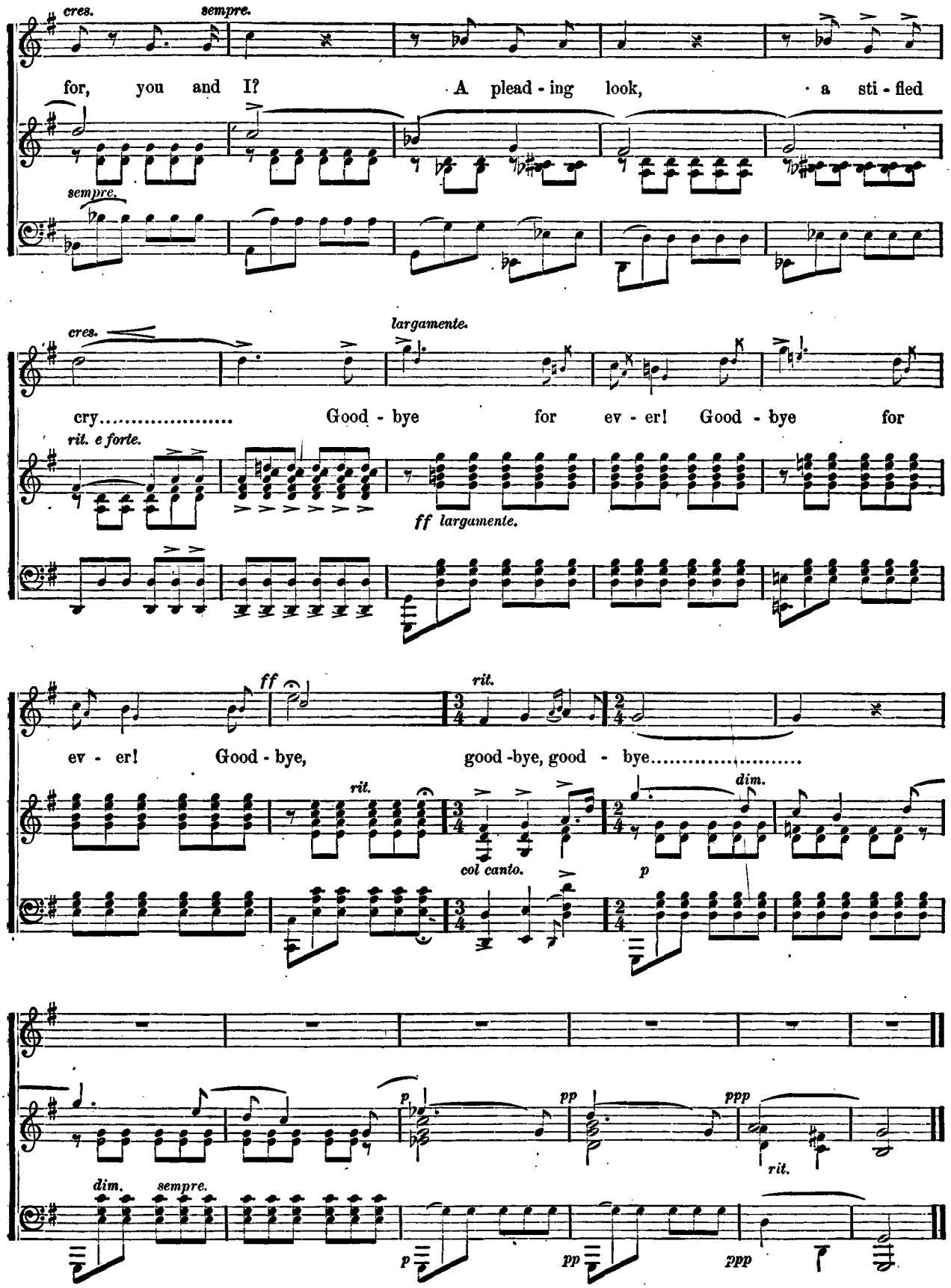
None so gay as she.....
None so sad as she.....
There a corse lay she!.....

sf sf sf sf mf f p

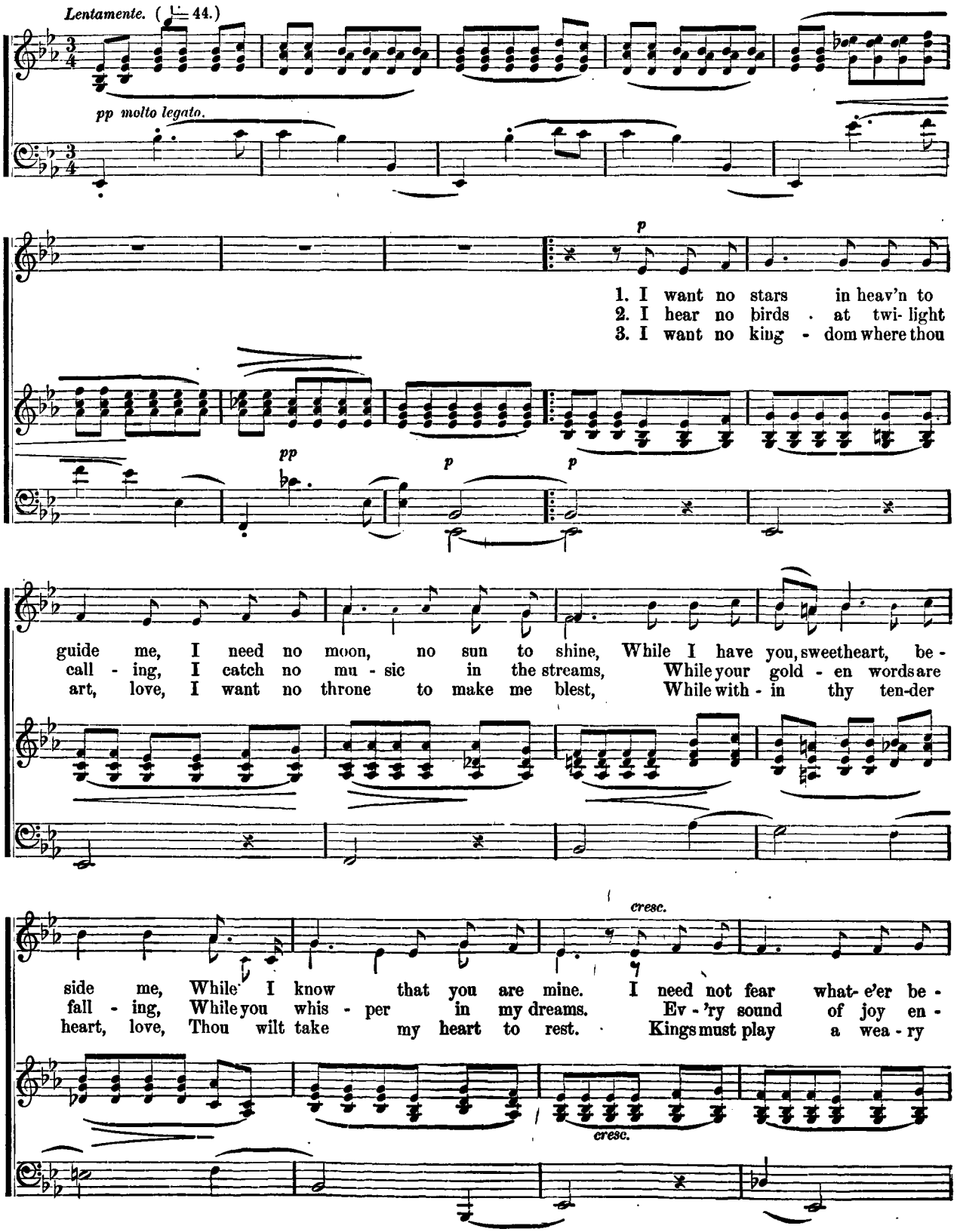
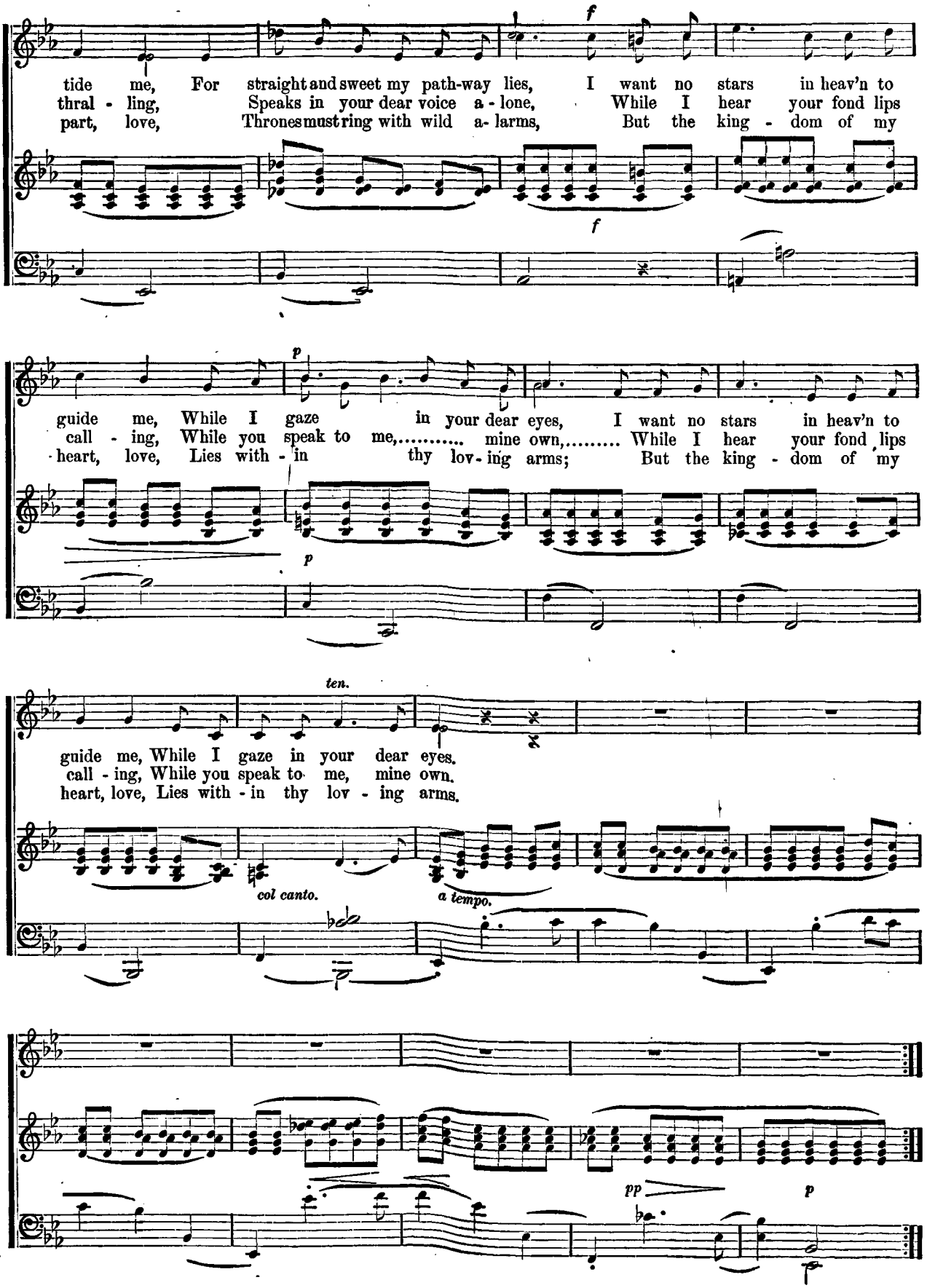
ERIN IS MY HOME.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY wrote the following song. The music is a popular German air, arranged by IGNATZ MOSCHELES, the eminent composer and pianist, who was born in Prague in 1794. He left his country for travel and study, and finally settled in London, where he died, March 10, 1870. His musical memoirs, edited by his wife, were published in New York, under the title "Recent Music and Musicians."

mp Andante espressivo.
1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma-ny lands, And ma - ny friends I've met; Not one fair scene or kindly
2. In E - rin's isle there's manly hearts, And bos- oms pure as snow; In Erin's isle there's right good
3. If Eng- land were my place of birth, I'd love her tran - quil shore; If bon- nie Scotland were my
smile Can this fond heart for - get; But I'll con- fess that I'm con - tent, No
cheer, And hearths that ev - er glow. In E - rin's isle I'd pass my time, No
home, Her mount-ains I'd a - dore; Tho' pleas- ant days in both I've pass'd, I
more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to E- rin's Isle, For E - rin is my
more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to E- rin's Isle, For E - rin is my
dream of days to come; Oh! steer my bark to E- rin's Isle, For E - rin is my
home, Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home.
home, Oh! steer my bark to E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home.

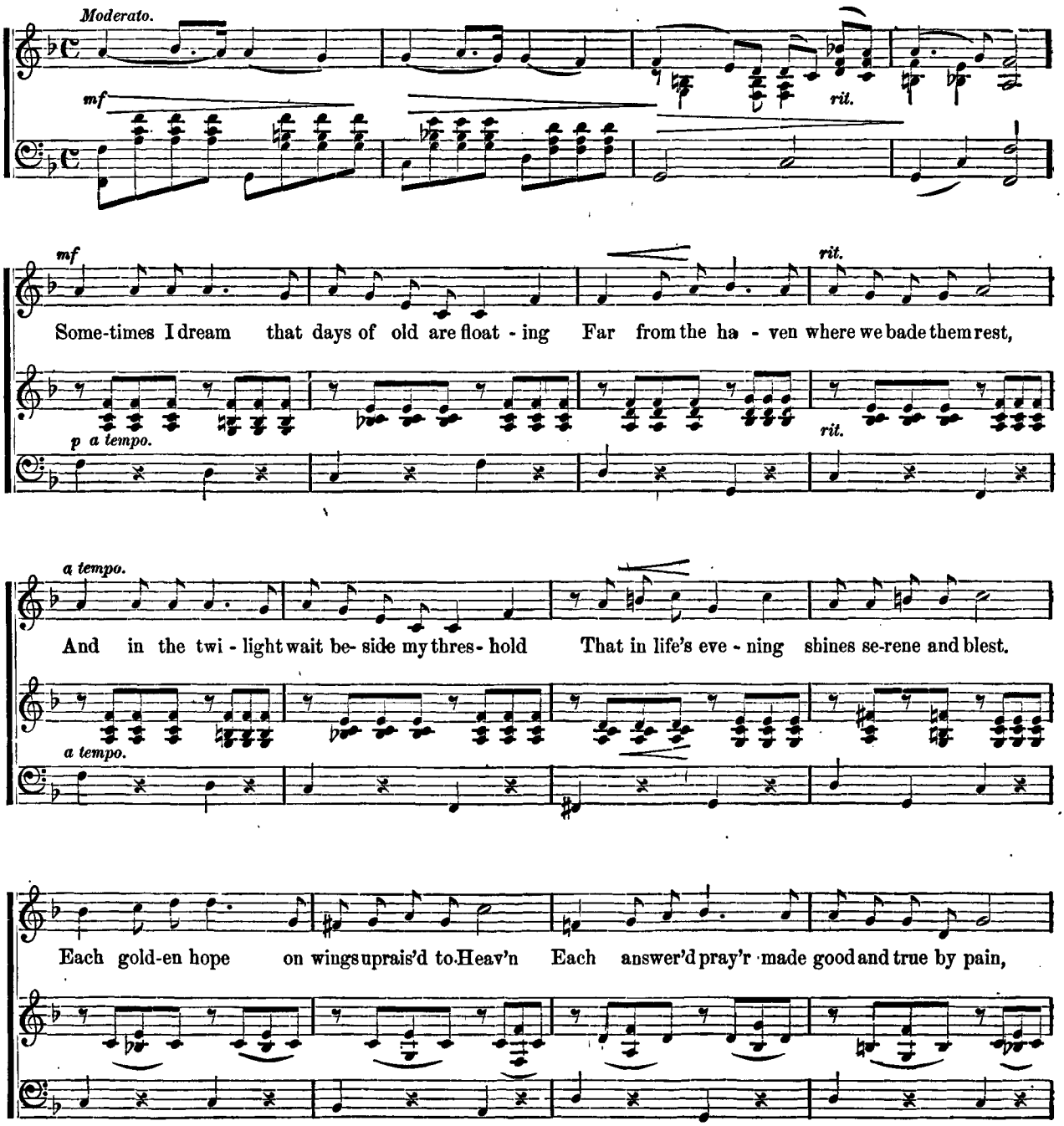
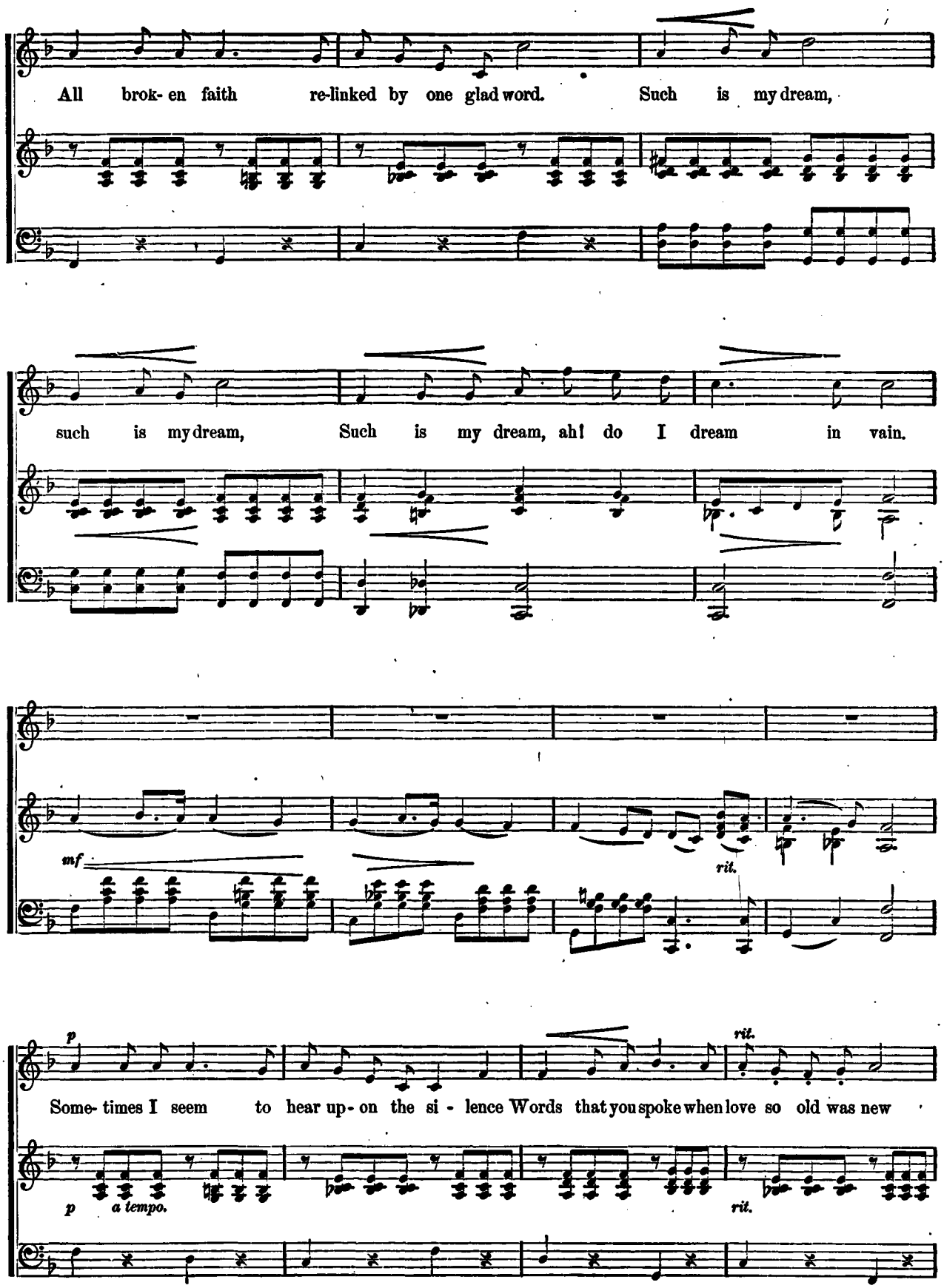
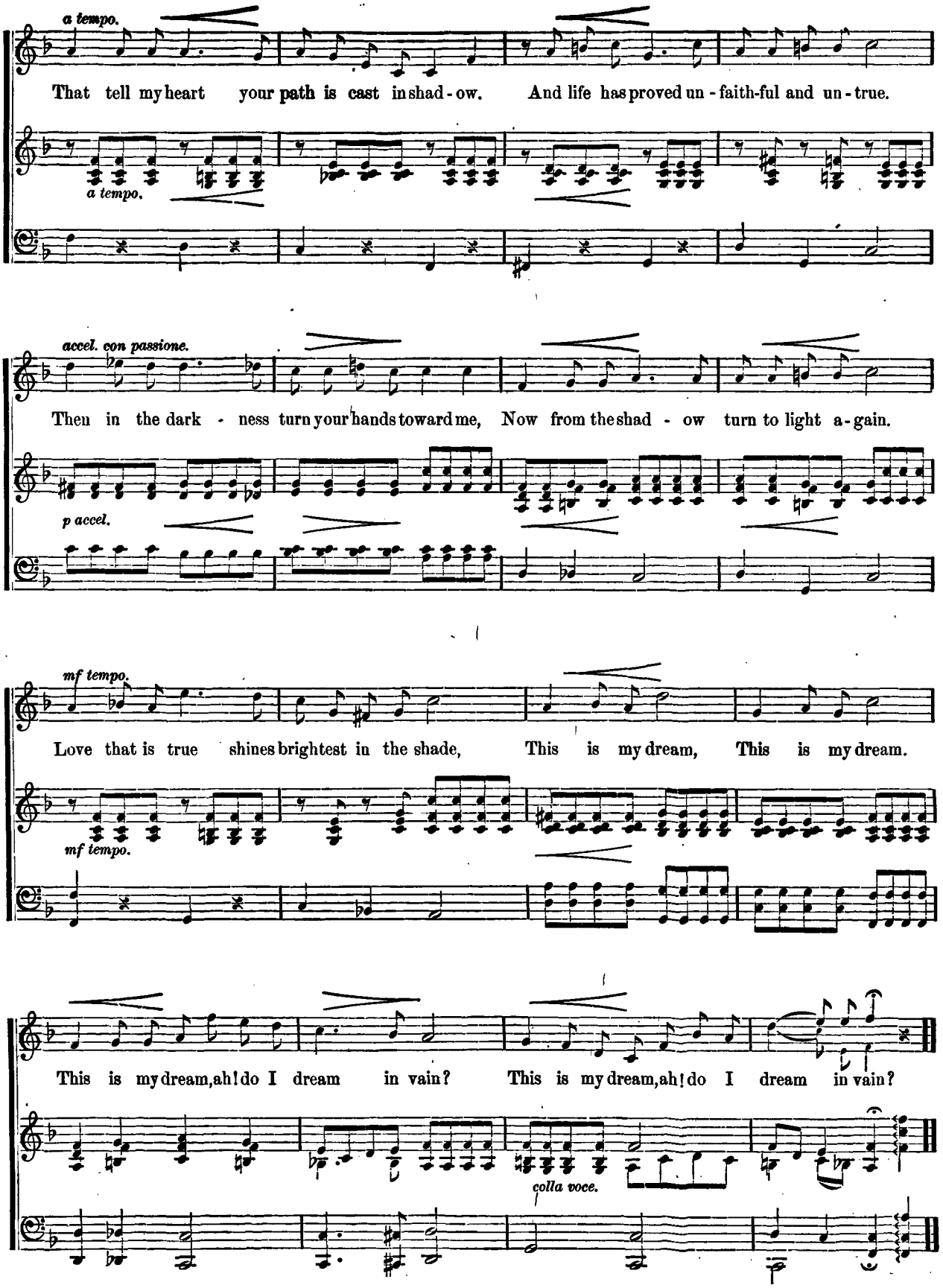
GOOD-BYE.

THE most widely known and perhaps the most popular of all the songs of FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI, "Good-Bye" is also one of the most thoroughly characteristic of this composer. Musically it is melodious and marked by the elegance of style which largely accounts for the writer's popularity; and although simple of execution it is by no means trivial, but affords to an intelligent singer abundant opportunity for dramatic effect and for the expression of a tender pathos.

Andantino.
pp
legato assai.
pp
rit.
rit.
p
Fall - ing leaf and fad - ing tree, Lines of white in a sul - len sea, Shad - ows ris - ing on
pp e legato.
you and me, Shad - ows ris - ing on you and me; The swal-lows are mak - ing them read - y to fly,
legato.
rit.
pp
lentamente.
cres.
Wheel-ing out on a wind - y sky..... Good-bye, Summer! Good-bye, good-bye! Good - bye,
col canto. molto legato.
pp
cres.
pp

rit.
Sum-mer! Good-bye, good - bye!.....
col canto.
pp
dim.
pp parlato e poco piu.
molto rall.
Hush! A voice from the far - a - way! Lis-ten and learn, it seems to
poco piu.
molto rall. col canto.
say; All the to-mor-rows shall be as to-day, All the to-mor-rows shall be as to-day. The
cord is frayed, the cruse is dry, The link must break, and the lamp must die..... Good-
rit.
dim.
col canto.

lentamente.
cres. a poco.
bye to hope! good - bye, good - bye! Good - bye to hope! good - bye,
cres.
parlato.
cres.
good - bye!..... What are we wait - ing for?
rit.
pp
cres.
rit.
Oh, my heart! Kiss me straight on the brows!..... and
col canto.
part A - gain!..... a - gain!..... my heart!..... my heart! What are we wait - ing
cres.
cres.

cres.
sempre.
for, you and I? A plead - ing look, a sti - fled
sempre.
cres.
largamente.
cry..... Good - bye for ev - er! Good - bye for
rit. e forte.
ff largamente.
ff
rit.
ev - er! Good - bye, good -bye, good - bye.....
rit.
col canto.
dim.
p
p
pp
ppp
rit.
dim.
sempre.
p
pp
ppp

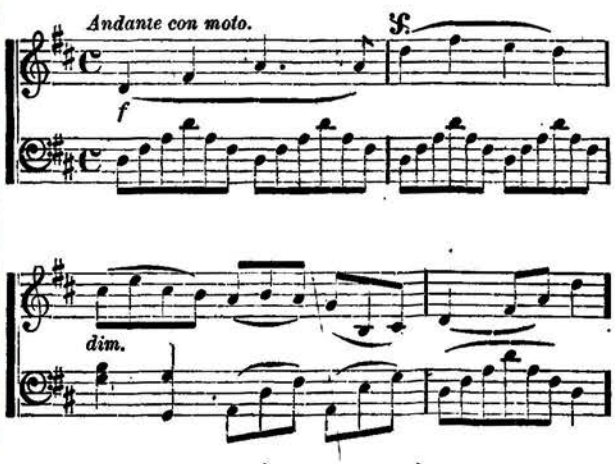
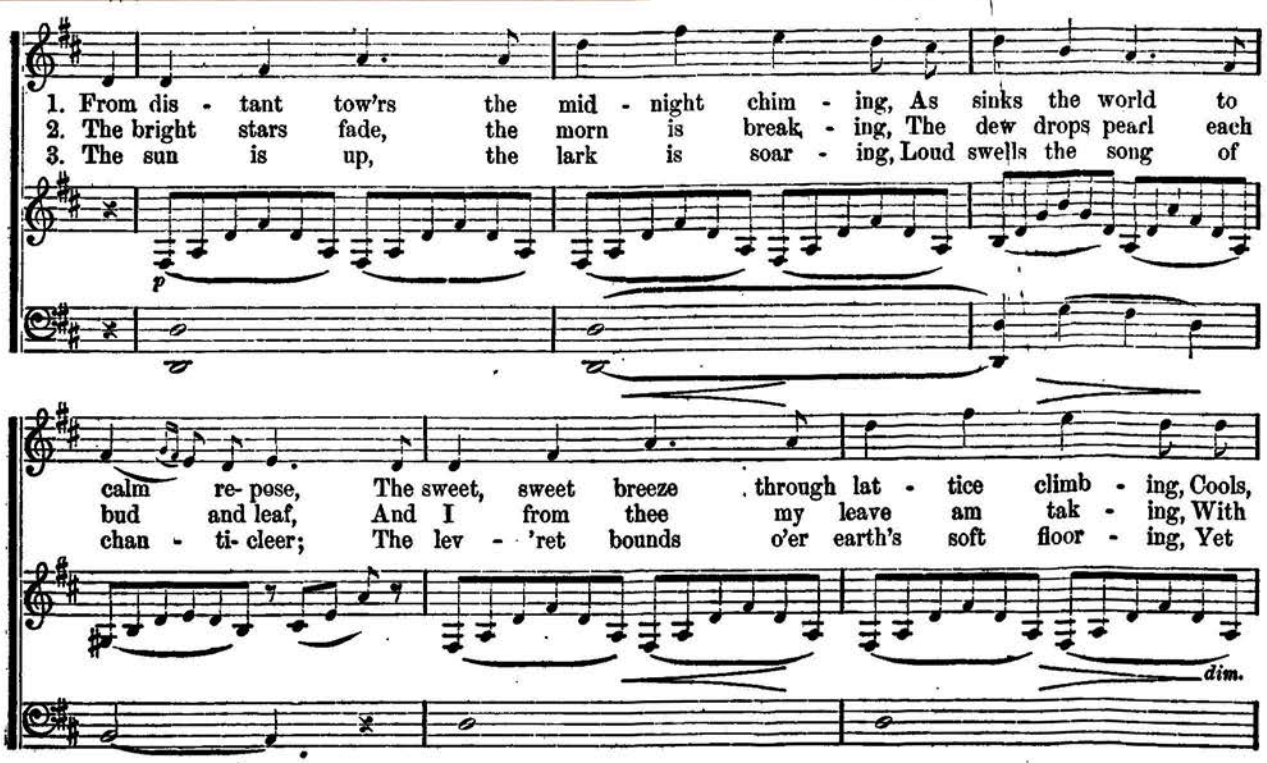
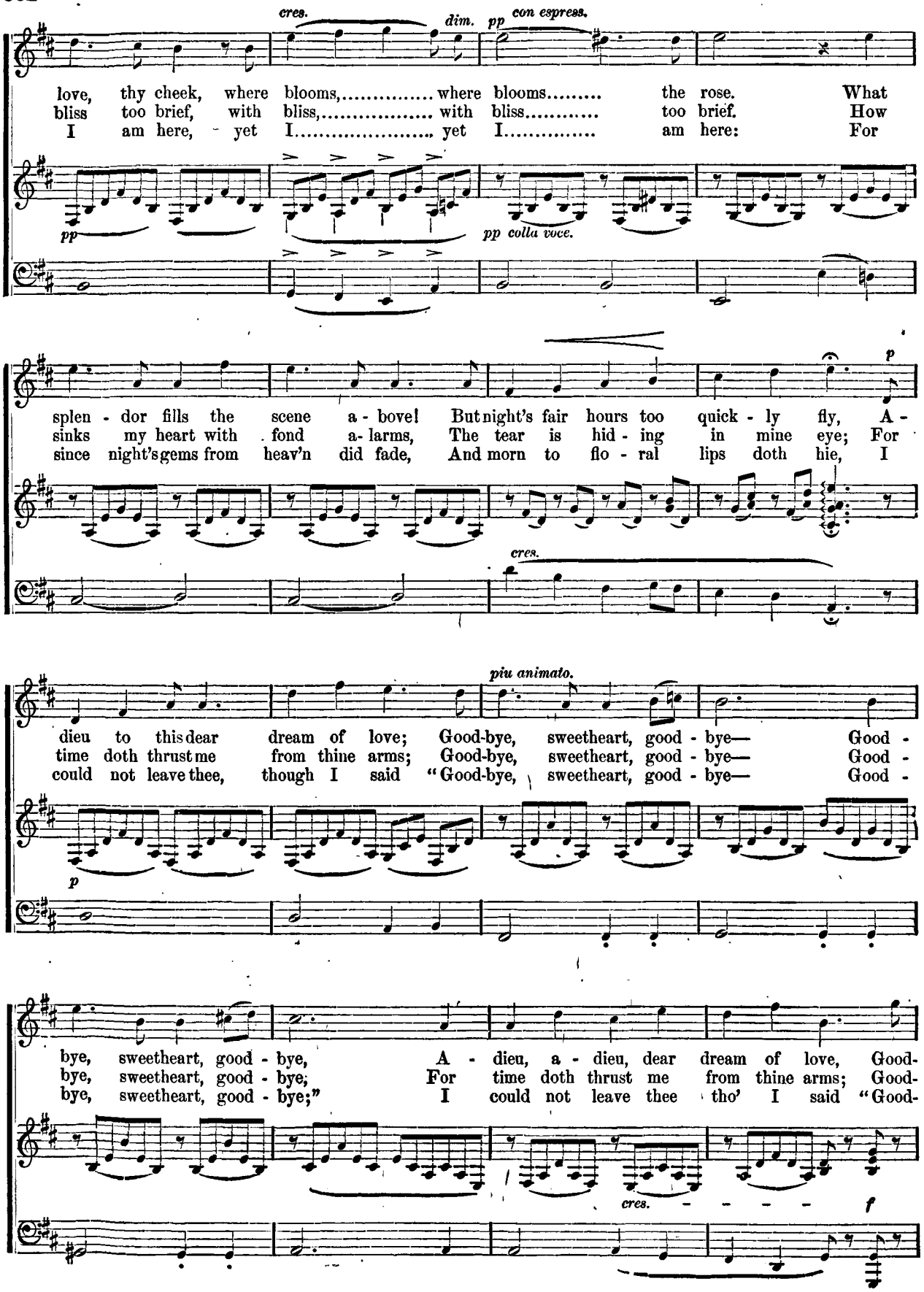
BEAUTY'S EYES.

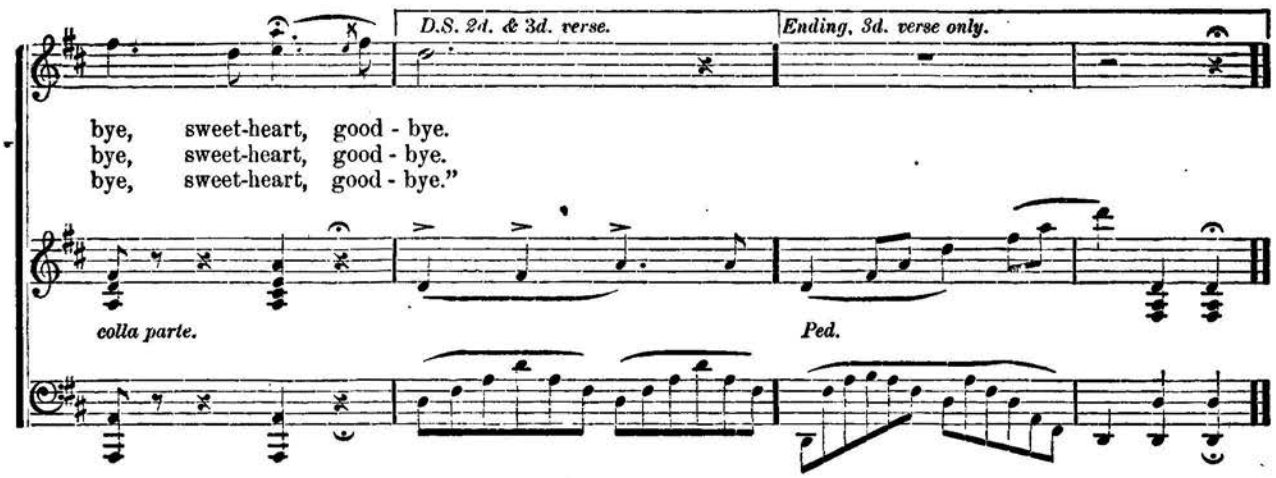
THE title, the words, and the music of this love song, the production of WEATHERLY and TOSTI, are redolent of the very life and sentiment of the old and oft repeated story.

Lentamente. (♩= 44.)
pp molto legato.
p
1. I want no stars in heav'n to
2. I hear no birds . at twi- light
3. I want no king - dom where thou
pp
p
p
guide me, I need no moon, no sun to shine, While I have you, sweetheart, be -
call - ing, I catch no mu - sic in the streams, While your gold - en words are
art, love, I want no throne to make me blest, While with - in thy ten-der
cresc.
side me, While I know that you are mine. I need not fear what- e'er be -
fall - ing, While you whis - per in my dreams. Ev - 'ry sound of joy en -
heart, love, Thou wilt take my heart to rest. Kings must play a wea - ry
cresc.

tide me, For straight and sweet my path-way lies, I want no stars in heav'n to
thral - ling, Speaks in your dear voice a - lone, While I hear your fond lips
part, love, Thrones must ring with wild a - larms, But the king - dom of my
f
f
guide me, While I gaze in your dear eyes, I want no stars in heav'n to
call - ing, While you speak to me,..... mine own,..... While I hear your fond lips
heart, love, Lies with - in thy lov - ing arms; But the king - dom of my
p
p
ten.
guide me, While I gaze in your dear eyes.
call - ing, While you speak to me, mine own.
heart, love, Lies with - in thy lov - ing arms.
col canto.
a tempo.
pp
p

THIS IS MY DREAM.

COMPLETE sympathy of purpose marks the musical setting of this song and the pathetic, pleading words to which it is written. The melody has all the sweetness and simplicity, and the accompaniment all the originality, that characterize the compositions of MILTON WELLINGS, by whom this is written. Mr. Wellings was born in Staffordshire, England in 1850, the son of Joseph Wellings, Esq., of Soho Park. He developed a musical bent so early in life that he had written several works before he was twelve years of age. Since then he has been an industrious writer of songs of such great merit as to have placed him in the front rank of composers of this class of music, a position which he maintains and strengthens. His most notable successes were two songs which are known the world over—"At the Ferry" and "Some Day." Besides songs, he has composed a number of piano pieces which are quite worthy of his high reputation. The words were written by MARY MARK-LEMON, the talented daughter of "Punch," who has produced many excellent verses for the music of the leading song-writers of the day.

Moderato.
mf
rit.
mf
rit.
Some-times I dream that days of old are float - ing Far from the ha - ven where we bade them rest,
p a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
And in the twi - light wait be- side my thres- hold That in life's eve - ning shines se-rene and blest.
a tempo.
Each gold-en hope on wings uprais'd to Heav'n Each answer'd pray'r made good and true by pain,

All brok- en faith re-linked by one glad word. Such is my dream,
such is my dream, Such is my dream, ah! do I dream in vain.
mf
rit.
p
rit.
Some- times I seem to hear up- on the si - lence Words that you spoke when love so old was new
p a tempo.
rit.

a tempo.
That tell my heart your path is cast in shad - ow. And life has proved un - faith-ful and un - true.
a tempo.
accel. con passione.
Then in the dark - ness turn your hands toward me, Now from the shad - ow turn to light a - gain.
p accel.
mf tempo.
Love that is true shines brightest in the shade, This is my dream, This is my dream.
mf tempo.
This is my dream, ah! do I dream in vain? This is my dream, ah! do I dream in vain?
colla voce.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

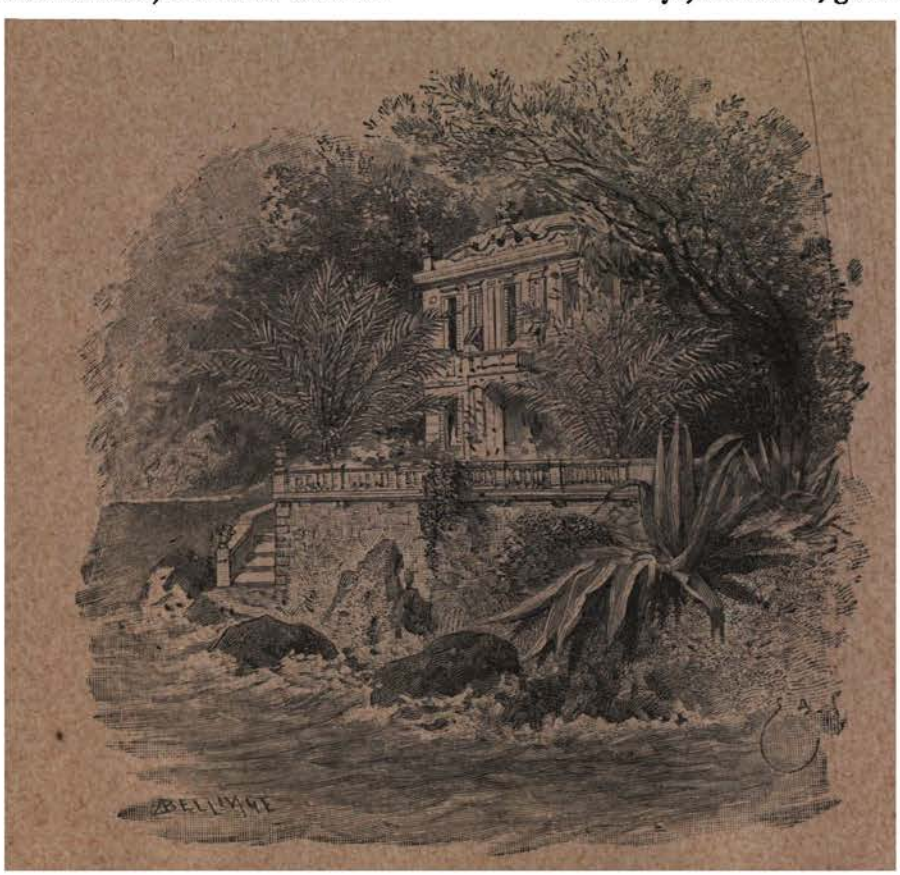
ALTHOUGH the composer of this song, JOHN L. HATTON, adapted his style to the popular comprehension, he yet maintained a high place among artistic musicians, never debasing his art to commonplace catchiness. His songs have consequently pleased the general public and the musically cultured as well, and are found in constant use everywhere, for private recreation and public performance. None of them has enjoyed a greater popularity than "Good-Bye, Sweetheart." This song was especially commended to the American public by its frequent use in concerts by Signor Brignoli, an Italian tenor who for nearly a decade during the 'fifties and 'sixties was the chief tenor of the Italian Opera in New York. His voice was a pure tenor of most delicious quality, which, in spite of his serious incompetency as an actor, enabled him to maintain his position as a popular favorite.

1. From dis - tant tow'rs the mid - night chim - ing, As sinks the world to
2. The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew drops pearl each
3. The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of
p
calm re- pose, The sweet, sweet breeze through lat - tice climb - ing, Cools,
bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave am tak - ing, With
chan - ti- cleer; The lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet
dim.

cres.
dim.
pp
con espress.
love, thy cheek, where blooms,..... where blooms..... the rose. What
bliss too brief, with bliss,..... with bliss..... too brief. How
I am here, yet I..... yet I..... am here: For
pp
pp colla voce.
splen - dor fills the scene a - bove! But night's fair hours too quick - ly fly, A -
sinks my heart with fond a- larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye; For
since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I
p
cres.
piu animato.
dieu to this dear dream of love; Good-bye, sweetheart, good - bye— Good -
time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good-bye, sweetheart, good - bye— Good -
could not leave thee, though I said "Good-bye, sweetheart, good - bye— Good -
p
bye, sweetheart, good - bye, A - dieu, a - dieu, dear dream of love, Good-
bye, sweetheart, good - bye; For time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good-
bye, sweetheart, good - bye;" I could not leave thee tho' I said "Good-
cres.
f



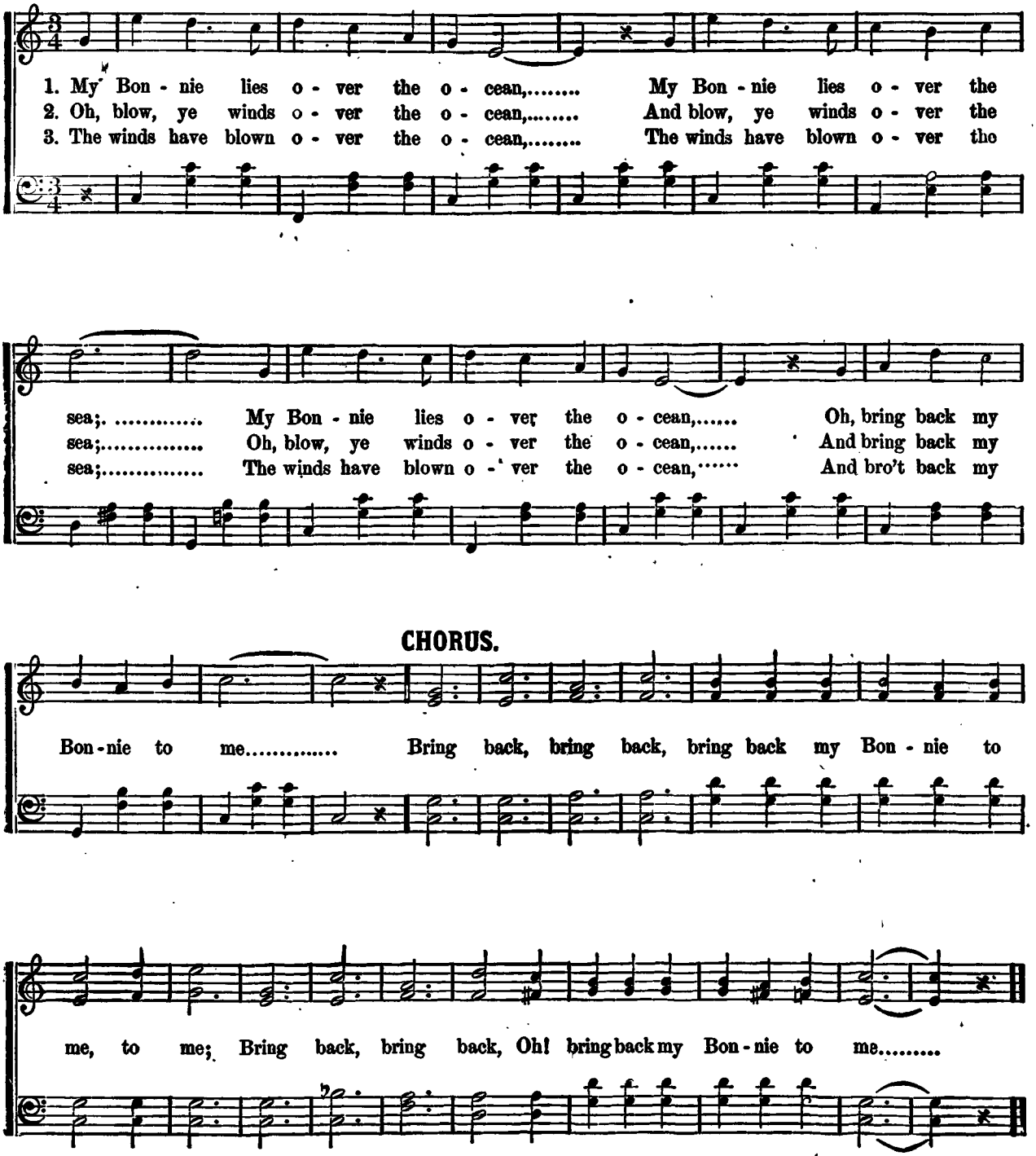
From distant towers the midnight chiming,
As sinks the world to calm repose,
The sweet, sweet breeze through lattice climbing,
Cools, love, thy cheek, where blooms the rose.
What splendor fills the scene above!
But night's fair hours too quickly fly,
Adieu to this dear dream of love;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief.
How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is hiding in mine eye;
For time doth thrust me from thine arms;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer,
The lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here, yet I am here.
For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, though I said
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."



BONNIE.

A GOOD many college songs are of uncertain origin, a common source of the supply being the contributions of students who bring in their memories the words and music of taking ditties that were familiar to them at home; and often the result, as to both verses and melody, is quite different from the original. The college song books record these songs as they are commonly rendered by the students, without the information necessary to give credit to author or composer.

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
2. Oh, blow, ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... And blow, ye winds o - ver the
3. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... The winds have blown o - ver the
sea;..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... Oh, bring back my
sea;..... Oh, blow, ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... And bring back my
sea;..... The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... And bro't back my
CHORUS.
Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

OLD DOG TRAY.

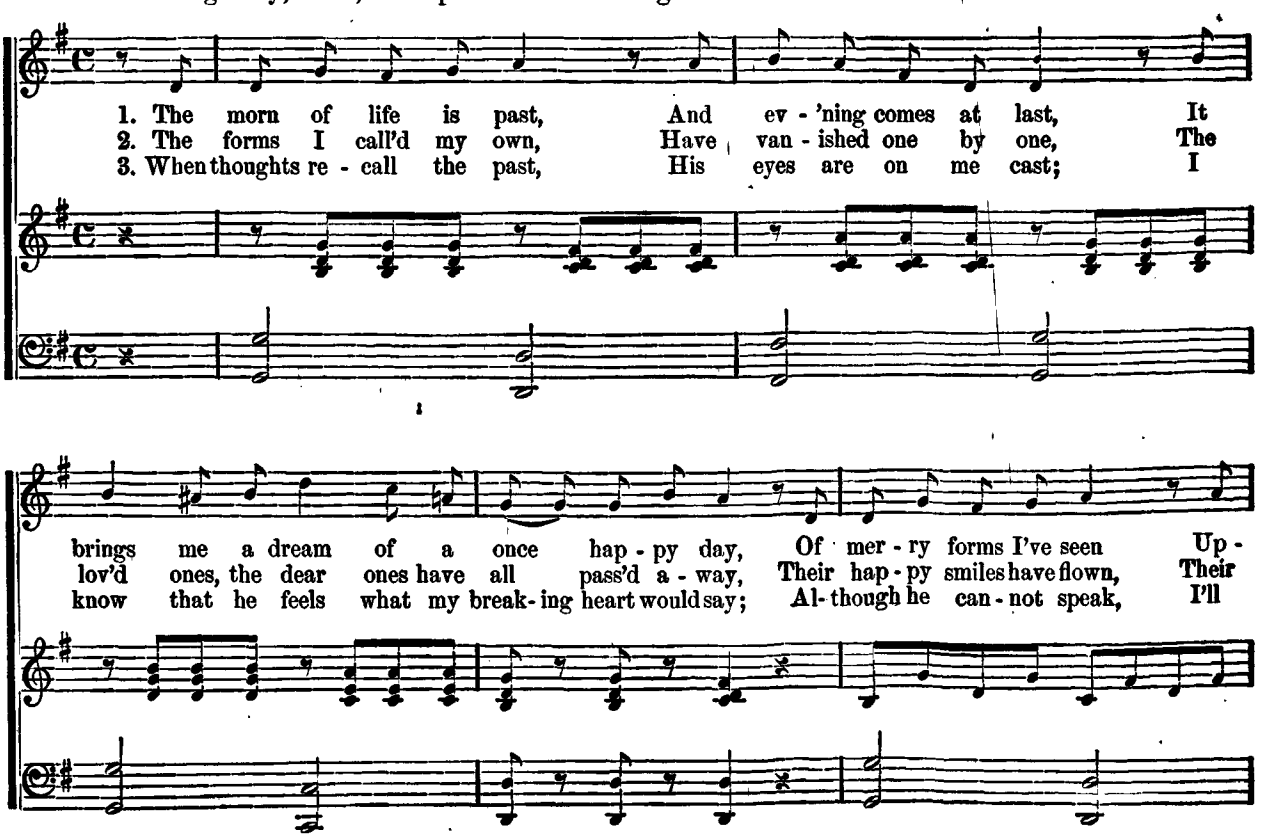
OLD DOG TRAY.

WHO is not familiar with "Old Uncle Ned," "Swanee Ribber," "Massa's in de cold, cold ground," "Old Dog Tray," and "O, boys, carry me 'long?" But how many know anything of the life of the extraordinary man who wrote them? He must have passed unnoticed through the streets when from every lighted concert-room, from almost every family circle, from every hand-organ or roaming ballad-singer's lips, were poured forth his irresistible melodies. He wrote between two hundred and three hundred popular songs—more than any other American; and though they are not equal in popularity or merit, we have yet to hear one which is devoid of meaning in the words, or beauty in the air.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER was born in Pittsburgh, Penn., July 4, 1826. He was a musician almost from his cradle, and at the age of seven had mastered the flageolet without a teacher. Every instrument in turn gave up its sweetness to his touch; but he never cared to become a distinguished performer. To compose the words and music of a song was his chief delight from boyhood. He wrote the words first, and then hummed them over and over till he found notes that would express them properly. His first published song appeared in 1842, when he was a merchant's clerk in Cincinnati; a second was published the same year in Baltimore. The success of these impelled him to give up business and devote himself to composition for a livelihood. He returned to Pittsburgh, where he married. Mr. Foster had a wide range of culture, was an eager reader, and proficient in French and German, and was somewhat of a painter. The few who became his intimates speak most enthusiatically of his varied powers; but he was retiring and sensitive. He attempted to illustrate one of his pathetic songs, and handed the sketch with the manuscript to his publisher, who looked at it a moment, and said pleasantly, "Oh! another comic song, Mr. Foster!" The artist tore up the sketch, and made no more pictures for the public.

It has been said that Foster received $15,000 for "Old Folks at Home." This is incorrect; but one publishing house paid him nearly $20,000 for those of his compositions which were issued by them. His songs have been translated into most of the European and some Asiatic languages.

Mr. Foster spent his last years in New York, where the most familiar sound was a strain of his own music, and the least familiar sight a face that he knew. He became somewhat improvident, and would sell for a few dollars a song that brought a large sum to its purchaser. Several of his best were composed in a back room of an old down-town grocery, on pieces of brown wrapping-paper. He died in a hospital to which he had been carried from a hotel in the Bowery, January 18, 1864.

Of "Old Dog Tray," 125,000 copies were sold in eighteen months.

1. The morn of life is past, And ev - 'ning comes at last, It
2. The forms I call'd my own, Have van - ished one by one, The
3. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I
brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up -
lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way, Their hap - py smiles have flown, Their
know that he feels what my break - ing heart would say; Al - though he can - not speak, I'll

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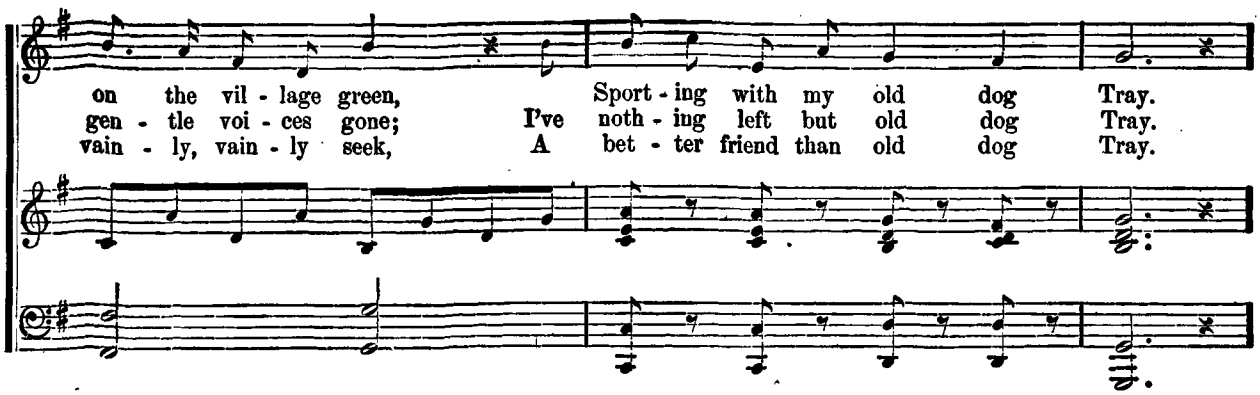
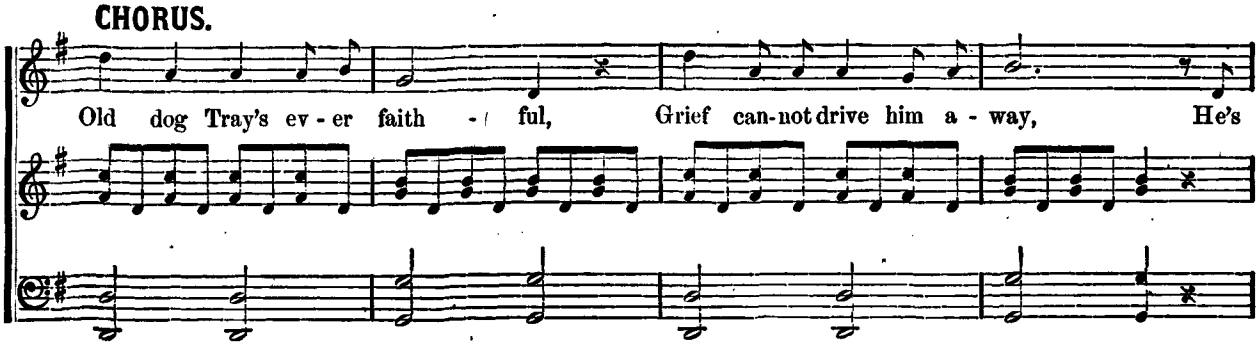
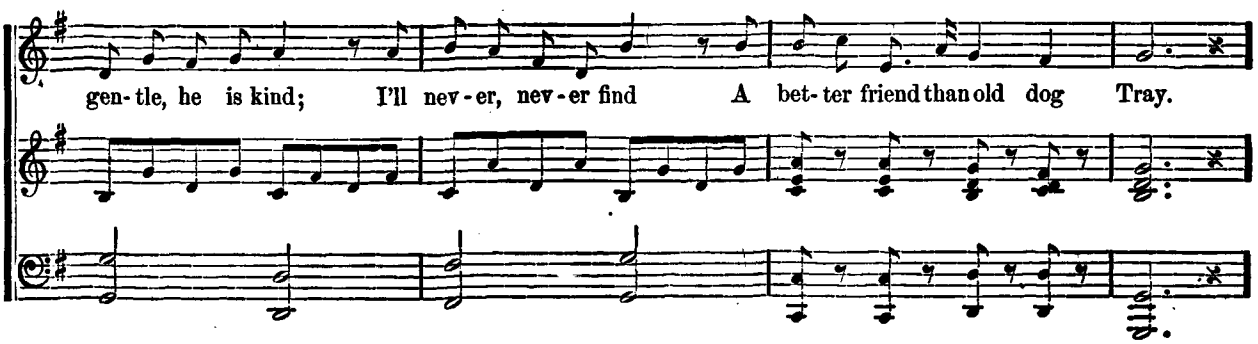
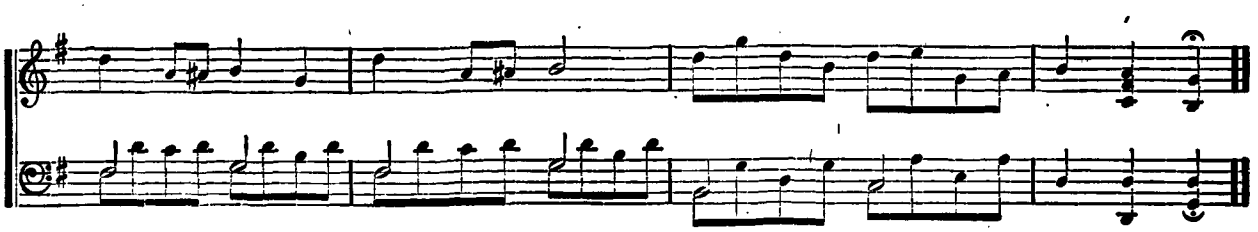

on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
gen - tle voi - ces gone; I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
vain - ly, vain - ly seek, A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last,
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he is kind;
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own,
Have vanished one by one,
The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed away,
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone;
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast;
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say;
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

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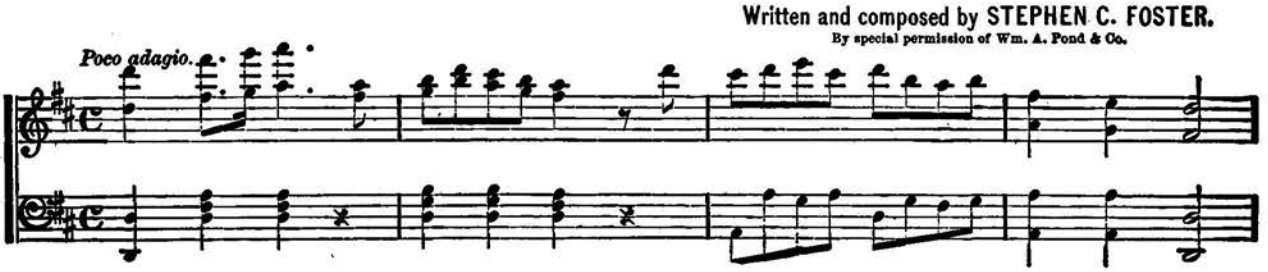
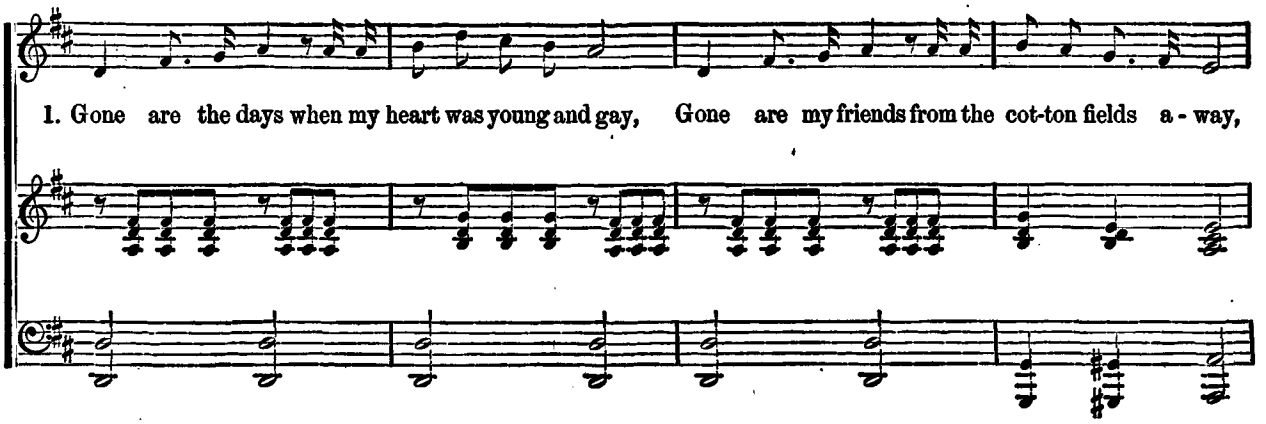
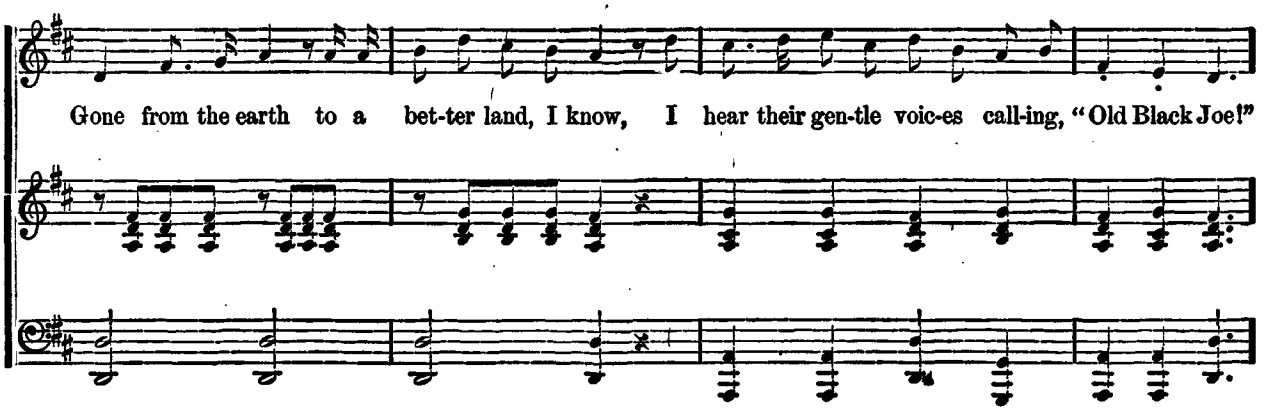
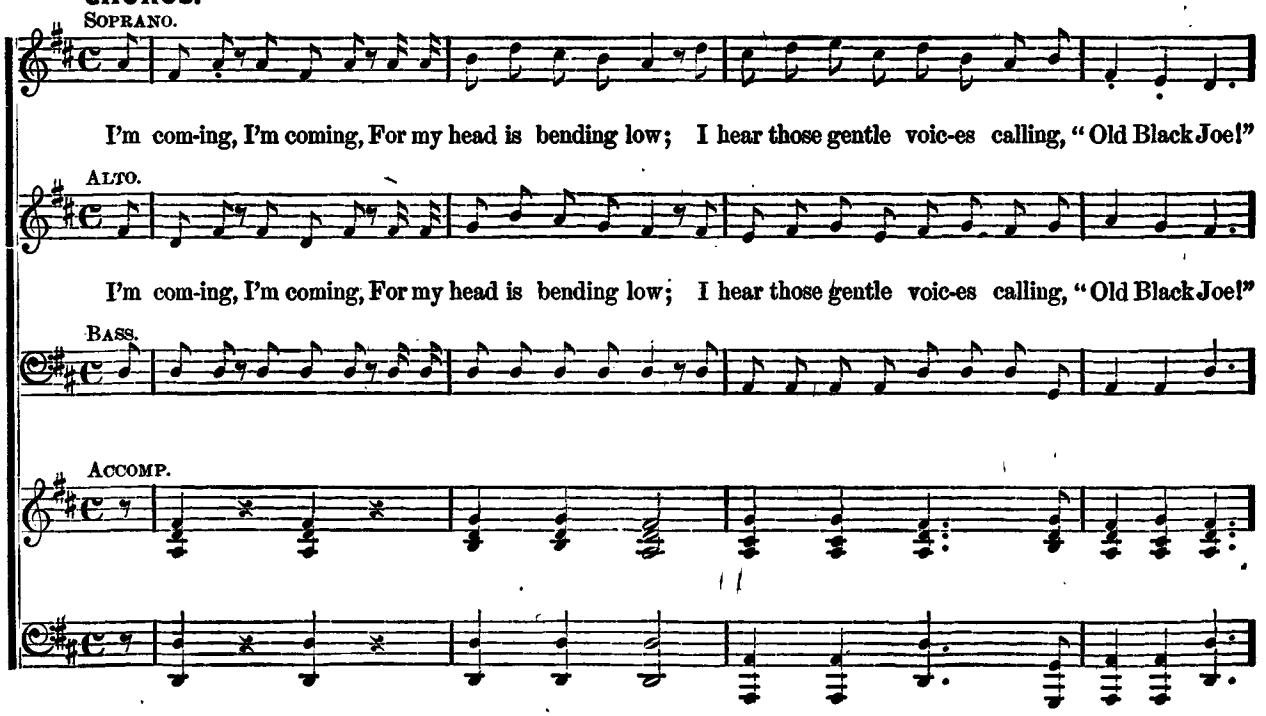


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the cot-ton fields a - way,


Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

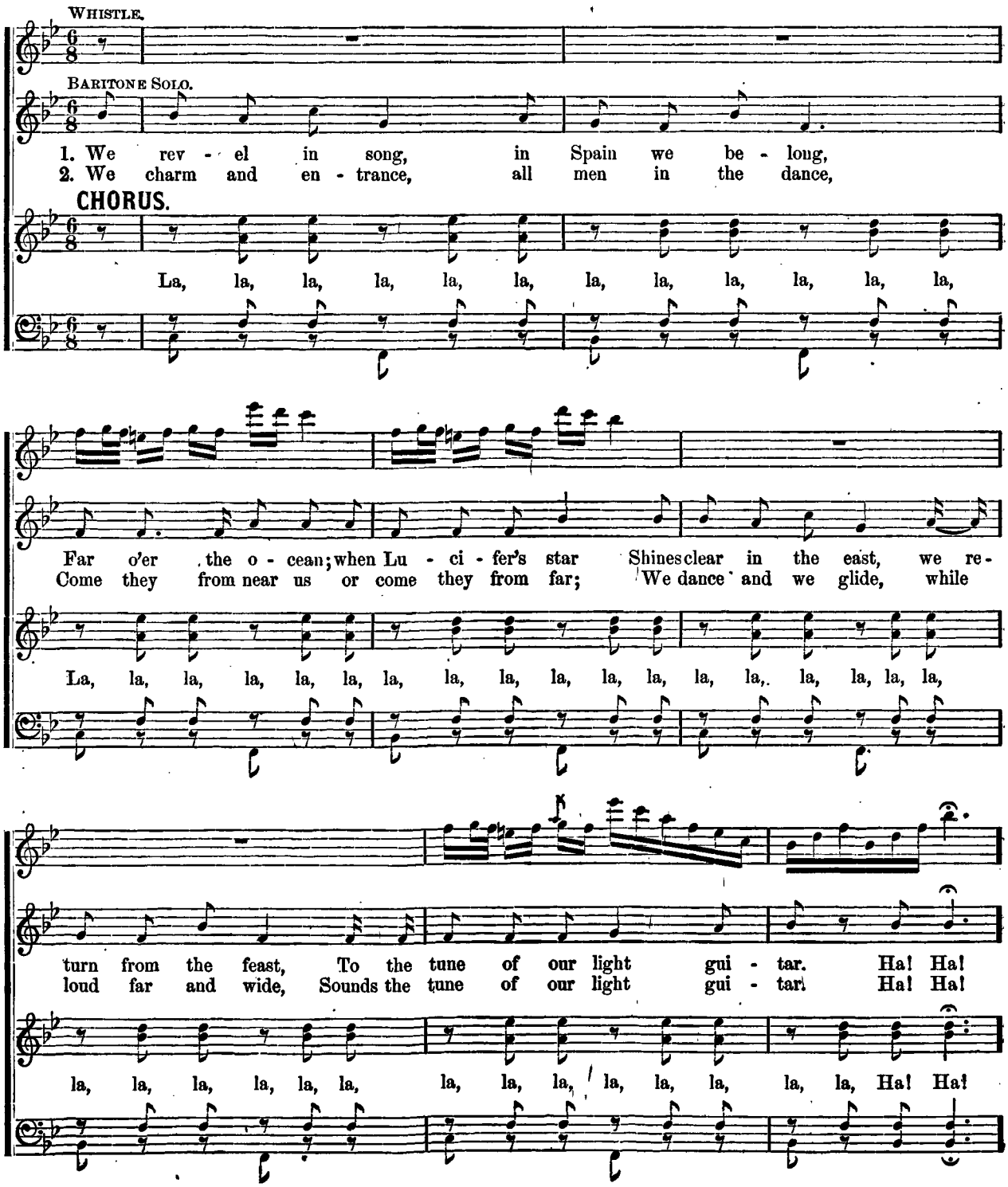
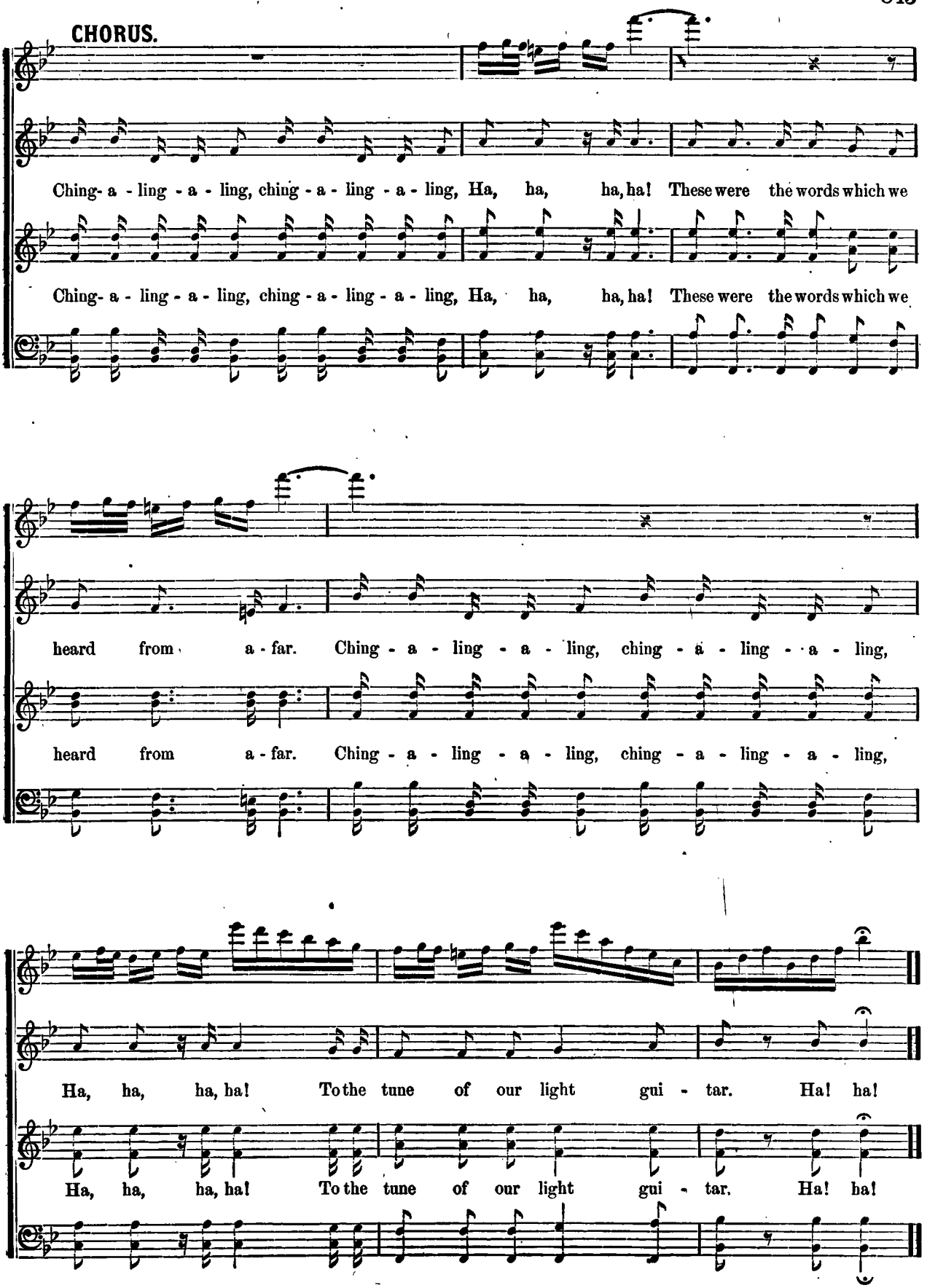
CHORUS.


SOPRANO.
I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voic-es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
ALTO.
I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voic-es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
BASS.
ACCOMP.

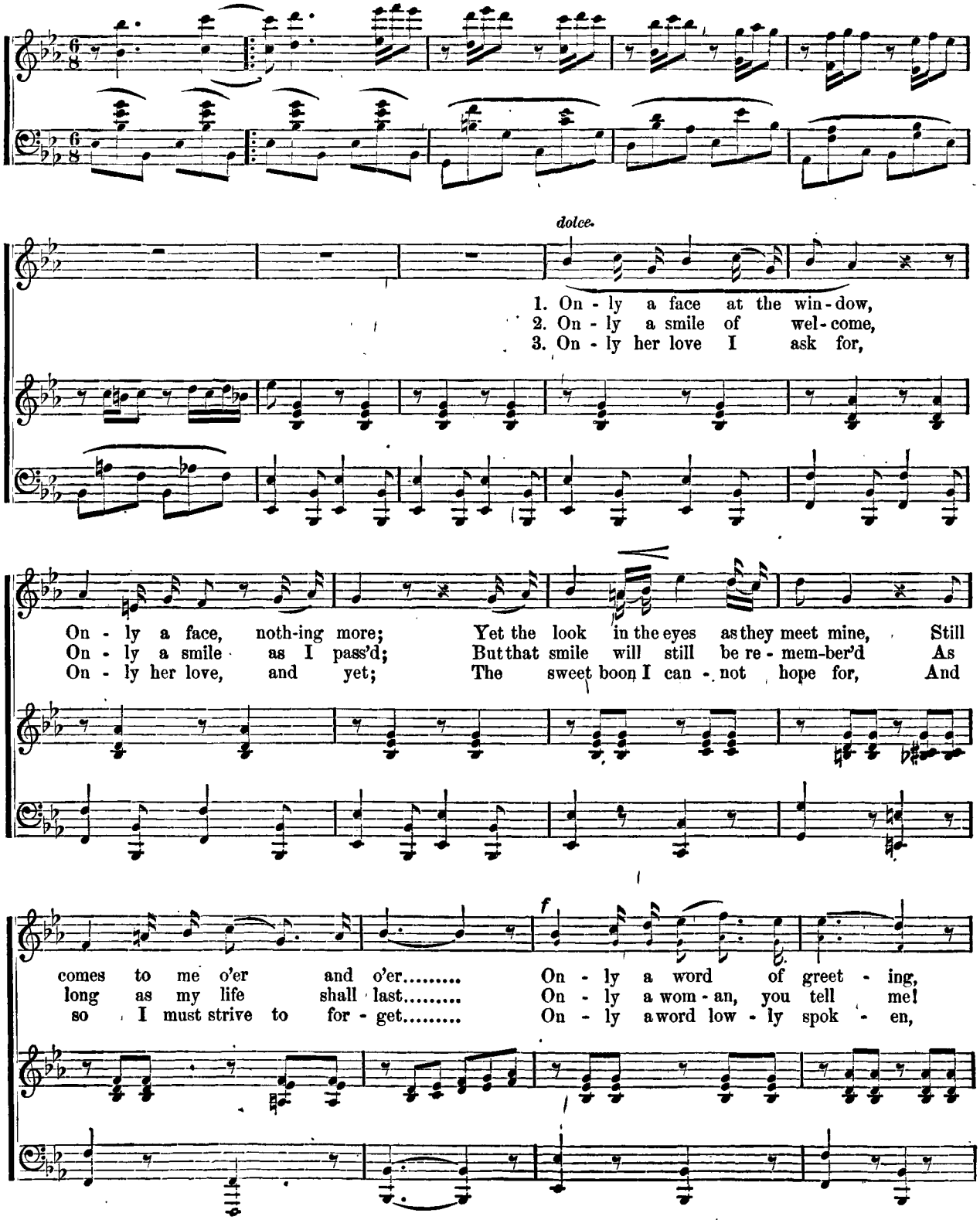
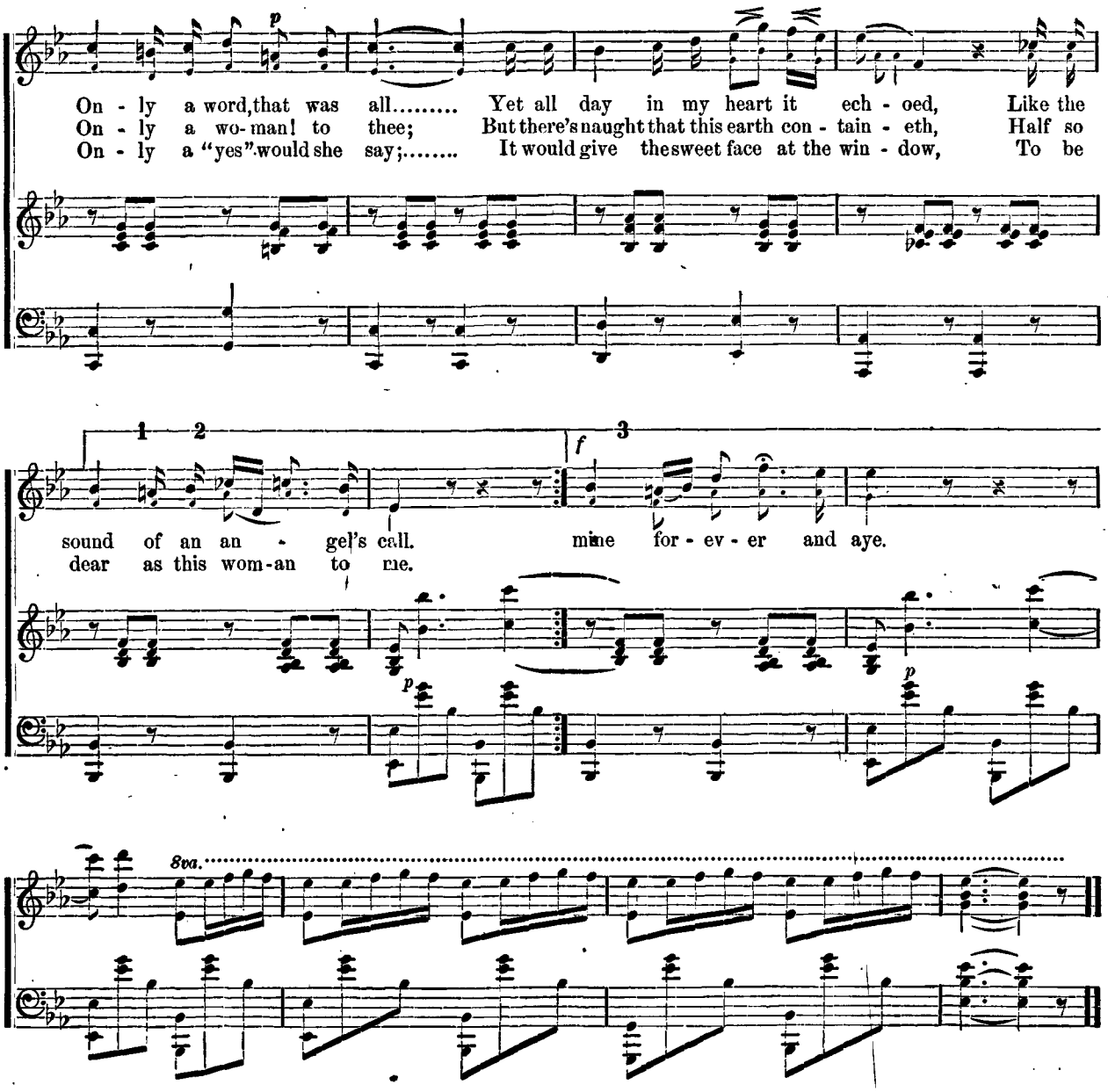
2. Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear, that I held up-on my knee?

Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I hear their gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I hear their gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

CHING-A-LING.

THIS song is a prime favorite of recent adaptation into the repertoire of college students. It has a very graceful and tuneful melody, which is carried by the baritone, or first bass, as a solo, while the tenors and second basses accompany it. The modern vogue of the whistler as an accepted element in music—or the "Siffleuse," as the ladies who essay that role in foreign drawing rooms are called—has caused provision to be made for this flute-like addition to song-accompaniment in more or less of the college music of the day. The whistling part in "Ching-a-Ling" introduces a very graceful and ornate effect, which comports well with the general character of the composition.

WHISTLE.
BARITONE SOLO.
1. We rev - el in song, in Spain we be - long,
2. We charm and en - trance, all men in the dance,
CHORUS.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Far o'er the o - cean; when Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the east, we re-
Come they from near us or come they from far; We dance and we glide, while
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! Ha!
loud far and wide, Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! Ha!
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ha! Ha!

CHORUS.
Ching- a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha! These were the words which we
Ching- a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha! These were the words which we
heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,
heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,
Ha, ha, ha, ha! To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha! To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

ONLY.

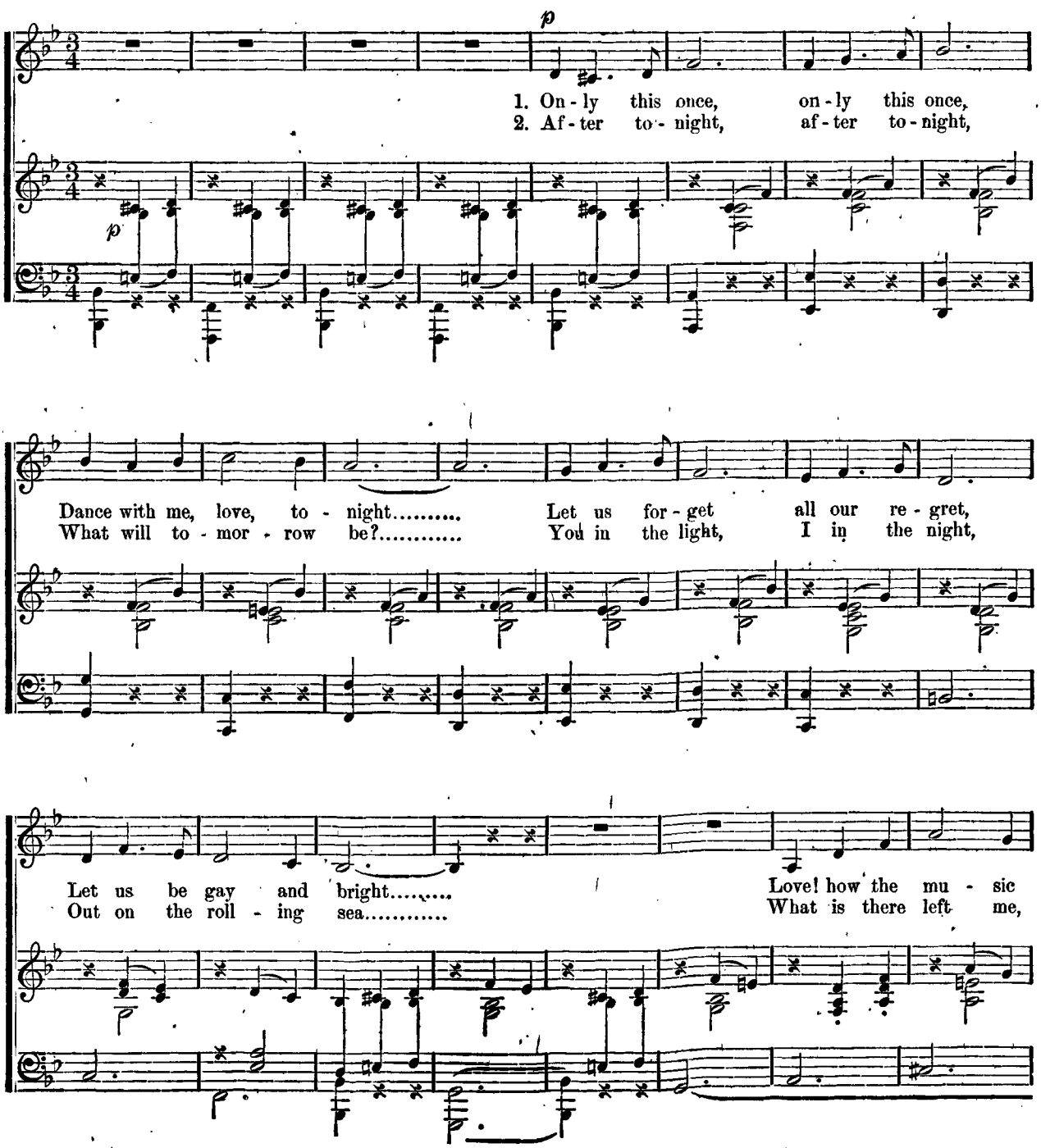
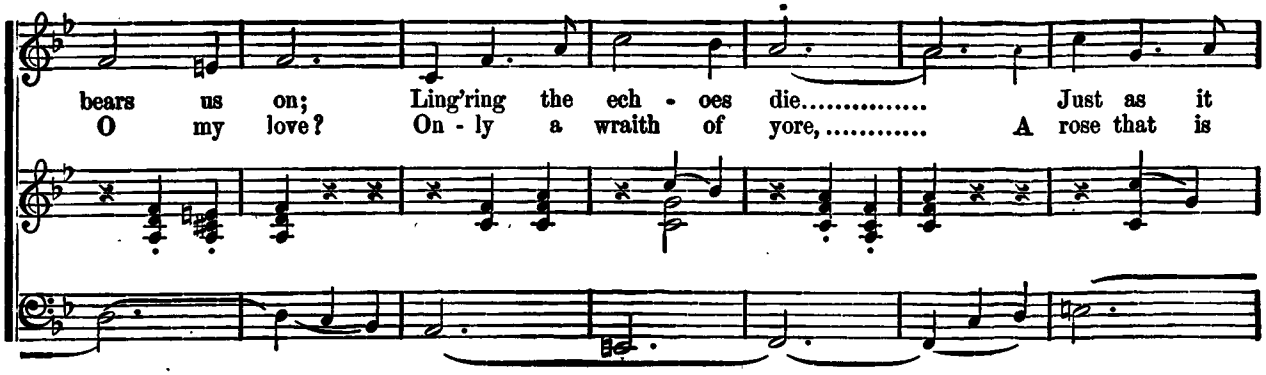
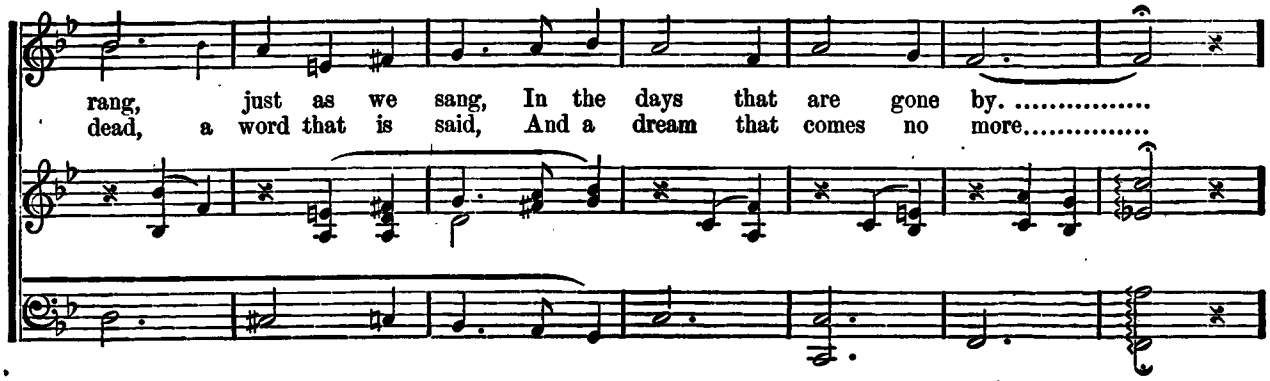
MARY ANN VIRGINIA GABRIEL an English lady of some note as a composer was born in Banstead, Surry, February 1825. She studied under Pixis, Dohler, Thalberg and Molique. In November 1874 she was married to George E. March the author of most of her librettos. This little song is one of her most popular ones. She died in London August 7, 1877 from the effects of a carriage accident.

dolce.
1. On - ly a face at the win - dow,
2. On - ly a smile of wel - come,
3. On - ly her love I ask for,
On - ly a face, noth-ing more; Yet the look in the eyes as they meet mine, Still
On - ly a smile as I pass'd; But that smile will still be re - mem-ber'd As
On - ly her love, and yet; The sweet boon I can - not hope for, And
f
comes to me o'er and o'er..... On - ly a word of greet - ing,
long as my life shall last..... On - ly a wom - an, you tell me!
so I must strive to for - get..... On - ly a word low - ly spok - en,

On - ly a word, that was all..... Yet all day in my heart it ech - oed, Like the
On - ly a wo-man! to thee; But there's naught that this earth con - tain - eth, Half so
On - ly a "yes" would she say;..... It would give the sweet face at the win - dow, To be
1 2
3
sound of an an - gel's call. mine for - ev - er and aye.
dear as this wom-an to me.
8va.

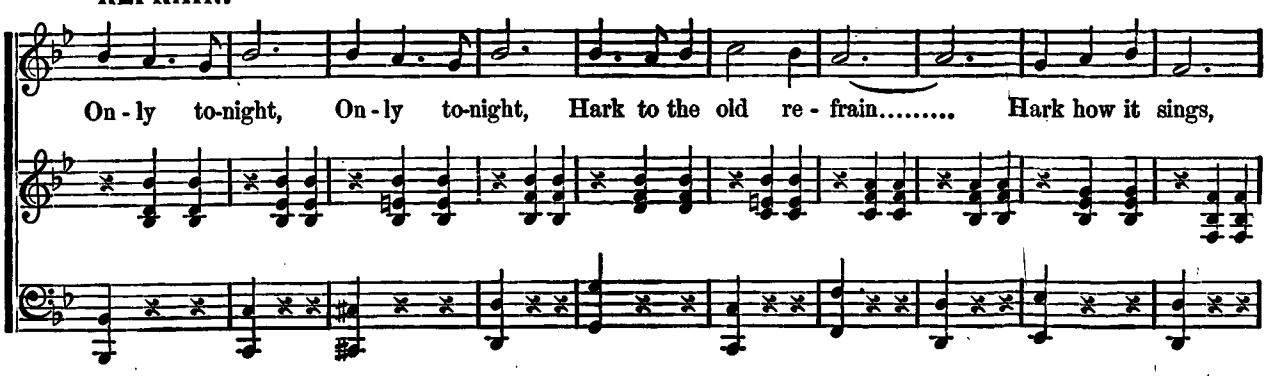
Only a face at the window,
Only a face, nothing more;
Yet the look in the eyes as they meet mine,
Still comes to me o'er and o'er.
Only a word of greeting,
Only a word, that was all
Yet all day in my heart it echoed,
Like the sound of an angel's call.

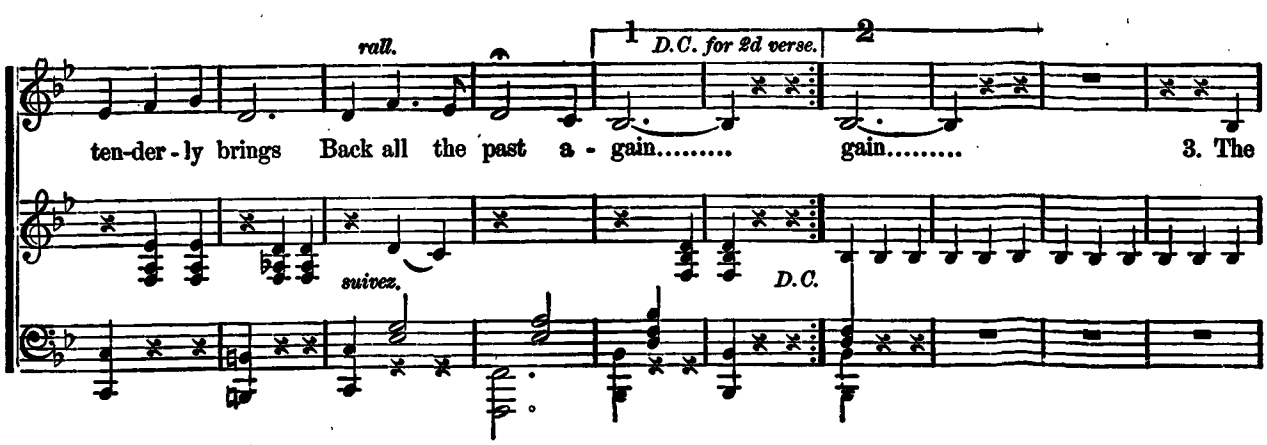
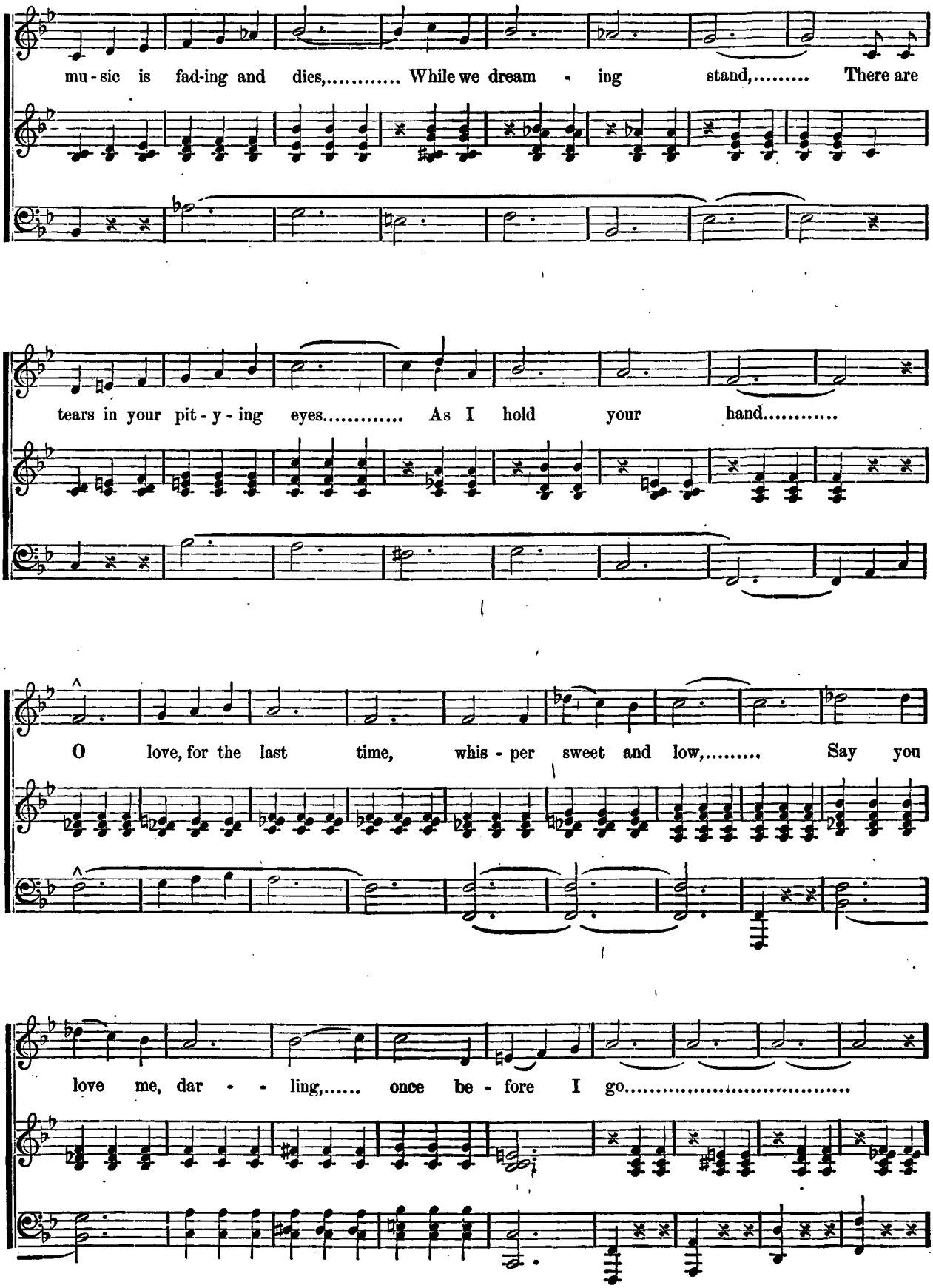
Only a smile of welcome,
Only a smile as I passed;
But that smile will still be remembered
As long as my life shall last.
Only a woman, you tell me!
Only a woman! to thee;
But there's naught that this earth containeth,
Half so dear as this woman to me.

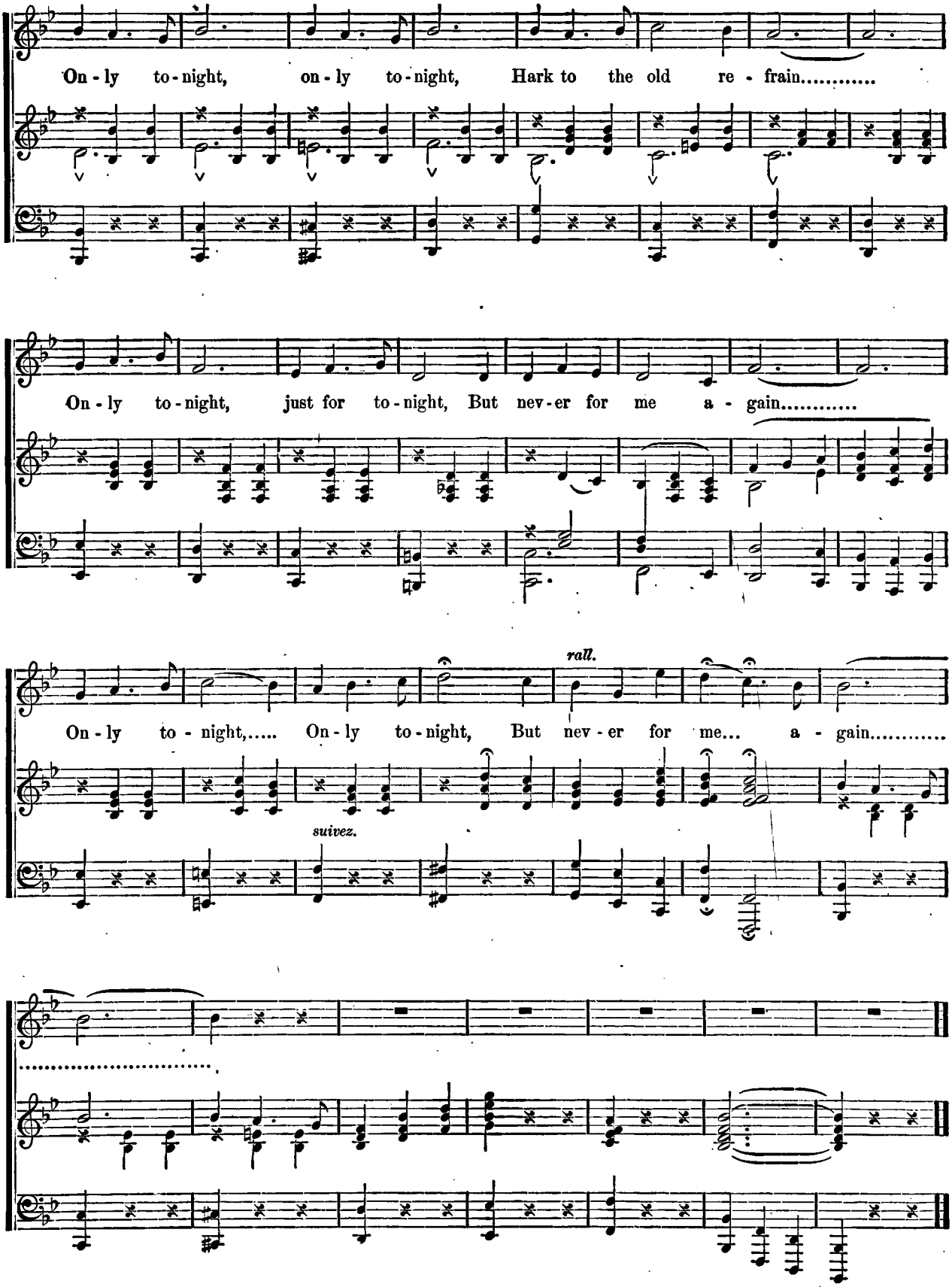
Only her love I ask for,
Only her love, and yet;
The sweet boon I cannot hope for,
And so I must strive to forget.
Only a word lowly spoken,
Only a "yes" would she say;
It would give the sweet face at the window,
To be mine forever and aye.

OUR LAST WALTZ.

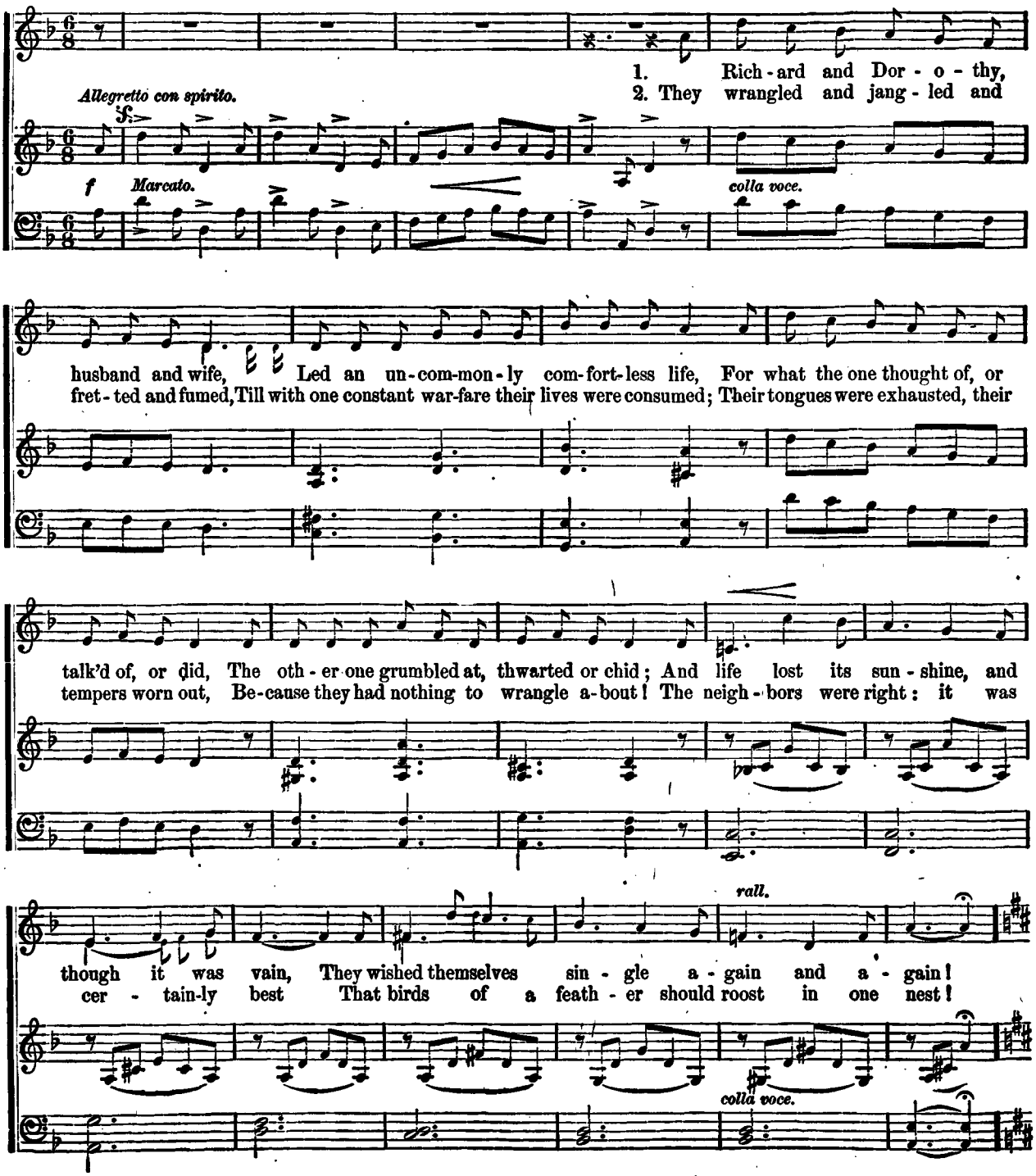
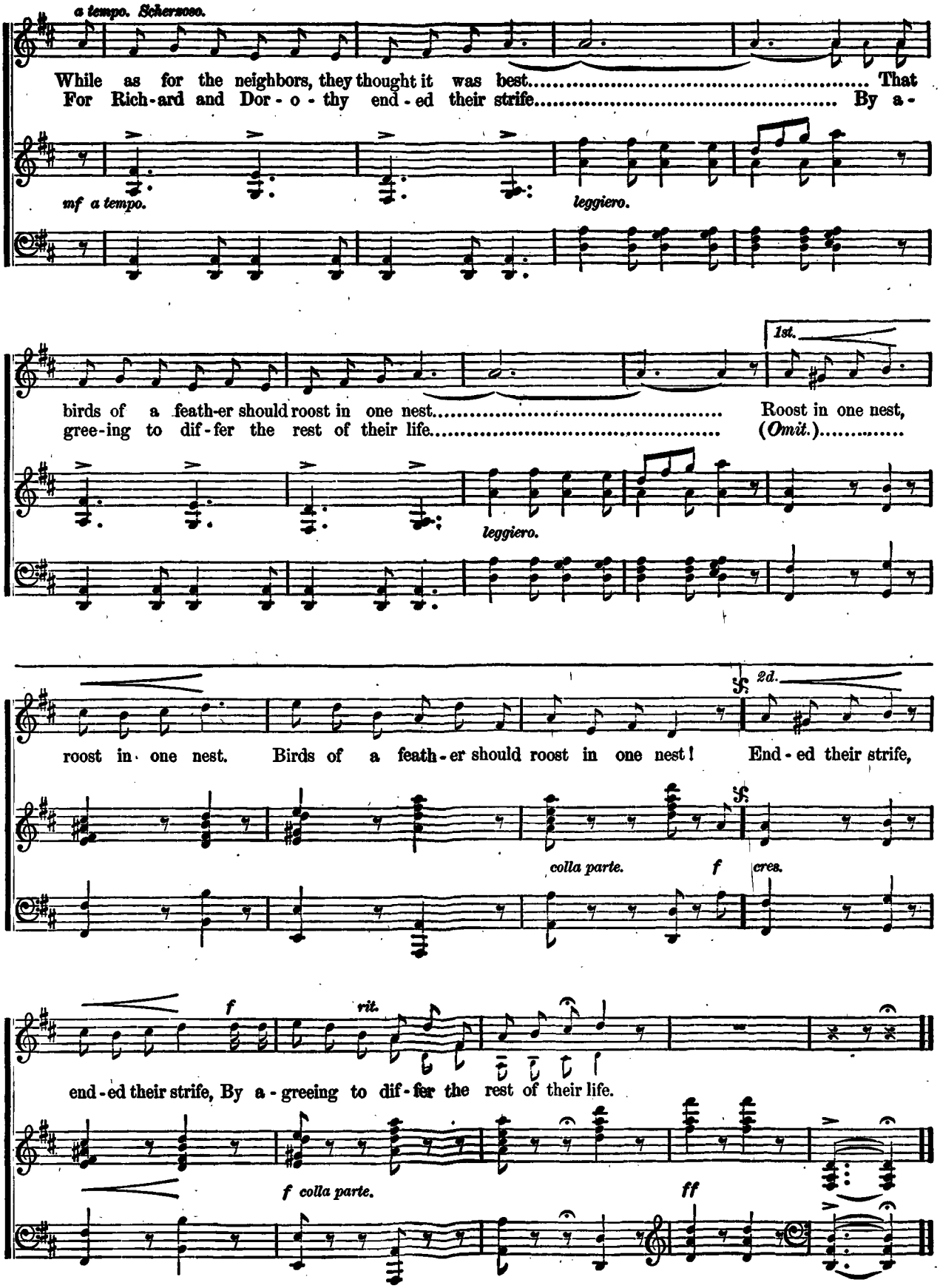
THE art of writing dance music has been regarded as requiring a peculiar faculty; yet surely, judged by this waltz-song, JAMES L. MOLLY, who has written so many deliciously quaint and tender songs, has the dance music faculty as well. So thoroughly has he caught the dance spirit in this composition that it is frequently played instrumentally for dancing only. But at the same time, it is a true song as well, and its rhythmic measures suggest romance as well as the ball-room. The words are written by Molloy's frequent collaborateur, FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

p
1. On - ly this once, on - ly this once,
2. Af - ter to - night, af - ter to - night,
p
Dance with me, love, to - night..... Let us for - get all our re - gret,
What will to - mor - row be?..... You in the light, I in the night,
Let us be gay and bright.....
Out on the roll - ing sea.....
Love! how the mu - sic
What is there left me,

bears us on; Ling'ring the ech - oes die..... Just as it
O my love? On - ly a wraith of yore,..... A rose that is

rang, just as we sang, In the days that are gone by.....
dead, a word that is said, And a dream that comes no more.....

REFRAIN.

On - ly to-night, On - ly to-night, Hark to the old re - frain..... Hark how it sings,

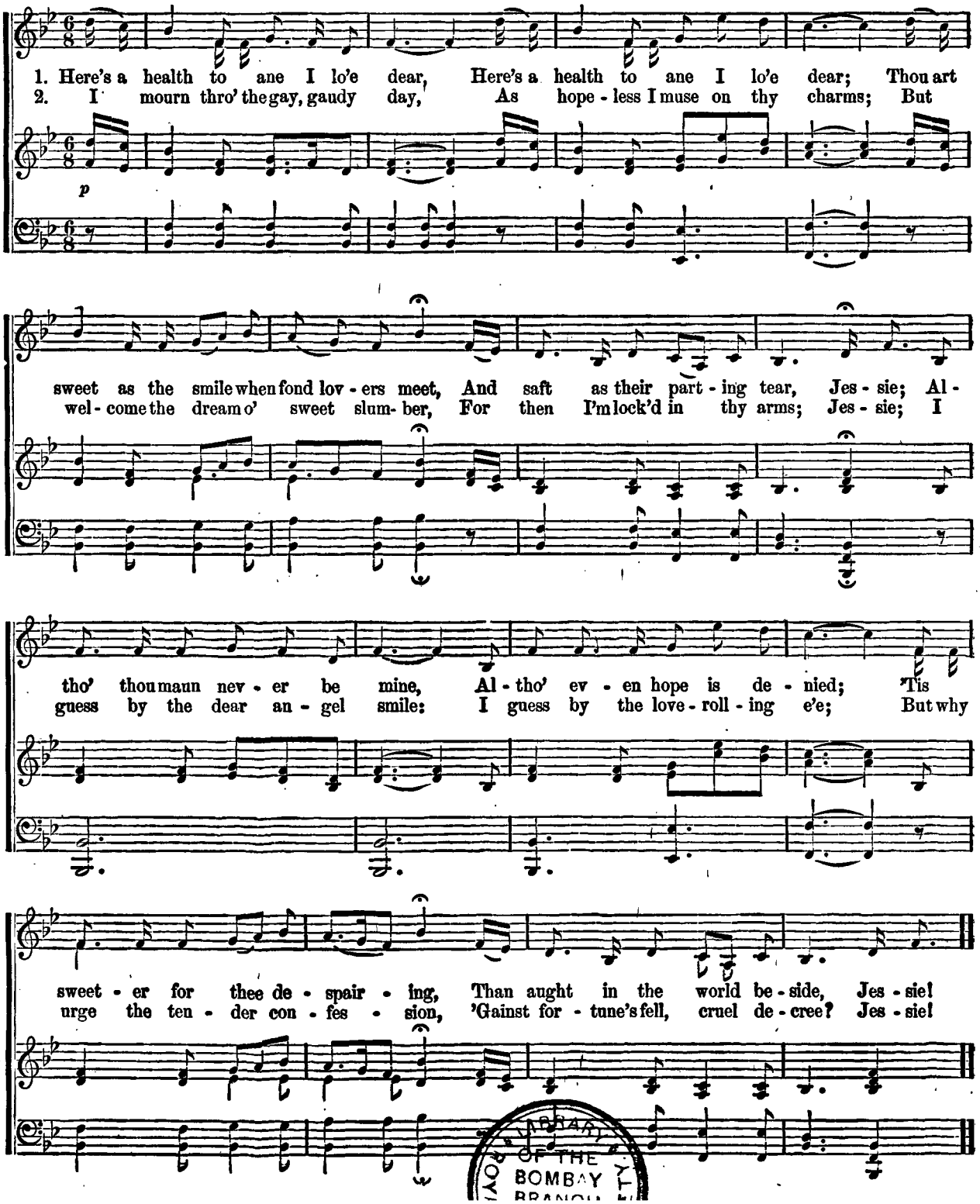

rall.
1
D.C. for 2d verse.
2
ten-der - ly brings Back all the past a - gain..... gain..... 3. The
suivez.
D.C.

mu - sic is fad-ing and dies,..... While we dream - ing stand,..... There are
tears in your pit - y - ing eyes..... As I hold your hand.....
O love, for the last time, whis - per sweet and low,..... Say you
love me, dar - - ling,..... once be - fore I go.....

REFRAIN.

On - ly to - night, on - ly to - night, Hark to the old re - frain.....
On - ly to - night, just for to - night, But nev - er for me a - gain.....
rall.
On - ly to - night,..... On - ly to - night, But nev - er for me... a - gain.....
suivez.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

THESE quaint and pleasing verses of the industrious and fertile-minded FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY are set to music by JOSEPH LEOPOLD ROECKEL, the youngest member of a distinguished musical family, born in London in 1838 of German parentage. His father, Joseph Augustus Roeckel, born in 1783, abandoned the church for diplomacy and diplomacy for music, singing in opera, introducing German opera into Paris and later into England. His three sons followed him successfully in musical careers. Joseph, the third son, studied in Wurzburg and Weimar, and then settled in England where he made a favorable impression as a teacher and a voluminous composer of songs. He wrote a number of cantatas which were well received. Among his published songs are "Beside the Sea," "Bride Bells," "I Cannot Say Good-Bye," "The River and the Rose," and "Elsie's Dream."

Allegretto con spirito.
1. Rich-ard and Dor-o-thy,
2. They wrangled and jang-led and
f
Marcato.
colla voce.
husband and wife, Led an un-com-mon-ly com-fort-less life, For what the one thought of, or
fret-ted and fumed, Till with one constant war-fare their lives were consumed; Their tongues were exhausted, their
talk'd of, or did, The oth-er one grumbled at, thwarted or chid; And life lost its sun-shine, and
tempers worn out, Be-cause they had nothing to wrangle a-bout! The neigh-bors were right: it was
rall.
though it was vain, They wished themselves sin-gle a-gain and a-gain!
cer-tain-ly best That birds of a feath-er should roost in one nest!
colla voce.

a tempo. Scherzoso.
While as for the neighbors, they thought it was best..... That
For Rich-ard and Dor-o-thy end-ed their strife..... By a-
mf a tempo.
leggiero.
1st.
birds of a feath-er should roost in one nest..... Roost in one nest,
gree-ing to dif-fer the rest of their life..... (Omit.).....
leggiero.
2d.
roost in one nest. Birds of a feath-er should roost in one nest! End-ed their strife,
colla parte.
f
cres.
f
rit.
end-ed their strife, By a-greeing to dif-fer the rest of their life.
f colla parte.
ff

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

THIS is one of the last songs of ROBERT BURNS. It was addressed to Miss Jessie Lewars, of Dumfries, who assisted in taking care of him in his last illness, and was one of his widow's best friends. Burns wrote to Thomson: "I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired, 'Here's a health to them that's awa', hiney', but I forget if you took any notice of it; I have just been trying to suit it with verses, and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more."

1. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear; Thou art
2. I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day, As hope - less I muse on thy charms; But
p
sweet as the smile when fond lov - ers meet, And saft as their part - ing tear, Jes - sie; Al -
wel - come the dream o' sweet slum- ber, For then I'm lock'd in thy arms; Jes - sie; I
tho' thou maun nev - er be mine, Al - tho' ev - en hope is de - nied; 'Tis
guess by the dear an - gel smile: I guess by the love - roll - ing e'e; But why
sweet - er for thee de - spair - ing, Than aught in the world be - side, Jes - sie!
urge the ten - der con - fes - sion, 'Gainst for - tune's fell, cruel de - cree? Jes - sie!

OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH

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